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LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

II

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
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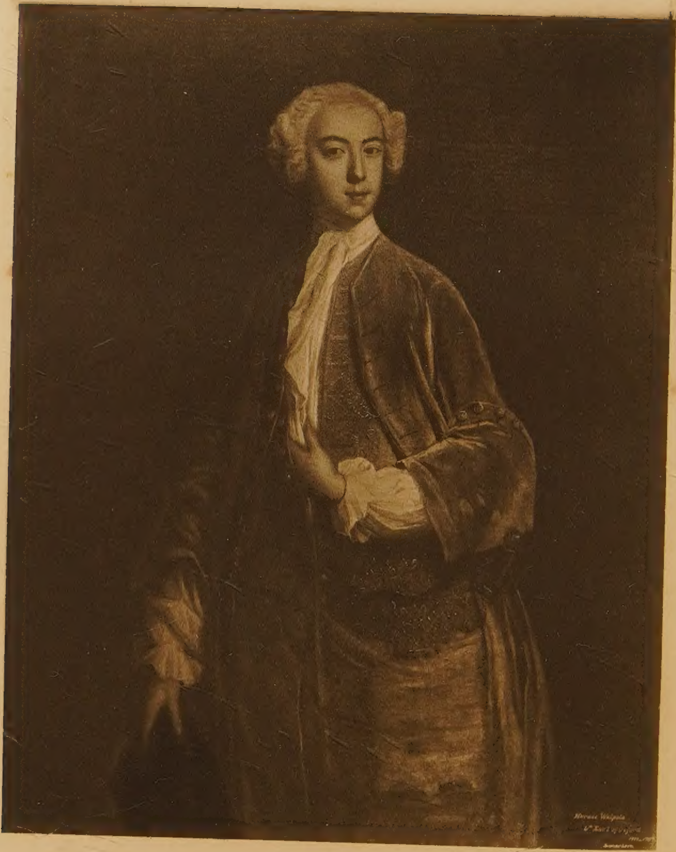
Horace Walpole
Earl of Orford

Walker & Cockerell, Ph. Sc.

Horace Walpole
from a painting by Jonathan Richardson.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED
AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES
BY
MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES
WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. II: 1743—1750

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
MCMIII

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THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

138. To Horace Mann.

Dear Sir, [Dec. 1743.]

I have been much desired by a very particular friend, to recommend to you Sir William Maynard[1], who is going to Florence. You will oblige me extremely by any civilities you show him while he stays there; in particular, by introducing him to the Prince and Princess de Craon, Madame Suares, and the rest of my acquaintance there, who, I dare say, will continue their goodness to me, by receiving him with the same politeness that they received me. I am, &c.

139. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 24, 1744.

Don't think me guilty of forgetting you a moment, though I have missed two or three posts. If you knew the incessant hurry and fatigue in which I live, and how few moments I have to myself, you would not suspect me. You know I am naturally indolent, and without application to any kind of business; yet it is impossible, in this country, to live in the world, and be in Parliament, and not find oneself every day more hooked into politics and company, especially inhabiting a house that is again become the centre of affairs. My Lord becomes the last

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Letter 138.—[1] Fourth Baronet, of Walton, Essex.

resource, to which they are all forced to apply. One part of the ministry, you may be sure, do; and for the other, they affect to give themselves the honour of it too.

Last Thursday I would certainly have written to give you a full answer to your letter of grief[1], but I was shut up in the House till past ten at night; and the night before till twelve. But I must speak to you in private first. I don't in the least doubt but my Lady W. and Richcourt would willingly be as mischievous as they are malicious, if they could: but, my dear child, it is impossible. Don't fear from Lord Carteret's silence to you; he never writes: if that were a symptom of disgrace, the Duke of Newcastle would have been out long ere this: and when the Regency were not thought worthy of his notice, you could not expect it. As to your being attached to Lord Orford, that is your safety. Carteret told him the other day, 'My Lord, I appeal to the Duke of Newcastle, if I did not tell the King that it was you who had carried the Hanover troops.' That, too, disproves the accusation of Sir Robert's being no friend to the Queen of Hungary. That is now too stale and old. However, I will speak to my Lord and Mr. Pelham—would I had no more cause to tremble for you, than from little cabals! But, my dear child, when we hear every day of the Toulon fleet sailing, can I be easy for you? or can I not foresee where that must break, unless Matthews and the wonderful fortune of England can interpose effectually? We are not without our own fears; the Brest fleet of twenty-two sail is out at sea; they talk, for Barbadoes. I believe we wish it may be thither destined. Judge what I think; I cannot, nor may write: but I am in the utmost anxiety for your situation.

LETTER 139.—[1] According to Lord Dover, Mann had heard rumours of efforts on the part of Richcourt (the Tuscan Prime Minister) to compass his removal from Florence.

The whole world, nay, the Prince himself, allows, that if Lord Orford had not come to town, the Hanover troops had been lost. They were in effect given up by all but Carteret. We carried our own army in Flanders by a majority of 112[2]. Last Wednesday was the great day of expectation: we sat in the committee on the Hanover troops till twelve at night: the numbers were 271 to 226. The next day on the report we sat again till past ten, the opposition having moved to adjourn till Monday, on which we divided, 265 to 177. Then the Tories all went away in a body, and the troops were voted.

We have still tough work to do: there are the estimates on the extraordinaries of the campaign, and the Treaty of Worms to come—I know who[3] thinks this last more difficult to fight than the Hanover troops. It is likely to turn out as laborious a session as ever was. All the comfort is, all the abuse don't lie at your door nor mine; Lord Carteret has the full perquisites of the ministry. The other day, after Pitt had called him 'the Hanover troop-minister, a flagitious task-master,' and said, 'that the sixteen thousand Hanoverians were all the party he had, and were his placemen'; in short, after he had exhausted invectives, he added, 'But I have done: if he were present, I would say ten times more.' Murray shines as bright as ever he did at the bar; which he seems to decline, to push his fortune in the House of Commons under Mr. Pelham.

This is the present state of our politics, which is our present state; for nothing else is thought of. We fear the King will again go abroad.

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[2] It appears from Mr. Philip Yorke's Parliamentary Journal, that the letter-writer took a part in the debate—'Young Mr. Walpole's speech,' he says, 'met with deserved applause from everybody: it was judicious and elegant: he applied the verse which Lucan puts in Curio's mouth to Caesar, to the King:—

'Livor edax tibi cuncta negat,
Gallosque subactos,
Vix impune feres.' *Wright.*

[3] Lord Orford. *Walpole.*

Lord Hartington has desired me to write to you for some melon-seeds, which you will be so good to get the best, and send to me for him.

I can't conclude without mentioning again the Toulon squadron: we vapour and say, by this time Matthews has beaten them, while *I* see them in the port of Leghorn!

My dear Mr. Chute, I trust to your friendship to comfort our poor *Miny*: for my part I am all apprehension! My dearest child, if it turns out so, trust to my friendship for working every engine to restore you to as good a situation as you will lose, if my fears prove prophetic! The first peace would reinstate you in your favourite Florence, whoever were sovereign of it. I wish you may be able to smile at the vanity of my fears, as I did at yours about Richcourt. Adieu! adieu!

140. To Horace Mann.

Feb. 9, 1744.

I HAVE scarce time to write, or to know what I write. I live in the House of Commons. We sat on Tuesday till ten at night, on a Welsh election; and shall probably stay as long to-day on the same.

I have received all your letters by the couriers and the post: I am persuaded the Duke of Newcastle is much pleased with your dispatch; but I dare not inquire, for fear he should dislike your having written the same to me.

I believe we should have heard more of the Brest squadron, if their appearance off the Land's End on Friday was sennight, steering towards Ireland, had occasioned greater consternation. It is incredible how little impression it made: the stocks hardly fell: though it was then generally believed that the Pretender's son was on board [1].

LETTER 140.—[1] This was not the case.

We expected some invasion; but as they were probably disappointed on finding no rising in their favour, it is now believed that they are gone to the Mediterranean. They narrowly missed taking the Jamaica fleet, which was gone out convoyed by two men-of-war. The French pursued them, outsailed them, and missed them by their own inexpertness. Sir John Norris is at Portsmouth, ready to sail with nineteen men-of-war, and is to be joined by two more from Plymouth. We hope to hear that Matthews has beat the Toulon squadron before they can be joined by the Brest[2]. This is the state of our situation. They have stopped the embarkation of the six thousand men for Flanders; and I hope the King's journey thither. The opposition fight every measure of supply, but very unsuccessfully. When this Welsh election is over, they will probably go out of town, and leave the rest of the session at ease.

I think you have nothing to apprehend from the new mine that is preparing against you. My Lord is convinced it is an idle attempt; and it will always be in his power to prevent any such thing from taking effect. I am very unhappy for Mr. Chute's gout, or for anything that disturbs the peace of people I love so much, and that I have such vast reason to love. You know my fears for you: pray Heaven they end well!

It is universally believed that the Pretender's son, who is at Paris, will make the campaign in one of their armies. I suppose this will soon produce a declaration of war[3]; and then France, perhaps, will not find her account in having brought him as near to England as ever he is like to be. Adieu! My Lord is hurrying me down to the House. I must go!

[2] The latter squadron returned to Brest, after cruising in the Channel.

[3] War was declared by France on March 15 (N.S.), 1744.

141. To Horace Mann.

House of Commons, Feb. 16, 1744.

We are come nearer to a crisis than indeed I expected! After the various reports about the Brest squadron, it has proved that they are sixteen ships of the line off Torbay; in all probability to draw our fleet from Dunkirk, where they have two men-of-war and sixteen large Indiamen to transport eight thousand foot and two thousand horse which are there in the town. There has been some difficulty to persuade people of the imminence of our danger; but yesterday the King sent a message to both Houses to acquaint us that he has certain information of the young Pretender being in France[1], and of the designed invasion from thence, in concert with the disaffected here. Immediately the Duke of Marlborough, who most handsomely and seasonably was come to town on purpose, moved for an address to assure the King of standing by him with lives and fortunes. Lord Hartington, seconded by Sir Charles Windham[2], the convert son of Sir William[3], moved the same in our House. To our amazement, and little sure to their own honour, Waller and Dodington, supported in the most indecent manner by Pitt, moved to add, that we would immediately inquire into the state of the Navy, the causes of our danger by negligence, and the sailing of the Brest fleet. They insisted on this amendment, and debated it till seven at night, not one (professed) Jacobite speaking. The division was 287 against 123. In the Lords, Chesterfield moved the same amendment, seconded by old dull Westmoreland; but they did not divide.

Letter 141.—[1] He reached Paris on January 20.

[2] Sir Charles Wyndham (1710–1763), fourth Baronet, succeeded his uncle (seventh Duke of Somerset) as second Earl of Egremont, 1750; M.P. for Appleby; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1761.

[3] Third Baronet, of Orchard Wyndham; Secretary at War, 1711; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1713. He was for many years the leader of the Tories in the House of Commons; d. 1740.

All the troops have been sent for in the greatest haste to London; but we shall not have above eight thousand men together at most. An express is gone to Holland, and General Wentworth followed it last night, to demand six thousand men, who will probably be here by the end of next week[4]. Lord Stair has offered the King his service, and is to-day named Commander-in-chief[5]. This is very generous, and will be of great use. He is extremely beloved in the army, and most firm to this family.

I cannot say our situation is the most agreeable; we know not whether Norris is gone after the Brest fleet or not[6]. We have three ships in the Downs, but they cannot prevent a landing, which will probably be in Essex or Suffolk. Don't be surprised if you hear that this crown is fought for on land. As yet there is no rising; but we must expect it on the first descent.

Don't be uneasy for me, when the whole is at stake. I don't feel as if my friends would have any reason to be concerned for me: my warmth will carry me as far as any man; and I think I can bear as I should the worst that can happen: though the delays of the French, I don't know from what cause, have not made that likely to happen.

The King keeps his bed with the rheumatism. He is not less obliged to Lord Orford for the defence of his crown, now he is out of place, than when he was in the administration. His zeal, his courage, his attention, are indefatigable and inconceivable. He regards his own life no more than when it was most his duty to expose it, and fears for everything but that.

I flatter myself that next post I shall write you a more comfortable letter. I would not have written this, if it were a time to admit deceit. Hope the best, and fear as little as you would do if you were here in the danger. My best love to the Chutes; tell them I never knew how little I was a Jacobite till it was almost my interest to be one. Adieu!

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[4] The Dutch were bound by treaty to furnish 6,000 men whenever the Protestant succession in England was in danger.

[5] The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Stair had quitted the army in disgust, after last campaign, on the King's showing such unmeasurable preference to the Hanoverians. *Walpole.*

[6] Norris (with his fleet) was in the Downs.

142. To Horace Mann.

Thursday, Feb. 23, 1744.

I write to you in the greatest hurry, at eight o'clock at night, while they are all at dinner round me. I am this moment come from the House, where we have carried a great Welsh election against Sir Watkyn Williams by 26. I fear you have not had my last, for the packet-boat has been stopped on the French stopping our messenger at Calais. There is no doubt of the invasion[1]: the young Pretender is at Calais, and the Count de Saxe[2] is to command the embarkation. Hitherto the spirit of the nation is with us. Sir John Norris was to sail yesterday to Dunkirk, to try to burn their transports; we are in the utmost expectation of the news. The Brest squadron was yesterday on the coast of Sussex. We have got two thousand men from Ireland, and have sent for two more. The Dutch are coming: Lord Stair is general. Nobody is yet taken up—God knows why not! We have repeated news of Matthews having beaten and sunk eight of the Toulon ships; but the French have so stopped all communication that we don't yet know it certainly; I hope you do[3]. Three hundred arms have been seized in a French merchant's house at Plymouth. Attempts have been made to raise the clans in Scotland, but unsuccessfully.

Letter 142.—[1] A squadron of ships of the line and transports was at Dunkirk with a view to the invasion of England in support of Charles Edward.

[2] Maurice (1696–1750), Comte de Saxe, Maréchal de France, natural son of Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, by Aurora von Königsmark.

[3] On Feb. 11 (O.S.) Admiral Matthews fought an indecisive action with the French and Spanish fleets.

My dear child, I write short, but it is much; and I could not say more in ten thousand words. All is at stake; we have great hopes, but they are but hopes! I have no more time: I wait with patience for the event, though to me it must and shall be decisive.

143. To Horace Mann.

March 1st, 1744.

I wish I could put you out of the pain my last letters must have given you. I don't know whether your situation, to be at such a distance on so great a crisis, is not more disagreeable than ours, who are expecting every moment to hear the French are landed. We had great ill-luck last week: Sir John Norris, with four-and-twenty sail, came within a league of the Brest squadron, which had but fourteen. The coasts were covered with people to see the engagement; but at seven in the evening the wind changed, and they escaped. There have been terrible winds these four or five days: our fleet has not suffered materially, but theirs less. Ours lies in the Downs; five of theirs at Torbay—the rest at La Hogue. We hope to hear that these storms, which blew directly on Dunkirk, have done great damage to their transports. By the fortune of the winds, which have detained them in port, we have had time to make preparations; if they had been ready three weeks ago, when the Brest squadron sailed, it had all been decided. We expect the Dutch in four or five days. Ten battalions, which make seven thousand men, are sent for from our army in Flanders, and four thousand from Ireland, two of which are arrived. If they still attempt the invasion, it must be a bloody war!

The spirit of the nation has appeared extraordinarily in our favour. I wish I could say as much for that of the ministry. Addresses are come from all parts, but you know how little they are to be depended on—King James had them. The merchants of London are most zealous: the French name will do more harm to their cause than the Pretender's service. One remarkable circumstance happened to Colonel Cholmondeley's regiment on their march to London: the public-houses on all the road would not let them pay anything, but treated them, and said, 'You are going to defend us against the French.' There are no signs of any rising. Lord Barrimore, the Pretender's general, and Colonel Cecil, his Secretary of State, are *at last* taken up; the latter, who having removed his papers, had sent for them back, thinking the danger over, is committed to the Tower, on discoveries from them; but, alas! these discoveries go on but lamely. One may perceive who is *not* minister, rather than who is. The opposition tried to put off the suspension of the Habeas Corpus—feebly. Vernon[1] and the Grenvilles are the warmest: Pitt and Lyttelton went away without voting. My father has exerted himself most amazingly: the other day, on the King's laying some information before the House, when the ministry had determined to make no address on it, he rose up in the greatest agitation, and made a long and fine speech on the present situation. The Prince was so pleased with it, that he has given him leave to go to his court, which he never would before. He went yesterday, and was most graciously received.

Lord Stair is *at last* appointed general. General Oglethorpe[2] *is to have* a commission for raising a regiment of hussars, to defend the coasts. The Swiss servants in London have offered to form themselves into a regiment; six hundred are already clothed and armed, but no colonel or officers appointed. We flatter ourselves that the divisions

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Letter 143.—[1] Admiral Vernon. *Walpole.*

[2] General James Edward Oglethorpe (1696–1785), the coloniser of Georgia. He was in England for the purpose of raising troops for the defence of the settlement.

in the French ministry will repair what the divisions in our own undo.

The answer from the Court of France to Mr. Thomson on the subject of the boy[3] is most arrogant: 'that when we have given them satisfaction for the many complaints which they have made on our infraction of treaties, then they will think of giving us *des éclaircissements.*'

We have no authentic account yet from Matthews: the most credited is a letter from Marseilles to a Jew, which says it was the most bloody battle ever fought; that it lasted three days; that the two first we had the worst, and the third, by a lucky gale, totally defeated them. Sir Charles Wager always said, 'that if a sea-fight lasted three days, he was sure the English suffered the most for the two first, for no other nation would stand beating for two days together.'

Adieu! my dear child. I have told you every circumstance I know: I hope you receive my letters; I hope their accounts will grow more favourable. I never found my spirits so high, for they never were so provoked. Hope the best, and believe that, as long as I am, I shall always be

Yours sincerely.

P.S. My dear Chutes, I hope you will still return to your own England.

144. To Horace Mann.

March 5th, 1744, 8 at night.

I have but time to write you a minute-line, but it will be a comfortable one. There is just come advice, that the great storm on the 25th of last month, the very day the embarkation was to have sailed from Dunkirk, destroyed twelve of their transports, and obliged the whole number of troops, which were fifteen thousand, to debark. You may look upon the invasion as at an end, at least for the present; though, as everything is so come to a crisis, one shall not be surprised to hear of the attempt renewed. We know nothing yet certain from Matthews; his victory grows a great doubt.

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[3] Prince Charles Edward.

As this must go away this instant, I cannot write more—but what could be more? Adieu! I wish you all joy.

145. To Horace Mann.

March 15th, 1744.

I have nothing new to tell you: that great storm certainly saved us from the invasion—then. Whether it has put an end to the design is uncertain. They say the embargo at Dunkirk and Calais is taken off, but not a vessel of ours is come in from thence. They have, indeed, opened again the communication with Ypres and Nieuport, &c., but we don't yet hear whether they have renewed their embarkation. However, we take it for granted it is all over—from which, I suppose, it will not be over. We expect the Dutch troops every hour. That reinforcement, and four thousand men from Ireland, will be all the advantage we shall have made of gaining time.

At last we have got some light into our Mediterranean affair, for there is no calling it a victory. Villettes has sent a courier, by which it seems we sunk one great Spanish ship[1]; the rest escaped, and the French fled shamefully; that was, I suppose, designedly and artfully. We can't account for Lestock's not coming up with his seventeen ships[2], and we have no mind to like it, which will not

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Letter 145.—[1] The *Poder*, first taken by Matthews, then rescued by the Spaniards, who, however, abandoned her in their flight. She was burnt by the English.

[2] Vice-Admiral Lestock, who commanded the rear of the English fleet, was on bad terms with Admiral Matthews, and taking advantage of a doubtful signal, purposely, it is supposed, refrained from supporting him.

amaze you. We flatter ourselves that, as this was only the first day, we shall get some more creditable history of some succeeding day.

The French are going to besiege Mons[3]: I wish all the war may take that turn; I don't desire to see England the theatre of it. We talk no more of its becoming so, nor of the plot, than of the gunpowder treason. Party is very silent; I believe, because the Jacobites have better hopes than from parliamentary divisions,—those in the ministry run very high, and, I think, near some crisis.

I have enclosed a proposal from my bookseller to the undertaker of the *Museum Florentinum*, or the concerners of it, as the paper called them; but it was expressed in such wonderfully battered English, that it was impossible for Dodsley or me to be sure of the meaning of it. He is a fashionable author, and though that is no sign of perspicuity, I hope more intelligible. Adieu!

146. To Horace Mann.

London, March 22, 1744.

I am sorry this letter must date the era of a new correspondence, the topic of which must be blood! Yesterday, came advice from Mr. Thompson[1], that Monsieur Amelot[2] had sent for him and given him notice to be gone, for a declaration of war with England was to be published in two days. Politically, I don't think it so bad; for the very name of war, though in effect on foot before, must make our governors take more precautions; and the French declaring it will range the people more on our side than on the Jacobite: besides, the latter will have their communication with France cut off. But, my dear child, what lives, what misfortunes, must and may follow all this! As a man, I feel my humanity more touched than my spirit—I feel myself more an universal man than an Englishman! We have already lost seven millions of money and thirty thousand men in the Spanish war—and all the fruit of all this blood and treasure is the glory of having Admiral Vernon's head on alehouse signs! for my part, I would not purchase another Duke of Marlborough at the expense of one life. How I should be shocked, were I a hero, when I looked on my own laurelled head on a medal, the reverse of which would be widows and orphans. How many such will our Patriots have made!

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[3] Mons was not besieged till 1746.

Letter 146.—[1] Chaplain to the late Lord Waldegrave, after whose death he acted as Minister at Paris, till the war, when he returned, and was made a Dean in Ireland. *Walpole.*

[2] Jean Jacques Amelot du Chaillou (circ. 1689–1749), Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The embarkation at Dunkirk does not seem to go on, though, to be sure, not laid aside. We received yesterday the particulars of the Mediterranean engagement from Matthews. We conclude the French squadron retired designedly, to come up to Brest, where we every day expect to hear of them. If Matthews does not follow them, adieu our triumphs in the Channel—and then! Sir John Norris has desired leave to come back, as little satisfied with the world as the world is with him[3]. He is certainly very unfortunate[4]; but I can't say I think he has tried to correct his fortune. If England is ever more to be England, this sure is the crisis to exert all her vigour. We have all the disadvantage of Queen Elizabeth's prospect, without one of her ministers. Four thousand Dutch are landed, and we hope to get eight or twelve ships from them. Can we now say, *Quatuor maria vindico*[5]?

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[3] Norris resigned his command on March 18, and wrote to Newcastle that 'his retirement was as necessary for the King's service under the present management of the Admiralty, as for his own reputation and safety.' (*D. N. B.*)

[4] He was called by the seamen 'Foul-weather Jack.' *Walpole.*

[5] Motto of a medal of Charles the Second. *Walpole.*

I will not talk any more politically, but turn to hymeneals, with as much indifference as if I were a first minister. Who do you think is going to marry Lady Sophia Fermor[6]?—only my Lord Carteret!—this very week!—a drawing-room conquest. Do but imagine how many passions will be gratified in that family! her own ambition, vanity, and resentment—love she never had any; the politics, management, and pedantry of the mother, who will think to govern her son-in-law out of Froissart[7]. Figure the instructions she will give her daughter! Lincoln is quite indifferent and laughs. My Lord Chesterfield says, 'it is only another of Carteret's vigorous measures.' I am really glad of it; for her beauty and cleverness did deserve a better fate than she was on the point of having determined for her for ever. How graceful, how charming, and how haughtily condescending she will be! how, if Lincoln should ever hint past history, she will

> 'Stare upon the strange man's face,
> As one she ne'er had known[8]!'

I wonder I forgot to tell you that Dodington had owned a match of seventeen years' standing with Mrs. Behan, to whom the one you mention is sister.

I have this moment received yours of March 10th, and thank you much for the silver medal, which has already taken its place in my museum.

I feel almost out of pain for your situation, as by the motion of the fleets this way, I should think the expedition to Italy abandoned. We and you have had great escapes, but we have still occasion for all providence!

I am very sorry for the young Sposa Panciatici, and wish all the other parents joy of the increase of their families.

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[6] Eldest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret. *Walpole.*

[7] Lady Pomfret had translated Froissart. *Walpole.*

[8] Verses in Congreve's *Doris.* *Walpole.*

Mr. Whithed is *en bon train*; but the recruits he is raising will scarce thrive fast enough to be of service this war. My best loves to him and Mr. Chute. I except you three out of my want of public spirit. The other day, when the Jacobites and Patriots were carrying everything to ruin, and had made me warmer than I love to be, one of them said to me, 'Why don't you love your country?' I replied, 'I should love my country exceedingly, if it were not for my countrymen.' Adieu!

147. To Horace Mann.

April 2, 1744.

I am afraid our correspondence will be extremely disjointed, and the length of time before you get my letters will make you very impatient, when all the world will be full of events; but I flatter myself that you will hear everything sooner than by my letters; I mean, that whatever happens will be on the Continent; for the danger from Dunkirk seems blown over. We declared war on Saturday: that is all I know, for everybody has been out of town for the Easter holidays. To-morrow the Houses meet again: the King goes, and is to make a speech. The Dutch seem extremely in earnest, and I think we seem to put all our strength in their preparations.

The town is persuaded that Lord Clinton[1] is gone to Paris to make peace: he is certainly gone thither, nobody knows why. He has gone thither every year all his life, when he was in the opposition; but, to be sure, this is a very strange time to take that journey. Lord Stafford, who came hither just before the intended invasion, (no

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Letter 147.—[1] Hugh Fortescue, afterwards Earl of Clinton and Knight of the Bath. Not long after he received that Order he went into opposition, and left off his riband and star for one day, but thought better of it, and put them on the next. *Walpole.*

doubt for the defence of the Protestant religion[2], especially as his father-in-law, Bulkeley[3], was colonel of one of the embarked regiments,) is going to carry his sister[4] to be married to a Count de Rohan, and then returns, having a sign manual for leaving his wife there.

We shall not be surprised to hear that the Electorate has got a new master; shall you? Our dear nephew of Prussia will probably take it, to keep it safe for us.

I had written thus far on Monday, and then my Lord came from New Park: and I had not time the rest of the day to finish it. We have made very loyal addresses to the King on his Speech, which I suppose they send you. There is not the least news, but that my Lord Carteret's wedding has been deferred on Lady Sophia's falling dangerously ill of a scarlet fever; but they say it is to be next Saturday. She is to have sixteen hundred pounds a year jointure, four hundred pin-money, and two thousand of jewels. Carteret says he does not intend to marry the mother and the whole family. What do you think my Lady intends? Adieu! my dear Sir! Pray for peace.

148. To Horace Mann.

London, April 15, 1744.

I could tell you a great deal of news, but it would not be what you would expect. It is not of battles, sieges, and declarations of war; nor of invasions, insurrections, and addresses. It is the god of love, not he of war, who reigns in the newspapers. The town has made up a list of six-and-thirty weddings, which I shall not catalogue to you; for you would know them no more than you do

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[2] Lord Stafford was a Roman Catholic.

[3] Mr. Bulkeley, an Irish Roman Catholic, married the widow Cantillon, mother of the Countess of Stafford. He rose high in the French army, and had the *Cordon bleu*; his sister was second wife of the first Duke of Berwick. *Walpole.*

[4] Lady Mary Howard, eldest daughter of second Earl of Stafford; m. Comte (afterwards Duc) de Rohan-Chabot; d. 1769.

Antilochum, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

But the chief entertainment has been the nuptials of our great Quixote[1] and the fair Sophia. On the point of matrimony, she fell ill of a scarlet fever, and was given over, while he had the gout, but heroically sent her word, that if she was well, he *would* be so. They corresponded every day, and he used to plague the Cabinet Council with reading her letters to them. Last night they were married; and as all he does must have a particular air in it, they supped at Lord Pomfret's: at twelve, Lady Granville (his mother) and all his family went to bed, but the porter: then my Lord went home, and waited for her in the lodge: she came alone in a hackney-chair, met him in the hall, and was led up the back-stairs to bed. What is ridiculously lucky is, that Lord Lincoln goes into waiting to-day, and will be to present her! On Tuesday she stands godmother with the King to Lady Dysart's[2] child, her new grand-daughter. I am impatient to see the whole *ménage*; it will be admirable. There is a wild young Venetian ambassadress[3] come, who is reckoned very pretty. I don't think so; she is foolish and childish to a degree. She said, 'Lord! the old Secretary is going to be married!' They told her he was but fifty-four. 'But fifty-four! why,' said she, 'my husband is but two-and-forty, and I think him the oldest man in the world.' Did I tell you that Lord Holderness[4]

LETTER 148.—[1] Lord Carteret; he was an accomplished Spanish scholar, and published a fine edition of *Don Quixote* in 1738.

[2] Hon. Grace Carteret, eldest daughter of John Carteret, Viscount Carteret (afterwards Earl Granville), m. (1729) Lionel Tollemache, fourth Earl of Dysart; d. 1755.

[3] Wife of Signor Capello. *Walpole.*

[4] Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness, Ambassador at Venice and the Hague, and afterwards Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

goes to Venice with the compliments of accommodation, and leaves Sir James Grey[5] Resident there?

The invasion from Dunkirk seems laid aside. We talk little of our fleets: Sir John Norris has resigned: Lestock is coming home, and has sent before him great complaints of Matthews; so that affair must be cleared up. The King talks much of going abroad, which will not be very prudent. The campaign is not opened yet, but I suppose will disclose at once with great *éclat* in several quarters.

I this instant receive your letter of March 31st, with the simple Demetrius, for which, however, I thank you. I hope by this time you have received all my letters, and are at peace about the invasion; which we think so much over, that the opposition are now breaking out about the Dutch troops, and call it the worse measure ever taken. Those terms so generally dealt to every measure successively, will at least soften the Hanoverian history.

Adieu! I have nothing more to tell you: I flatter myself you content yourself with news; I cannot write sentences nor sentiments. My best love to the Chutes, and now and then let my friends the Prince and Princess and the Florentines know that I shall never forget their goodness to me. What is become of Prince Beauvau?

149. To Horace Mann.

London, May 8, 1744.

I BEGIN to breathe a little at ease; we have done with the Parliament for this year: it rises on Saturday. We have had but one material day lately, last Thursday. The opposition had brought in a bill to make it treason to correspond with the young Pretenders[1]: the Lords added a clause, after a long debate, to make it forfeiture of estates, as it is for dealing with the father. We sat till one in the morning, and then carried it by 285 to 106. It was the best debate I ever heard. The King goes to Kensington to-morrow, and not abroad. We hear of great quarrels between Marshal Wade and Duc d'Aremberg. The French King is at Valenciennes with Monsieur de Noailles, who is now looked upon as first minister. He is the least dangerous for us of all. It is affirmed that Cardinal Tencin is disgraced, who was the very worst for us. If he is, we shall at least have no invasion this summer. Successors of ministers seldom take up the schemes of their predecessors; especially such as by failing caused their ruin, which, I believe, was Tencin's case at Dunkirk.

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[5] Sir James Gray, K.B., afterwards Envoy to Naples, and Minister at Madrid.

LETTER 149.—[1] Prince Charles Edward and Prince Henry Benedict (afterwards Cardinal of York).

For a week we heard of the affair at Villafranca[2] in a worse light than was true: it certainly turns out ill for both sides. Though the French have had such bloody loss, I cannot but think they will carry their point, and force their passage into Italy.

We have no domestic news, but Lord Lovel's being created Earl of Leicester, on an old promise which my father had obtained for him. Earl Berkeley is married to Miss Drax[3], a very pretty Maid of Honour to the Princess; and the Viscount Fitzwilliam[4] to Sir Matthew Decker's[5] eldest daughter; but these are people I am sure you don't know.

There is to be a great ball to-morrow at the Duchess of Richmond's for my Lady Carteret: the Prince is to be there. Carteret's court pay her the highest honours, which she receives with the highest state. I have seen her but once, and found her just what I expected, *très grande dame* ; full of herself, and yet not with an air of happiness. She looks ill and is grown lean, but is still the finest figure in the world. The mother is not so exalted as I expected ; I fancy Carteret has kept his resolution, and does not marry her too.

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[2] On April 20 (O.S.). In consequence of their losses the Piedmontese abandoned their entrenchments at Villafranca.

[3] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Henry Drax, of Ellerton Abbey, Yorkshire; m. 1. (1744), Augustus Berkeley, fourth Earl of Berkeley; 2. (1757), Robert Nugent (afterwards Earl Nugent); d. 1792.

[4] Richard Fitzwilliam (1711–1776), sixth Viscount Fitzwilliam in Ireland.

[5] Sir Matthew Decker (1679–1749), first Baronet; a merchant, and writer on trade. His daughter Catherine married Richard Fitzwilliam, sixth Viscount Fitzwilliam in Ireland.

My Lord does not talk of going out of town yet ; I don't propose to be at Houghton till August. Adieu !

150. To Horace Mann.

London, May 29, 1744.

Since I wrote I have received two from you of May 6th and 19th. I am extremely sorry you get mine so late. I have desired your brother to complain to Mr. Preverau : I get yours pretty regularly.

I have this morning had a letter from Mr. Conway at the army ; he says he hears just then that the French have declared war against the Dutch : they had in effect before by besieging Menin, which siege our army is in full march to raise. They have laid bridges over the Scheldt, and intend to force the French to a battle. The latter are almost double our number, but their desertion is prodigious, and their troops extremely bad. Fourteen thousand more Dutch are ordered, and their six thousand are going from hence with four more of ours ; so we seem to have no more apprehensions of an invasion. All thoughts of it are over ! no inquiry made into it ! The present ministry fear the detection of conspiracies more than the thing itself : that is, they fear everything that they are to do themselves.

My father has been extremely ill, from a cold he caught last week at New Park. Princess Emily came thither to fish, and he, who is grown quite indolent, and has not been out of a hot room this twelvemonth, sat an hour and a half by the water-side. He was in great danger one day, and more low-spirited than ever I knew him, though I think that grows upon him with his infirmities. My sister was at his bed-side; I came into the room,—he burst into tears and could not speak to me: but he is quite well now; though I cannot say I think he will preserve his life long, as he has laid aside all exercise, which has been of such vast service to him. He talked the other day of shutting himself up in the farthest wing at Houghton; I said, 'Dear my Lord, you will be at a distance from all the family there!' He replied, 'So much the better!'

Pope is given over with a dropsy[1], which is mounted into his head: in an evening he is not in his senses; the other day at Chiswick, he said to my Lady Burlington, 'Look at Jesus there! how ill they have crucified him!'

There is a Prince of Ost-Frize[2] dead, which is likely to occasion most unlucky broils: Holland, Prussia, and Denmark have all pretensions to his succession; but Prussia is determined to make his good. If the Dutch don't dispute it, he will be too near a neighbour; if they do, we lose his neutrality, which is now so material.

The town has been in a great bustle about a private match; but which, by the ingenuity of the ministry, has been made politics. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox[3]; asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father[4] was a footman; her great-grandfather a king: *hinc illae lachrymae*! all the blood royal have been up in arms. The Duke of Marlborough, who was a friend of the Rich-

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Letter 150.—[1] He died on May 30, 1744.

[2] Karl Edzard, Prince of East Friesland, died childless on May 25, 1744, when the King of Prussia immediately took possession of his territories.

[3] Eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond, grandson of King Charles II. *Walpole.*

[4] Sir Stephen Fox. *Walpole.*

monds, gave her away. If his Majesty's Princess Caroline had been stolen, there could not have been more noise made. The Pelhams, who are much attached to the Richmonds, but who have tried to make Fox and all that set theirs, wisely entered into the quarrel, and now don't know how to get out of it. They were for hindering Williams[5], who is Fox's great friend, and at whose house they were married, from having the red ribbon; but he has got it with four others, the Viscount Fitzwilliam, Calthorpe[6], Whitmore[7], and Harbord[8]. Dashwood (Lady Carteret's quondam lover) has stolen a great fortune, a Miss Bateman; the marriage had been proposed, but the fathers could not agree on the terms.

I am much obliged to you for all your Sardinian and Neapolitan journals. I am impatient for the conquest of Naples, and have no notion of neglecting sure things, which may serve by way of *dédommagement.*

I am very sorry I recommended such a troublesome booby[9] to you. Indeed, dear Mr. Chute, I never saw him, but was pressed by Mr. Selwyn, whose brother's friend he is, to give him that letter to you. I now hear that he is a warm Jacobite; I suppose you somehow disobliged him politically.

We are now mad about tar-water, on the publication of a book[10] that I will send you, written by Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne[11]. The book contains every subject from tar-water to the Trinity; however, all the women read, and understand it no more than they would if it were intelligible. A man came into an apothecary's shop the other day, 'Do you sell tar-water?' 'Tar-water!' replied the apothecary, 'why, I sell nothing else!' Adieu!

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[5] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. *Walpole.*

[6] Henry Calthorpe, M.P. for Hindon.

[7] Thomas Whitmore, of Apley, Shropshire, M.P. for Bridgnorth; d. 1773.

[8] William Morden Harbord, of Gunton, Norfolk, M.P. for Beeralston; created a Baronet, 1746; d. 1770.

[9] Sir William Maynard. See Letter 138.

[10] *Siris*, containing 'philosophical reflections concerning the virtues of Tar-water, and divers other subjects connected together and arising one from another.'

[11] George Berkeley (1685–1753).

151. To Horace Mann.

June 11, 1744.

Perhaps you expect to hear of great triumphs and victories; of General Wade grown into a Duke of Marlborough; or of the King being in Flanders, with the second part of the battle of Dettingen—why, aye; you are bound in conscience, as a good Englishman, to expect all this—but what if all these *Io Paeans* should be played to the Dunkirk tune? I must prepare you for some such thing; for unless the French are as much their own foes as we are our own, I don't see what should hinder the festival of to-day[1] being kept next year a day sooner. But I will draw no consequences: only sketch you out our present situation: and if Cardinal Tencin can miss making his use of it, we may burn our books and live hereafter upon Providence.

The French King's army is at least ninety thousand strong; has taken Menin already, and Ypres almost[2]. Remains then only Ostend; which you will look in the map and see does not lie in the high road to the conquest of the Austrian Netherlands. Ostend may be laid under water, and the taking it an affair of time. But there lies all our train of artillery, which cost two hundred thousand pounds; and what becomes of our communication with our army? Why, they may go round by Williamstadt[3], and be in England just time enough to be some

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Letter 151.—[1] The 10th of June was the Pretender's birthday, and the 11th the accession of George II. *Walpole.*

[2] Menin was taken on June 5, 1744, and Ypres on June 25.

[3] Willemstad in Holland.

other body's army! It turns out that the whole combined army, English, Dutch, Austrians, and Hanoverians, does not amount to above thirty-six thousand fighting men! and yet forty thousand more French, under the Duc d'Harcourt[4], are coming into Flanders. When their army is already so superior to ours, for what can that reinforcement be intended, but to let them spare a triumph to Dunkirk? Now you will naturally ask me three questions: where is Prince Charles? where are the Dutch? what force have you to defend England? Prince Charles is hovering about the Rhine to take Lorrain, which they seem not to care whether he does or not, and leaves you to defend the Netherlands. The Dutch seem indifferent whether their barrier is in the hands of the Queen or the Emperor; and while you are so mad, think it prudent not to be so themselves. For our own force, it is too melancholy to mention: six regiments go away to-morrow to Ostend, with the six thousand Dutch. Carteret and Boetzlaer (the Dutch Envoy Extraordinary) would have hurried them away without orders; but General Smitsart, their commander, said he was too old to be hanged. This reply was told to my father yesterday: 'Ay,' said he, 'so I thought I was; but I may live to be mistaken!' When these troops are gone, we shall not have in the whole island above six thousand men, even when the regiments are complete; and half of those pressed and new-listed men. For our sea-force, I wish it may be greater in proportion! Sir Charles Hardy, whose name[5] at least is ill-favoured, is removed, and old Balchen[6], a firm Whig, put at the head of the fleet. Fifteen ships are sent for from Matthews; but they may come as opportunely as the army from Williamstadt—in short—but I won't enter into reasonings—the King is not gone. The Dutch have sent word, that they can let us have but six of the twenty ships we expected. My father is going into Norfolk, quite shocked at living to see how terribly his own conduct is justified. In the City the word is, 'Old Sunderland's[7] game is acting over again.' Tell me if you receive this letter: I believe you will scarce give it about in memorials.

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[4] François (1690–1750), Duc d'Harcourt, afterwards (1746) Maréchal de France.

[5] He was of a Jacobite family. *Walpole.*

[6] Sir John Balchen, Knight (1670–1744), Admiral of the White and Governor of Greenwich Hospital; lost at sea with his ship the *Victory*, Oct. 4–5, 1744.

Here are arrived two Florentines, not recommended to me, but I have been very civil to them, Marquis Salviati and Conte Delci; the latter remembers to have seen me at Madame Grifoni's. The Venetian ambassador met my father yesterday at my Lady Brown's: you would have laughed to have seen how he stared and *eccellenza'd* him. At last they fell into a broken Latin chat, and there was no getting the ambassador away from him.

If you have the least interest in any one Madonna in Florence, pay her well for all the service she can do us. If she can work miracles, now is her time. If she can't, I believe we shall all be forced to adore her. Adieu! Tell Mr. Chute I fear we shall not be quite so well received at the *conversazioni*, at Madame de Craon's, and the Casino[8], when we are but refugee heretics. Well, we must hope! Yours I am, and we will bear our wayward fate together.

152. To Horace Mann.

London, June 18, 1744.

I HAVE not any immediate bad news to tell you in consequence of my last. The siege of Ypres does not advance so expeditiously as was expected; a little time gained in sieges goes a great way in a campaign. The Brest squadron is making just as great a figure in our channel as Matthews does before Toulon and Marseilles. I should be glad to be told by some nice computers of national glory, how much the balance is on our side.

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[7] Lord Sunderland who betrayed James II. *Walpole.*

[8] The Florentine coffee-house. *Walpole.*

Anson[1] is returned with vast fortune, substantial and lucky. He has brought the Aquapulca ship[2] into Portsmouth, and its treasure is at least computed at five hundred thousand pounds. He escaped the Brest squadron by a mist. You will have all the particulars in a gazette.

I will not fail to make your compliments to the Pomfrets and Carterets. I see them seldom, but I am in favour; so I conclude, for my Lady Pomfret told me the other night, that I said better things than anybody. I was with them all at a subscription-ball at Ranelagh last week, which my Lady Carteret thought proper to look upon as given to her, and thanked the gentlemen, who were not quite so well pleased at her condescending to take it to herself. My Lord stayed with her there till four in the morning. They are all fondness—walk together, and stop every five steps to kiss. Madame de Craon is a cipher to her for grandeur. The ball was on an excessively hot night; yet she was dressed in a magnificent brocade, because it was new that morning for the inauguration-day. I did the honours of all her dress: 'How charming your Ladyship's cross is! I am sure the design was your own.'—'No, indeed; my Lord sent it me just as it is.'—'How fine your ear-rings are!'—'Oh! but they are very heavy.' Then as much to the mother. Do you wonder I say better things than anybody?

LETTER 152.—[1] Captain (afterwards Admiral) George Anson (1697–1762), cr. (1747) Baron Anson, of Soberton, Hampshire; Lord of the Admiralty, 1744-47, 1748-49; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1751-55. Anson left St. Helens on Sept. 18, 1740, and anchored again at Spithead on June 14, 1744, having in the meantime sailed round the world.

[2] The *Nuestra Señora del Cabadonga*, captured off Manila, June 20, 1743.

I send you by a ship going to Leghorn the only new books at all worth reading. The Abuse of Parliaments[3] is by Dodington and Waller, circumstantially scurrilous. The dedication of the Essay[4] to my father is fine; pray mind the quotation from Milton. There is Dr. Berkeley's mad book on tar-water, which has made everybody as mad as himself. It begins with tar-water and ends with the Trinity; Orator Henley preached the other day on the Tarinity.

I have lately made a great antique purchase of all Dr. Middleton's collection which he brought from Italy, and which he is now publishing[5]. I will send you the book as soon as it comes out. I would not buy the things till the book was half printed, for fear of an *è Museo Walpoliano.* Those honours are mighty well for such known and learned men as Mr. Smith[6], the merchant of Venice. My dear Mr. Chute, how we used to enjoy the title-page[7] of his understanding! Do you remember how angry he was when showing us a Guido, after pompous rooms full of Sebastian Riccis, which he had a mind to establish for capital pictures, you told him he had now made amends for all the rubbish he had showed us before?

My father has asked, and with some difficulty got, his pension of four thousand pounds a year, which the King gave him on his resignation, and which he dropped, by the wise fears of my uncle and the Selwyns. He has no reason to be satisfied with the manner of obtaining it now, or with the manner of the man[8] whom he employed to ask it: yet it was not a point that required capacity—merely gratitude. Adieu!

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[3] *Detection of the Use and Abuse of Parliaments*, by Ralph, under the direction of Dodington and Waller. *Walpole.*

[4] *Essay on Wit, Humour, and Ridicule*, by Corbyn Morris. *Walpole.*—A political writer, appointed in 1763 Commissioner of Customs; d. 1779.

[5] *Germana quaedam Antiquitatis eruditae Monumenta*, published in 1745.

[6] Mr. Smith, Consul at Venice, had a fine library, of which he knew nothing at all but the title-pages. *Walpole.*

[7] Expression of Mr. Chute. *Walpole.*

153. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

My dearest Harry, Arlington Street, June 29, 1744.

I don't know what made my last letter so long on the road: yours got hither as soon as it could. I don't attribute it to any examination at the post-office. God forbid I should suspect any branch of the present administration of attempting to know any one kind of thing! I remember when I was at Eton, and Mr. Bland[1] had set me any extraordinary task, I used sometimes to pique myself upon not getting it, because it was not immediately my school business. What! learn more than I am absolutely forced to learn! I felt the weight of learning that; for I was a blockhead, and pushed up above my parts.

Lest you maliciously think I mean any application of this last sentence anywhere in the world, I shall go and transcribe some lines out of a new poem, that pretends to great impartiality, but is evidently wrote by some secret friend of the ministry[2]. It is called Pope's, but has no good lines but the following. The plan supposes him complaining of being put to death by the blundering discord of his two physicians, Burton[3] and Thompson[4]; and from thence makes a transition, to show that all the present misfortunes of the world flow from a parallel disagreement; for instance, in politics:

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[8] Mr. Pelham. *Walpole.*

Letter 153.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Rev. Henry Bland, Prebendary of Durham, Horace Walpole's tutor at Eton; d. 1768.

[2] It was called *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fourty Four, a Poem, by a Great Poet lately deceased.*

[3] Simon Burton. He survived Pope less than a fortnight, and died June 11, 1744.

[4] A well-known quack.

Ask you what cause this conduct can create?
The doctors differ that direct the state.
Craterus, wild as Thompson, rules and raves,
A slave himself, yet proud of making slaves;
Fondly believing that his mighty parts
Can guide all councils and command all hearts;
Give shape and colour to discordant things,
Hide fraud in ministers and fear in kings.
Presuming on his power, such schemes he draws
For bribing Iron[5], and giving Europe laws,
That camps, and fleets, and treaties fill the news,
And succours unobtain'd and unaccomplish'd views.

Like solemn Burton grave Plumbosus acts,
He thinks in method, argues all from facts;
Warm in his temper, yet affecting ice,
Protests his candour ere he gives advice;
Hints he dislikes the schemes he recommends,
And courts his foes—and hardly courts his friends;
Is fond of power, and yet concern'd for fame—
From different parties would dependents claim;
Declares for war, but in an awkward way,
Loves peace at heart, which he's afraid to say;
His head perplex'd, altho' his hands are pure—
An honest man,—but not a hero sure!

I beg you will never tell me any news till it has passed every impression of the Dutch gazette; for one is apt to mention what is wrote to one: that gets about, comes at last to the ears of the ministry, puts them in a fright, and perhaps they send to beg to see your letter. Now, you know one should hate to have one's private correspondence made grounds for a measure,—especially for an absurd one, which is just possible.

If I was writing to anybody but you, who know me so well, I should be afraid this would be taken for pique and pride, and be construed into my thinking all ministers inferior to my father; but, my dear Harry, you know it was never my foible to think over-abundantly well of him. Why I think as I do of the present great geniuses, answer for me, Admiral Matthews, great British Neptune, bouncing in the Mediterranean, while the Brest squadron is riding in the English Channel, and an invasion from Dunkirk every moment threatening your coasts; against which you send for six thousand Dutch troops, while you have twenty thousand of your own in Flanders, which not being of any use, you send these very six thousand Dutch to them, with above half of the few of your own remaining in England; a third part of which half of which few you countermand, because you are again alarmed with the invasion, and yet let the six Dutch go, who came for no other end but to protect you. And that our naval discretion may go hand-in-hand with our military, we find we have no force at home; we send for fifteen ships from the Mediterranean to guard our coasts, and demand twenty from the Dutch. The first fifteen will be here, perhaps, in three months. Of the twenty Dutch, they excuse all but six, of which six they send all but four; and of your own small domestic fleet, five are going to the West Indies and twenty a-hunting for some Spanish ships that are coming from the Indies. Don't it put you in mind of a trick that is done by calculation? Think of a number: halve it—double it—add ten—subtract twenty—add half the first number—take away all you added: now, what remains?

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[5] This is nonsense. *Walpole.*

That you may not think I employ my time as idly as the great men I have been talking of, you must be informed, that every night constantly I go to Ranelagh; which has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else—everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it, that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. If you had never seen it, I would make you a most pompous description of it, and tell you how the floor is all of beaten princes—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or Duke of Cumberland. The company is universal: there is from his Grace of Grafton down to children out of the Foundling Hospital—from my Lady Townshend to the kitten—from my Lord Sandys to your humble cousin

and sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

154. TO HORACE MANN.

London, June 29, 1744.

WELL, at last this is not to be the year of our captivity: it seems put off, our sitting by the waters of Babylon and weeping when we think of thee, oh Jerusalem! There is a cluster of good packets come at once. The Dutch have marched twelve thousand men to join our army; the King of Sardinia (but this is only a report) has beaten the Spaniards back over the Varo, and I this moment hear from the Secretary's office, that Prince Charles has undoubtedly passed the Rhine at the head of fourscore thousand men—where[1], and with what circumstances, I don't know a word; *ma basta così*. It is said, too, that the Marquis de la Chétardie is sent away from Russia; but this one has no occasion to believe[2]. False good news are always produced by true good, like the watergall by the rainbow. But why do I take upon me to tell you all this? —you, who are the centre of ministers and business! the actuating genius in the conquest of Naples[3]! You cannot

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LETTER 154.—[1] Prince Charles, having out-manœuvred the Marquis de Coigny, crossed the Rhine at Schröck (near Philipsburg), on the night of June 30–July 1, 1744.

[2] In a rescript issued on June 6, 1744, La Chétardie was accused of carrying on intrigues with a view to overthrow the Russian ministry. He was ordered to leave Moscow within twenty-four hours.

[3] Lobkowitz had advanced to the Neapolitan frontier.

imagine how formidable you appear to me. My poor little, quiet *Miny*, with his headache and *épuisements*, and Cocchis, and coverlid of cygnet's down, that had no dealings but with a little spy-abbé at Rome, a civil whisper with Count Lorenzi[4], or an explanation on some of Goldsworthy's absurdities, or with Richcourt about some *sbirri*[5], that had insolently passed through the street in which the King of Great Britain's arms condescended to hang! Bless me! how he is changed! become a trafficking plenipotentiary with Prince Lobkowitz, Cardinal Albani[6], and Admiral Matthews! Why, my dear child, I should not know you again; I should not dare to roll you up between a finger and thumb like wet brown-paper. Well, heaven prosper your arms! But I hate you, for I now look upon you as ten times fatter than I am.

I don't think it would be quite unadvisable for Bistino[7] to take a jaunt hither. My Lady Carteret would take violently to anything that came so far to adore her grandeur. I believe even my Lady Pomfret, with all Christian faith, would be persuaded he had seen the star of their glory travelling westward to direct him. For my part, I expect soon to make a figure too in the political magazine, for all our Florence set is coming to grandeur; but you and my Lady Carteret have outstripped me. I remain with the Duke of Courland in Siberia—my father has actually gone thither for a long season. I met my Lady Carteret the other day at Knapton's[8], and desired leave to stay while she sat for her picture. She is drawn crowned with corn, like the Goddess of Plenty, and a mild dove in her arms, like Mrs. Venus. We had much of *my Lord* and *my Lord.* The countess-mother was glad *my Lord* was not there—he was never satisfied with the eyes; she was afraid he would have had them drawn bigger than the cheeks. I made your compliments abundantly, and cried down the charms of the picture as politically as if you yourself had been there in ministerial person.

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[4] A Florentine, but employed as minister by France. *Walpole.*

[5] The officers of justice, who are reckoned so infamous in Italy, that the foreign ministers have always pretended to hinder them from passing through the streets where they reside. *Walpole.*

[6] Cardinal Alexander Albani, nephew of Clement XI, was Minister of the Queen of Hungary at Rome. *Walpole.*

[7] Giovanni Battista Uguccioni, a Florentine nobleman, and great friend of the Pomfrets. *Walpole.*

[8] George Knapton (1698–1778), portrait painter, afterwards (1765) Keeper of the King's pictures.

To fill up this sheet, I shall transcribe some very good lines published to-day in one of the papers, by I don't know whom, on Pope's death.

Here lies, who died, as most folks die, in hope,
The mould'ring, more ignoble part of Pope;
The bard, whose sprightly genius dar'd to wage
Poetic war with an immoral age;
Made every vice and private folly known
In friend and foe—a stranger to his own;
Set virtue in its loveliest form to view,
And still profess'd to be the sketch he drew.
As humour or as interest serv'd, his verse
Could praise or flatter, libel or asperse:
Unharming innocence with guilt could load,
Or lift the rebel patriot to a god:
Give the censorious critic standing laws—
The first to violate them with applause;
The just translator and the solid wit,
Like whom the passions few so truly hit:
The scourge of dunces whom his malice made—
The impious plague of the defenceless dead:
To real knaves and real fools a sore—
Belov'd by many, but abhorr'd by more.
If here his merits are not full exprest,
His never-dying strains shall tell the rest.

Sure the greatest part was his true character. Here is another epitaph by Rolli[9]; which for the profound fall in some of the verses, especially in the last, will divert you.

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[9] Paolo Rolli, composer of the operas, translated and published several things. *Walpole.*

Spento è il Pope: de' poeti Britanni
Uno de' lumi che sorge in mille anni:
Pur si vuol che la macchia d'Ingrato
  N'abbia reso il fulgor men sereno:
Stato fora e più giusto e più grato,
  Men lodando e biasmando ancor meno.
Ma chi è reo per nativo prurito?
Lode o biasmo, quì tutto è partito.
Nasce, scorre, si legge, si sente;
Dopo un dì, tutto è per niente.

Adieu!

155. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

My dearest Harry, Arlington Street, July 20, 1744.

I feel that I have so much to say to you, that I foresee there will be but little method in my letter; but if, upon the whole, you see my meaning, and the depth of my friendship for you, I am content.

It was most agreeable to me to receive a letter of confidence from you, at the time I expected a very different one from you; though, by the date of your last, I perceive you had not then received some letters, which, though I did not see, I must call simple, as they could only tend to make you uneasy for some months. I should not have thought of communicating a quarrel to you at this distance, and I don't conceive the sort of friendship of those that thought it necessary. When I heard it had been wrote to you, I thought it right to myself to give you my account of it, but, by your brother's desire, suppressed my letter, and left it to be explained by him, who wrote to you so sensibly on it, that I shall say no more but that I think myself so ill-used that it will prevent my giving you thoroughly the advice you ask of me; for how can I be sure that my resentment might not make me see in a stronger light the reasons for your breaking off an affair which you know before I never approved[1]?

You know my temper is so open to anybody I love that I must be happy at seeing you lay aside a reserve with me, which is the only point that ever made me dissatisfied with you. That silence of yours has, perhaps, been one of the chief reasons that has always prevented my saying much to you on a topic which I saw was so near your heart. Indeed, its being so near was another reason; for how could I expect you would take my advice, even if you bore it? But, my dearest Harry, how can I advise you now? Is it not gone too far for me to expect you should keep any resolution about it, especially in absence, which must be destroyed the moment you meet again? And if ever you should marry and be happy, won't you reproach me with having tried to hinder it? I think you as just and honest as I think any man living; but any man living in that circumstance would think I had been prompted by private reasons. I see as strongly as you can all the arguments for your breaking off; but, indeed, the alteration of your fortune adds very little strength to what they had before. You never had fortune enough to make such a step at all prudent: she loved you enough to be content with that; I can't believe this change will alter her sentiments, for I must do her the justice to say that it is plain she preferred you with nothing to all the world. I could talk upon this head, but I will only leave you to consider, without advising you on either side, these two things—whether you think it honester to break off with

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LETTER 155.—[1] This was an early attachment of Mr. Conway's. By his having complied with the wishes and advice of his friend on this subject, and got the better of his passion, he probably felt that he, in some measure, owed to Mr. Walpole the subsequent happiness of his life, in his marriage to another person. *Berry.*—Conway was attached to Lady Caroline Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton. She married Viscount Petersham, afterwards Earl of Harrington.

her after such engagements as yours (how strong I don't know), after her refusing very good matches for you, and show her that she must think of making her fortune; or whether you will wait with her till some amendment in your fortune can put it in your power to marry her.

My dearest Harry, you must see why I don't care to say more on this head. My wishing it could be right for you to break off with her (for, without it is right, I would not have you on any account take such a step) makes it impossible for me to advise it; and, therefore, I am sure you will forgive my declining an act of friendship which your having put in my power gives me the greatest satisfaction. But it does put something else in my power, which I am sure nothing can make me decline, and for which I have long wanted an opportunity. Nothing could prevent my being unhappy at the smallness of your fortune, but its throwing it into my way to offer you to share mine. As mine is so precarious, by depending on so bad a constitution, I can only offer you the immediate use of it. I do that most sincerely. My places still (though my Lord Walpole has cut off three hundred pounds a year to save himself the trouble of signing his name ten times for once) bring me in near two thousand pounds a year. I have no debts, no connections; indeed no way to dispose of it particularly. By living with my father, I have little real use for a quarter of it. I have always flung it away all in the most idle manner; but, my dear Harry, idle as I am, and thoughtless, I have sense enough to have real pleasure in denying myself baubles, and in saving a very good income to make a man happy, for whom I have a just esteem and most sincere friendship. I know the difficulties any gentleman and man of spirit must struggle with, even in having such an offer made him, much more in accepting it. I hope you will allow there are some in making it. But hear me: if there is any such thing as friendship in the world, these are the opportunities of exerting it, and it can't be exerted without it is accepted. I must talk of myself to prove to you that it will be right for you to accept it. I am sensible of having more follies and weaknesses, and fewer real good qualities, than most men. I sometimes reflect on this, though I own too seldom. I always want to begin acting like a man, and a sensible one, which I think I might be if I would. Can I begin better, than by taking care of my fortune for one I love? You have seen (I have seen you have) that I am fickle, and foolishly fond of twenty new people; but I don't really love them--I have always loved you constantly: I am willing to convince you and the world, what I have always told you, that I loved you better than anybody. If I ever felt much for anything (which I know may be questioned), it was certainly for my mother. I look on you as my nearest relation[2] by her, and I think I can never do enough to show my gratitude and affection to her. For these reasons, don't deny me what I have set my heart on—the making your fortune easy to you. . . .

[The rest of this letter is wanting.]

156. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 22, 1744.

I HAVE not written to you, my dear child, a good while, I know; but, indeed, it was from having nothing to tell you. You know I love you too well for it to be necessary to be punctually proving it to you; so, when I have nothing worth your knowing, I repose myself upon the persuasion that you must have of my friendship. But I will never let that grow into any negligence, I should say, idleness, which is always mighty ready to argue me out of everything

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[2] Lady Walpole and Lady Conway were sisters.

I ought to do; and letter-writing is one of the first duties that the very best people let perish out of their rubric. Indeed, I pride myself extremely in having been so good a correspondent; for, besides that every day grows to make one hate writing more, it is difficult, you must own, to keep up a correspondence of this sort with any spirit, when long absence makes one entirely out of all the little circumstances of each other's society, and which are the soul of letters. We are forced to deal only in great events, like historians; and, instead of being Horace Mann and Horace Walpole, seem to correspond as Guicciardin and Clarendon would:

> *Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis!*
> *Quis nisi Callimachus?*

Apropos to writing histories and Guicciardin; I wish to God, Boccalini[1] was living! never was such an opportunity for Apollo's playing off a set of fools, as there is now! The good City of London, who, from long dictating to the government, are now come to preside over taste and letters, have given one Carte[2], a Jacobite parson, fifty pounds a year for seven years, to write the history of England; and four aldermen and six common-councilmen are to inspect his materials and the progress of the work. Surveyors of common sewers turned supervisors of literature! To be sure, they think a history of England is no more than Stowe's Survey of the Parishes! Instead of having books published with the *imprimatur* of an university, they will be printed, as churches are whitewashed, John Smith and Thomas Johnson, Churchwardens.

But, brother historian, you will wonder I should have nothing to *communicate*, when all Europe is bursting with events, and every day 'big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.' But so it is; I know nothing; Prince Charles's

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Letter 156.—[1] Trojano Boccalini (1556-1613) wrote a satirical poem, *Ragguagli di Parnaso*.

[2] Thomas Carte (1686-1754).

great passage of the Rhine has hitherto produced nothing more: indeed, the French armies are moving towards him from Flanders; and they tell us, ours is crossing the Scheldt to attack the Count de Saxe, now that we are equal to him, from our reinforcement and his diminutions. In the mean time, as I am at least one of the principal heroes of my own politics, being secure of any invasion, I am going to leave all my *lares*, that is, all my antiquities, household gods and pagods, and take a journey into Siberia for six weeks, where my father's Grace of Courland has been for some time.

Lord Middlesex is going to be married to Miss Boyle[3], Lady Shannon's[4] daughter; she has thirty thousand pounds, and may have as much more, if her mother, who is a plump widow, don't happen to *Nugentize*[5]. The girl is low and ugly, but a vast scholar—*concumbet graecè*.

Young Churchill has got a daughter by the Frasi; Mr. Winnington calls it the *opéra comique*; the mother is an opera girl; the grandmother was Mrs. Oldfield. I ruined myself the other night on the subject of operas; Mrs. Phipps, who, as all Herveys put on some character, is prude by profession, came in to my Lady Townshend's, where I was; the latter said, 'My Lady Rich is breaking her heart on Monticelli's going.' I, who thought more of the style of the house where I was, than of the style of the visitor, replied, 'It will not heart her much, for she has so often broken her heart about singers, that the *rent* must be very large by this time. . . .' Did I never tell you of the prints that my Lady Townshend gives about of herself? Behind mine I have written these two lines, transposed from Rochester:

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[3] Hon. Grace Boyle, only daughter of second Viscount Shannon; m. (1744) Charles Sackville, Earl of Middlesex (afterwards second Duke of Dorset); Mistress of the Robes and Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales; d. (as Countess of Middlesex) 1763.

[4] Grace (d. 1755), daughter and heir of John Senhouse; m. (as his second wife) Richard Boyle, second Viscount Shannon.

[5] To marry a fortune-hunter. Robert Nugent married (as his second and third wives) two rich widows—Mrs. Knight (heir to her brother James Craggs), and the Dowager Countess of Berkeley.

> This is the staple of the world's great trade;
> On this soft bosom all mankind has laid[6].

Now I talk of prints, I must tell you of a very extraordinary one, which my Lady Burlington gives away, of her daughter Euston, with this inscription:

> 'Lady Dorothy Boyle,
> Once the pride, the joy, the comfort of her parents,
> The admiration of all that saw her,
> The delight of all that knew her.
> Born May 14, 1724, married, alas! Oct. 10, 1741, and
> delivered from extremest misery May 2, 1742.
> This print was taken from a picture drawn by memory seven weeks after her death, by her most afflicted mother;
> Dorothy Burlington[7].'

I am forced to begin a new sheet, lest you should think my letter came from my Lady Burlington, as it ends so patly with her name. But is it not a most melancholy way of venting oneself? She has drawn numbers of these pictures: I don't approve her having them engraved; but sure the inscription is pretty[8].

I was accosted the other night by a little, pert *petit-maître* figure, that claimed me for acquaintance. Do you remember to have seen at Florence an Abbé Durazzo, of Genoa? well, this was he: it is mighty dapper and French: however,

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[6] They are in original thus:—

> 'This is the staple of the world's great trade:
> On this soft anvil all mankind was made.'—*Walpole.*

[7] Lord Dover states that the inscription was composed by Lady Burlington, and gives the following as the correct version:

> 'Lady Dorothy Boyle,
> Born May the 14th, 1724.
> She was the comfort and joy of her parents, the delight of all who knew her angelick temper, and the admiration of all who saw her beauty.
> She was marry'd October the 10th, 1741, and delivered (by death) from misery,
> May the 2nd, 1742.
> This picture was drawn seven weeks after her death (from memory) by her most affectionate mother,
> Dorothy Burlington.'

Lady Euston's death was attributed to her husband's ill-treatment.

[8] It is said to be Pope's. *Walpole.*

I will be civil to it: I never lose opportunities of paving myself an agreeable passage back to Florence. My dear Chutes, stay for me: I think the first gale of peace will carry me to you. Are you as fond of Florence as ever? of me you are not, I am sure, for you never write me a line. You would be diverted with the grandeur of our old Florence beauty, Lady Carteret. She dresses more extravagantly, and grows more short-sighted every day: she can't walk a step without leaning on one of her ancient daughters-in-law. Lord Tweedale and Lord Bathurst are her constant gentlemen-ushers. She has not quite digested her resentment to Lincoln yet. He was walking with her at Ranelagh the other night, and a Spanish refugee marquis[9], who is of the Carteret court, but who, not being quite perfect in the *carte du pays*, told my lady, that Lord Lincoln had promised him to make a very good husband to Miss Pelham. Lady Carteret, with an accent of energy, replied, 'J'espère qu'il tiendra sa promesse!' Here is a good epigram that has been made on her:

Her beauty, like the Scripture feast,
  To which the invited never came,
Depriv'd of its intended guest,
  Was given to the old and lame.

Adieu! here is company; I think I may be excused leaving off at the sixth side.

157. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 6, 1744.

I don't tell you anything about Prince Charles, for you must hear all his history as soon as we do; at least much sooner than it can come to the very north, and be dispatched back to Italy. There is nothing from Flanders: we advance and they retire—just as two months ago we retired and they advanced: but it is good to be leading up this part of the tune. Lord Stair is going into Scotland: the King is grown wonderfully fond of him, since he has taken the resolution of that journey. He said the other day, 'I wish my Lord Stair was in Flanders! General Wade is a very able officer, but he is not alert.' I, in my private litany, am beseeching the Lord, that he may contract none of my Lord Stair's alertness.

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[9] The Marquis Tabernego. *Walpole.*

When I first wrote you word of La Chétardie's disgrace, I did not believe it; but you see it is now public. What I like is, her Russian Majesty's[1] making her amour keep exact pace with her public indignation. She sent to demand her picture and other presents. 'Other presents,' to be sure, were *billets-doux*, bracelets woven of her own bristles—for I look upon the hair of a Muscovite Majesty in the light of the chairs which Gulliver made out of the combings of the Empress of Brobdinag's[2] tresses; the stumps he made into very good large tooth-combs. You know the present is a very Amazon; she has grappled with all her own grenadiers. I should like to see their loves woven into a French opera: La Chétardie's character is quite adapted to the civil discord of their stage: and then a northern heroine to reproach him in their outrageous quavers, would make a most delightful crash of sentiment, impertinence, gallantry, contempt, and screaming. The first opera that I saw at Paris, I could not believe was in earnest, but thought they had carried me to the *opéra comique.* The three acts of the piece[3] were three several interludes, of the Loves of Antony and Cleopatra, of Alcibiades and the Queen of Sparta, and of Tibullus with a niece of Mæcenas; besides something of Circe, who was screamed by a Mademoiselle Hermans,

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LETTER 157.—[1] The Empress Elizabeth.

[2] So in MS.

[3] I think it was the *Ballet de la Paix. Walpole.*

seven feet high. She was in black, with a nosegay of *black flowers* (for on the French stage they pique themselves on propriety), and without powder: whenever you are a widow, are in distress, or are a witch, you are to leave off powder.

I have no news for you, and am going to have less, for I am going into Norfolk. I have stayed till I have not one acquaintance left: the next billow washes me last off the plank. I have not cared to stir, for fear of news from Flanders; but I have convinced myself that there will be none. Our army is much superior to the Count de Saxe; besides, they have ten large towns to garrison, which will reduce their army to nothing; or they must leave us the towns to walk into coolly.

I have received yours of July 21. Did neither I nor your brother tell you, that we had received the Neapolitan snuff-box[4]? it is above a month ago: how could I be so forgetful; but I have never heard one word of the cases, nor of Lord Conway's guns, nor Lord Hartington's melon-seeds, all which you mention to have sent. Lestock has long been arrived, so to be sure the cases never came with him: I hope Matthews will discover them. Pray thank Dr. Cocchi very particularly for his book.

I am very sorry too for your father's removal[5]; it was not done in the most obliging manner by Mr. Winnington; there was something exactly like a breach of promise in it to my father, which was tried to be softened by a civil alternative, that was no alternative at all. He was forced to it by my Lady Townshend, who has an implacable aversion to all my father's people; and not having less to Mr. Pelham's, she has been as brusque with Winnington about them. He has no principles himself, and those no principles of his are governed absolutely by hers, which are no-issimes.

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[4] It was for a present to Mr. Stone, the Duke of Newcastle's secretary. *Walpole.*

[5] From Chelsea Hospital. *Cunningham.*

I don't know any of your English. I should delight in your Vaux-hall-ets: what a figure my Grifona must make in such a romantic scene! I have lately been reading the poems of the Earl of Surrey, in Henry the Eighth's time; he was in love with the fair Geraldine of Florence; I have a mind to write under the Grifona's picture these two lines from one of his sonnets:

> From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race,
> Fair Florence was some time her auncient seat.

And then these:

> Her beauty *of kinde*, her vertue from above;
> Happy is he that can obtaine her love!

I don't know what *of kinde* means, but to be sure it was something prodigiously expressive and gallant in those days, by its being unintelligible now. Adieu! Do the Chutes *cicisbè* it?

158. To Horace Mann.

London, Aug. 16, 1744.

I am writing to you two or three days beforehand, by way of settling my affairs: not that I am going to be married or to die; but something as bad as either if it were to last as long. You will guess that it can only be going to Houghton; but I make as much an affair of that, as other people would of going to Jamaica. Indeed I don't lay in store of cake and band-boxes, and citron-water, and cards, and cold meat, as country gentlewomen do after the session. My packing-up and travelling concerns lie in very small compass; nothing but myself and Patapan, my footman, a cloak-bag, and a couple of books. My old Tom is even reduced upon the article of my journey; he is at the Bath, patching together some very bad remains of a worn-out constitution. I always travel without company; for then I take my own hours and my own humours, which I don't think the most tractable to shut up in a coach with anybody else. You know, St. Évremont's[1] rule for conquering the passions, was to indulge them; mine for keeping my temper in order, is never to leave it too long with another person. I have found out that it will have its way, but I make it take its way by itself. It is such sort of reflection as this, that makes me hate the country: it is impossible in one house, with one set of company, to be always enough upon one's guard to make one's self agreeable, which one ought to do, as one always expects it from others. If I had a house of my own in the country, and could live there now and then alone, or frequently changing my company, I am persuaded I should like it; at least, I fancy I should; for when one begins to reflect why one don't like the country, I believe one grows near liking to reflect in it. I feel very often that I grow to correct twenty things in myself, as thinking them ridiculous at my age; and then with my spirit of whim and folly, I make myself believe that this is all prudence, and that I wish I were young enough to be as thoughtless and extravagant as I used to be. But if I know anything of the matter, this is all flattering myself: I grow older, and love my follies less—if I did not, alas! poor prudence and reflection!

I think I have pretty well exhausted the chapter of myself. I will now go talk to you of another fellow, who makes me look upon myself as a very perfect character; for as I have little merit naturally, and only pound a stray virtue now and then by chance, the other gentleman seems to have no vice, rather no villainy, but what he nurses in himself and

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Letter 158.—[1] Charles Margustel de St. Denis (1613–1703), Seigneur de St. Évremond.

methodises with as much pains as a stoic would patience. Indeed his pains are not thrown away. This pains-taking person's name is Frederic, King of Prussia [2]. Pray remember for the future never to speak of him and H. W. without giving the latter the preference. Last week we were all alarm! He was before Prague with fifty thousand men, and not a man in Bohemia to ask him, 'What dost thou?' This week we have raised a hundred thousand Hungarians, besides vast militias and loyal nobilities. The King of Poland is to attack him on his march, and the Russians to fall on Prussia. In the mean time, his letter or address to the people of England [3] has been published here: it is a poor performance! His Voltaires and his *litterati* should correct his works before they are printed. A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch; but to pen manifestoes worse than the lowest *commis* that is kept jointly by two or three margraves, is insufferable!

We are very strong in Flanders, but still expect to do nothing this campaign. The French are so intrenched, that it is impossible to attack them. There is talk of besieging Maubeuge; I don't know how certainly.

Lord Middlesex's match is determined, and the writings signed. She proves an immense fortune; they pretend a hundred and thirty thousand pounds—what a fund for making operas!

My Lady Carteret is going to Tunbridge . . . [4] there is a hurry for a son: his only one [5] is gone mad: about a fortnight ago he was at the Duke of Bedford's, and as much in his few senses as ever. At five o'clock in the morning he waked the Duke and Duchess [6] all bloody, and with the lappet of his coat held up full of ears: he had been in the stable and cropped all the horses! He is shut up. My Lady is in the honeymoon of her grandeur: she lives in public places, whither she is escorted by the old beaux of her husband's court; fair white-wigged old gallants, the Duke of Bolton, Lord Tweedale, Lord Bathurst, and Charles Fielding[7]; and she all over knots, and small hoods, and ribbons. Her brother[8] told me the other night, 'Indeed I think my thister doesth countenanth Ranelagh too mutch.' They call my Lord Pomfret, King Stanislaus, the queen's father.

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[2] He had entered Bohemia at the head of 60,000 men, and took Prague after ten days' siege (Aug. 16, 1744).

[3] It is addressed to Europe in general. (See *Gent. Mag.*, 1744, p. 427.)

[4] Passage omitted.

[5] Hon. Robert Carteret.

[6] Hon. Gertrude Leveson-Gower

I heard of an admirable dialogue, which has been written at the army on the battle of Dettingen, but one can't get a copy; I must tell you two or three strokes in it that I have heard. Pierrot asks Harlequin, 'Que donne-t-on aux généraux qui ne se sont pas trouvés à la bataille?' Harl. 'On leur donne le cordon rouge.' Pier. 'Et que donne-t-on au général en chef, qui a gagné la victoire?' Harl. 'Son congé.' Pier. 'Qui a soin des blessés?' Harl. 'L'ennemi.' Adieu!

159. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, Sept. 1, 1744.

I wish you joy of *your* victory at Velletri[1]! I call it yours, for you are the great spring of all that war. I intend to publish your life, with an appendix, that shall contain all the letters to you from princes, cardinals, and great men of

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(d. 1794), eldest daughter of second Baron (afterwards first Earl) Gower; m. (1737) John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford; d. 1794.

[7] Hon. Charles Fielding (d. 1746), third son of fourth Earl of Denbigh; Gentleman-Usher to Queen Caroline, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards.

[8] George Fermor (1722–1785), styled Lord Lempster; succeeded his father as second Earl of Pomfret, 1753; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1763; Ranger of the Little Park of Windsor, 1763.

Letter 159.—[1] On August 10–11, 1744, the Austrians attacked the Spanish and Neapolitan quarters near Velletri, but were repulsed with considerable loss.

the time. In speaking of Prince Lobkowitz's attempt to seize the King of Naples at Velletri, I shall say, 'for the share our hero had in this great action, vide the appendix, Card. Albani's letter, p. 14.' You shall no longer be the dear *Miny*, but *Manone*, the *Great Man*; you shall figure with the *Great Pan*, and the *Great Patapan*. I wish you and your laurels and your operations were on the Rhine, in Piemont, or in Bohemia; and then Prince Charles would not have repassed the first, nor the Prince of Conti advanced within three days of Turin, and the King of Prussia would already have been terrified from entering the last—all this lumping bad news came to counterbalance your Neapolitan triumphs. Here is all the war to begin again! and perhaps next winter a second edition of Dunkirk. We could not even have the King of France die, though he was so near it[2]. He was in a woful fright, and promised the Bishop of Soissons[3], that if he lived, he would have done with his women. A man with all those crowns on his head, and attacking and disturbing all those on the heads of other princes, who is the soul of all the havoc and ruin that has been and is to be spread through Europe in this war, haggling with the great God for his bloody life, and cheapening it at the price of a whore or two! and this was the fellow that they fetched to the army, to drive the brave Prince Charles beyond the Rhine again! It is just such another paltry mortal[4] that has fetched him back into Bohemia—I forget which of his battles[5] it was, that when his army had got the victory, they could not find the King: he had run away for a whole day without looking behind him.

I thank you for the particulars of the action, and the list of the prisoners: among them is one Don Theodore Diamato Amor, a cavalier of so romantic a name, that my sister and Miss Leneve quite interest themselves in his captivity; and make their addresses to you, who, they hear, have such power with Prince Lobkowitz, to obtain his liberty. If he has Spanish gallantry in any proportion to his name, he will immediately come to England, and vow himself their knight.

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[2] Louis XV was dangerously ill at Metz, August 8–15, 1744.

[3] François de Fitzjames (1709–1764), Bishop of Soissons, son of the Duke of Berwick.

[4] The King of Prussia. *Walpole.*

[5] The battle of Molwitz. *Walpole.*

Those verses I sent you on Mr. Pope, I assure you, were not mine; I transcribed from the newspapers; from whence I must send you a very good epigram on Bishop Berkeley's tar-water:

'Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done?
The Church shall rise and vindicate her son;
She tells us, all her Bishops shepherds are—
And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar.'

I am not at all surprised at my Lady W.'s ill-humour to you about the messenger. If the resentments of women did not draw them into little dirty spite, their hatred would be very dangerous; but they vent the leisure they have to do mischief in a thousand meannesses, which only serve to expose themselves.

Adieu! I know nothing here but public politics, of which I have already talked to you, and which you hear as soon as I do.

Thank dear Mr. Chute for his letter; I will answer it very soon; but in the country I am forced to let my pen lie fallow between letter and letter.

160. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

My dearest Harry, Houghton, Oct. 6, 1744.

My Lord bids me tell you how much he is obliged to you for your letter, and hopes you will accept my answer for his. I'll tell you what, we shall both be obliged to you if you will inclose a magnifying glass in your next letters; for your two last were in so diminutive a character, that we were forced to employ all Mrs. Leneve's spectacles, besides an ancient family reading-glass, with which my grandfather used to begin the psalm, to discover what you said to us. Besides this, I have a piece of news for you: Sir Robert Walpole, when he was made Earl of Orford, left the ministry, and with it the palace in Downing Street; as numbers of people found out three years ago, who, not having your integrity, were quick in perceiving the change of his situation. Your letter was full as honest as you; for, though directed to Downing Street, it would not, as other letters would have done, address itself to the present possessor. Do but think if it had! The smallness of the hand would have immediately struck my Lord Sandys with the idea of a plot; for what he could not read at first sight, he would certainly have concluded must be cipher.

I march next week towards London, and have already begun to send my heavy artillery before me, consisting of half a dozen books and part of my linen: my light-horse, commanded by Patapan, follows this day se'nnight. A detachment of hussars surprised an old bitch fox yesterday morning, who had lost a leg in a former engagement; and then, having received advice of another litter being advanced as far as Darsingham, Lord Walpole commanded Captain Riley's horse, with a strong party of fox-hounds, to overtake them; but on the approach of our troops the enemy stole off, and are now encamped at Sechford Common [1], whither we every hour expect orders to pursue them.

My dear Harry, this is all I have to tell you, and, to my great joy, which you must forgive me, is full as memorable

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LETTER 160.—[1] Darsingham and Sechford (now called Dersingham and Sedgeford) are near Houghton.

as any part of the Flanders campaign. I do not desire to have you engaged in the least more glory than you have been. I should not love the remainder of you the least better for your having lost an arm or a leg, and have as full persuasion of your courage as if you had contributed to the slicing off twenty pair from French officers. Thank God, you have sense enough to content yourself without being a hero! though I don't quite forget your expedition a huzzar-hunting the beginning of this campaign. Pray, no more of those jaunts! I don't know anybody you would oblige with a present of such game: for my part, a fragment of the oldest hussar on earth should never have a place in my museum—they are not antique enough; and for a live one, I must tell you, I like my racoon infinitely better.

Adieu! my dear Harry. I long to see you. You will easily believe the thought I have of being particularly well with you is a vast addition to my impatience, though you know it is nothing new to me to be overjoyed at your return.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

161. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, Oct. 6, 1744.

DOES Decency insist upon one's writing within certain periods, when one has nothing to say? because, if she does, she is the most formal, ceremonious personage I know. I shall not enter into a dispute with her, as my Lady Hervey did with the goddess of Indolence, or with the goddess of letter-writing, I forget which, in a long letter that she sent to the Duke of Bourbon; because I had rather write than have a dispute about it. Besides, I am not at all used to converse with hieroglyphic ladies. But, I do assure you, it is merely to avoid scolding that I set about this letter: I don't mean your scolding, for you are all goodness to me; but my own scolding of myself—a correction I stand in great awe of, and which I am sure never to escape as often as I am to blame. One can scold other people again, or smile and jog one's foot, and affect not to mind it; but those airs won't do with oneself; one always comes off by the worst in a dispute with one's own conviction.

Admiral Matthews sent me down hither your great packet: I am charmed with your prudence, and with the good sense of your orders for the Neapolitan expedition; I won't say your good-nature, which is excessive; for I think your tenderness of the little Queen[1] a little *outrée*, especially as their apprehensions might have added great weight to your menaces. I would threaten like a corsair, though I would conquer with all the good breeding of a Scipio. I most devoutly wish you success; you are sure of having me most happy with any honour you acquire. You have quite soared above all fear of Goldsworthy, and, I think, must appear of consequence to any ministry. I am much obliged to you for the medal, and like the design: I shall preserve it as part of your works.

I can't forgive what you say to me about the coffee-pot: one would really think that you looked upon me as an old woman that had left a legacy to be kept for her sake, and a curse to attend the parting with it. My dear child, is it treating me justly to enter into the detail of your reasons? was it even necessary to say, 'I have changed your coffee-pot for some other plate'?

I have nothing to tell you, but that I go to town next week, and will then write you all I hear. Adieu!

LETTER 161.—[1] Maria Amelia, daughter of Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and wife of Charles, King of Naples.

162. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 19, 1744.

I have received two or three letters from you since I wrote to you last, and all contribute to give me fears for your situation at Florence. How absurdly all the Queen's haughtinesses are dictated to her by her ministers, or by her own Austriacity! She lost all Silesia because she would not lose a small piece of it, and she is going to lose Tuscany for want of a neutrality, because she would not accept one for Naples, even after all prospect of conquering it was vanished. Everything goes ill! the King of Sardinia beaten; and to-day we hear of Coni lost[1]! You will see in the papers too, that the *Victory*, our finest ship, is lost, with Sir John Balchen and nine hundred men. The expense alone of the ship is computed at above two hundred thousand pounds. We have nothing good but a flying report of a victory of Prince Charles over the Prussian, who, it is said, has lost ten thousand men, and both his legs by a cannon-ball. I have no notion of his losing them, but by breaking them in over-hurry to run away. However, it comes from a Jew, who had the first news of the passage of the Rhine[2]. But, my dear child, how will this comfort me, if you are not to remain in peace at Florence! I tremble as I write!

Yesterday morning carried off those two old beldams, Sarah of Marlborough and the Countess Granville[3]; so now Uguccioni's epithalamium must be new-tricked out in titles, for my Lady Carteret is Countess! Poor Bistino! I wish my Lady P. may leave off her translation of Froissart to English the eight hundred and forty heroics[4]!

Letter 162.—[1] An unfounded report.

[2] This report proved to be without foundation. *Walpole.*

[3] Mother of John, Lord Carteret, who succeeded her in the title. *Walpole.*

[4] Uguccioni had employed an abbé

When I know the particulars of old Marlborough's will, you shall.

My Lord Walpole has promised me a letter for young Gardiner; who, by the way, has pushed his fortune *en vrai bâtard*, without being so, for it never was pretended that he was my brother's: he protests he is not; but the youth has profited of his mother's gallantries.

I have not seen Admiral Matthews yet, but I take him to be very mad. He walks in the Park with a cockade of three colours: the Duke desired a gentleman to ask him the meaning, and all the answer he would give was, 'The Treaty of Worms! the Treaty of Worms[5]!' I design to see him, thank him for my packet, and inquire after the cases.

It is a most terrible loss for his parents, Lord Beauchamp's[6] death: if they were out of the question, one could not be sorry for such a mortification to the pride of old Somerset. He has written the most shocking letter imaginable to poor Lord Hertford, telling him that it is a judgement upon him for all his undutifulness, and that he must always look upon himself as the cause of his son's death. Lord Hertford is as good a man as lives, and has always been most unreasonably ill-used by that old tyrant. The title of Somerset will revert to Sir Edward Seymour[7], whose line has been most unjustly deprived of it from the first creation. The Protector, when only Earl of Hertford, married a great heiress[8], and had a Lord Beauchamp, who was about twenty

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to write an epithalamium of 840 Latin lines on Lord Carteret's marriage. (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 185.)

[5] Tricolour cockades were worn in Italy by the English, Austrians, and Sardinians, whose alliance dated from the Treaty of Worms.

[6] Only son of Algernon, Earl of Hertford, afterwards the last Duke of Somerset of that branch. Lord Beauchamp died of the small-pox at Bologna. *Walpole.*

[7] Sir Edward Seymour (circ. 1695-1757), sixth Baronet; succeeded his cousin as eighth Duke of Somerset, 1750.

[8] Catherine, daughter of Sir William Fillol, of Woodlands, Dorsetshire; m. (circ. 1527) Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

when his mother died. His father then married an Ann Stanhope, with whom he was in love, and not only procured an act of Parliament to deprive Lord Beauchamp of his honours, and to settle the title of Somerset, which he was going to have, on the children of this second match, but took from him *even his mother's* fortune. From him descended Sir Edward Seymour, the Speaker[9], who, on King William's landing, when he said to him, 'Sir Edward, I think you are of the Duke of Somerset's family?' replied, 'No, Sir: he is of mine.'

Lord Lincoln was married last Tuesday, and Lord Middlesex will be very soon. Have you heard the gentle manner of the French King's dismissing Madame de Châteauroux? In the very circle, the Bishop of Soissons[10] told her, that, as the scandal the King had given with her was public, his Majesty thought his repentance ought to be so too, and that he therefore forbad her the court; and then turning to the monarch, asked him if that was not his pleasure, who replied, Yes. They have taken away her pension too, and turned out even laundresses that she had recommended for the future Dauphiness. To complete the scene of folly, the simple Queen has made a triumphal entry into Paris for the recovery of the King's soul—not forgetting his body. Were I he, and could ever be sensible of my folly, which he cannot be, is there any resentment one should not feel against that Bishop, for having made one expose oneself so ridiculously! Apropos to the Châteauroux: there is a Hanoverian come over, who was so ingenious as to tell Master Louis[11] how like he is to M. Walmoden. You conceive that 'nous autres souverains nous n'aimons pas qu'on se méprenne aux gens': we don't love that our Fitzroys should be scandalized with any mortal resemblance.

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[9] Fourth Baronet; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1673–79. Sir Edward Seymour was not however descended from the eldest, but from the second, son of the Protector Somerset.

[10] Son of Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick. The Bishop of Soissons, on the King being given over at Metz, prevailed on him to part with his mistress the Duchesse de Châteauroux: but the King soon recalled her, and confined the Bishop to his diocese. *Walpole.*

[11] Son of King George II, by Madame Walmoden, created Countess of Yarmouth. *Walpole.*

I must tell you a good piece of discretion of a Scotch soldier, whom Mr. Selwyn met on Bexley Heath walking back to the army. He had met with a single glove at Hingham, which had been left there last year in an inn by an officer now in Flanders: this the fellow was carrying in hopes of a little money; but, for fear he should lose the glove, wore it all the way.

Thank you for General Braitwitz's *deux potences*[12]. I hope that one of them at least will rid us of the Prussian. Adieu! my dear child; all my wishes are employed about Florence.

163. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 9, 1744.

I find I must not wait any longer for news, if I intend to keep up our correspondence. Nothing happens; nothing has since I wrote last, but Lord Middlesex's wedding; which was over a week before it was known. I believe the bride told it then; for he and all his family are so silent, that they would never have mentioned it: she might have popped out a child, before a single Sackville would have been at the expense of a syllable to justify her.

Our old acquaintance, the Pomfrets, are not so reserved about their great matrimony: the new Lady Granville was at home the other night for the first time of her being mistress of the house. I was invited, for I am in much favour with them all, but found myself extremely *déplacé*:

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[12] General Braitwitz, Commander of the Queen of Hungary's troops in Tuscany, speaking of the two *powers*, his Mistress and the King of Sardinia, instead of saying *ces deux Pouvoirs*, said, *ces deux Potences*. *Walpole.*

there was nothing but the Winchelseas and Baths, and the gleanings of a party stuffed out into a faction, some foreign ministers, and the whole blood of Farmor. My Lady Pomfret asked me if I corresponded still with the Grifona: 'No,' I said, 'since I had been threatened with a regale of hams and Florence wine, I had dropped it.' My Lady Granville said, 'You was afraid of being thought interested.' —'Yes,' said the Queen-mother, with all the importance with which she is used to blunder out pieces of heathen mythology, 'I think it was very *ministerial*.' Don't you think that word came in as awkwardly as I did into their room? The *minister* is most gracious to me; he has returned my visit, which, you know, is never practised by that rank: I put it all down to my father's account, who is not likely to keep up the civility.

You will see the particulars of old Marlborough's will in the *Evening Posts* of this week: it is as extravagant as one should have expected; but I delight in her begging that no part of the Duke of Marlborough's life may be written in verse by Glover and Mallet, to whom she gives five hundred pounds a-piece for writing it in prose. There is a great deal of humour in the thought: to be sure the spirit of the dowager Leonidas[1] inspired her with it.

All public affairs in agitation at present go well for us: Prince Charles in Bohemia, the raising of the siege of Coni[2], and probably of that of Fribourg[3], are very good circumstances. I shall be very tranquil this winter, if Tuscany does not come into play, or another scene of an invasion. In a fortnight meets the Parliament; nobody guesses what the turn of the opposition will be. Adieu! My love to the Chutes. I hope you now and then make my other

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LETTER 163.—[1] Glover wrote a dull heroic poem on the action of Leonidas at Thermopylae. *Walpole.*

[2] By the allied French and Spaniards.

[3] Freiburg surrendered to the French on Nov. 7, 1744.

compliments: I never forget the Princess, nor (ware hams !) the Grifona.

164. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 26, 1744.

I have not prepared you for a great event, because it was really so unlikely to happen, that I was afraid of being the author of a mere political report; but, to keep you no longer in suspense, Lord Granville has *resigned*: that is the term, *l'honnête façon de parler*; but, in few words, the truth of the history is, that the Duke of Newcastle (by the way, mind that the words I am going to use are not mine, but his Majesty's) 'being grown as jealous of Lord Granville as he had been of Lord Orford, and wanting to be first minister himself, which, a puppy! how should he be?' (*autre phrase royale*), and his brother being as susceptible of the noble passion of jealousy as he is, have long been conspiring to overturn the great Lord. Resolution and capacity were all they wanted to bring it about; for the imperiousness and universal contempt which their rival had for them, and for the rest of the ministry, and for the rest of the nation, had made almost all men his enemies; and, indeed, he took no pains to make friends: his maxim was, 'Give any man the crown on his side, and he can defy everything.' Winnington asked him, if that were true, how he came to be minister? About a fortnight ago, the whole Cabinet Council, except Lord Bath, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Tweedale, the Duke of Bolton, and my good brother-in-law[1], (the two last severally bribed with the promise of Ireland,) did venture to let the King know, that he must part with them or with Lord Granville. The monarch does not love to be forced, and his son is full as angry. Both tried to avoid the

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Letter 164.—[1] George, Earl of Cholmondeley. *Walpole.*

rupture. My father was sent for, but excused himself from coming till last Thursday, and even then would not go to the King; and at last gave his opinion very unwillingly. But on Saturday it was finally determined: Lord Granville resigned the seals, which are given back to my Lord President Harrington. Lord Winchelsea quits too [2]; but for all the rest of that connection, they have agreed not to quit, but to be forced out: so Mr. Pelham must have a new struggle to remove every one. He can't let them stay in; because, to secure his power, he must bring in Lord Chesterfield, Pitt, the chief Patriots, and perhaps some Tories. The King has declared that my Lord Granville has his opinion and affection—the Prince warmly and openly espouses him. Judge how agreeably the two brothers will enjoy their ministry! To-morrow the Parliament meets: all in suspense! everybody will be staring at each other! I believe the war will still go on, but a little more Anglicized. For my part, I behold all with great tranquillity; I cannot be sorry for Lord Granville, for he certainly sacrificed everything to please the King; I cannot be glad for the Pelhams, for they sacrifice everything to their own jealousy and ambition.

Who are mortified are the fair Sophia and Queen Stanislaus [3]. However, the daughter carries it off heroically; the very night of her fall she went to the Oratorio. I talked to her much, and recollected all that had been said to me upon the like occasion three years ago; I succeeded, and am invited to her assembly next Tuesday. Tell Uguccioni that she still keeps *conversazioni*, or he will hang himself. She had no court, but an ugly sister and the fair old-fashioned Duke of Bolton. It put me in mind of a scene in Harry VIII, where Queen Catherine appears after her divorce, with Patience her waiting-maid, and Griffith her gentleman-usher.

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[2] He was First Lord of the Admiralty.
[3] Lady Pomfret.

My dear child, *voilà le monde!* are you as great a philosopher about it as I am? You cannot imagine how I entertain myself, especially as all the ignorant flock hither, and conclude that my Lord must be minister again. Yesterday, three bishops came to do him homage; and who should be one of them but Dr. Thomas[4], the only man mitred by Lord Granville! As I was not at all mortified with *our* fall, I am only diverted with this imaginary restoration. They little think how incapable my Lord is of business again. He has this whole summer been troubled with bloody water upon the least motion; and to-day Ranby assured me, that he has a stone in his bladder, which he himself believed before; so now he must never use the least exercise, never go into a chariot again; and if ever to Houghton, in a litter. Though this account will grieve you, I tell it you, that you may know what to expect; yet it is common for people to live many years in his situation.

If you are not as detached from everything as I am, you will wonder at my tranquillity, to be able to write such variety in the midst of hurricanes. It costs me nothing! so I shall write on, and tell you an adventure of my own. The town has been trying all this winter to beat pantomimes off the stage, very boisterously; for it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense a matter of riot and arms. Fleetwood, the master of Drury Lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago, he let into the pit great numbers of Bear-garden *bruisers* (that is the term), to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces, and drove them out: I was sitting very quietly in the sideboxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar; and among the rest, who flew into a passion, but your friend the philosopher? In short, one of the actors advancing to the front of the stage to make an apology for the manager, he had scarce begun to say, 'Mr. Fleetwood—' when your friend, with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, 'He is an impudent rascal!' The whole pit huzzaed, and repeated the words. Only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, 'Mr. W., what would you please to have us do next?' It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sunk down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse. The next night, the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, 'Where's Mr. W.? where's Mr. W.?' In short, the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler; which, I believe, would have stuck by me, if this new episode of Lord Granville had not luckily interfered.

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[4] Bishop of Lincoln. *Walpole.*—Translated to Salisbury, 1761; d. 1766.

We every minute expect news of the Mediterranean engagement; for, besides your account, Birtles has written the same from Genoa. We expect good news, too, from Prince Charles, who is driving the King of Prussia before him[5]. In the mean time, his wife the Archduchess[6] is dead, which may be a signal loss to him.

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[5] From Bohemia.

[6] Archduchess Maria Anna, sister of the Queen of Hungary; d. Dec. 16, 1744.

I forgot to tell you that, on Friday, Lord Charles Hay[7], who has more of the parts of an Irishman than of a Scot, told my Lady Granville at the Drawing-room, on her seeing so full a court, 'that people were come out of curiosity.' The Speaker[8] is the happiest of any man in these bustles: he says, 'this Parliament has torn two favourite ministers from the throne.' His conclusion is, that the power of the Parliament will in the end be so great, that nobody can be minister but their own Speaker. . . .[9]

Winnington says . . .[9] my Lord Chesterfield and Pitt will have places before old Marlborough's legacy to them for being Patriots is paid. My compliments to the family of Suares on the Vittorina's marriage. Adieu!

165. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 24, 1744.

You will wonder what has become of me: nothing has. I know it is above three weeks since I wrote to you; but I will tell you the reason. I have kept a parliamentary silence, which I must explain to you. Ever since Lord Granville went out, all has been in suspense. The leaders of the opposition immediately imposed silence upon their party: everything passed without the least debate—in short, *all were making their bargains.* One has heard of the corruption of courtiers; but believe me, the impudent prostitution of Patriots, going to market with their honesty, beats it to nothing. Do but think of two hundred men *of the most consummate virtue* setting themselves to sale for three weeks! I have been reprimanded by the wise for saying that they all stood like servants at a country statute fair to be hired. All this while nothing was certain: one day the coalition was settled; the next, the treaty broke off: I hated to write to you what I might contradict next post. Besides, in my last letter I remember telling you that the Archduchess was dead; she did not die till a fortnight afterwards.

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[7] Brother of Lord Tweedale. *Walpole.*

[8] Arthur Onslow. *Walpole.*

[9] Passage omitted.

The result of the whole is this: the King, instigated by Lord Granville, has used all his ministry as ill as possible, and has with the greatest difficulty been brought to consent to the necessary changes. Mr. Pelham has had as much difficulty to regulate the disposition of places. Numbers of lists of the *hungry* have been given in by their *centurions*; of those, several Tories have refused to accept the proffered posts: some, from an impossibility of being re-chosen for their Jacobite counties. But upon the whole, it appears that their leaders have had very little influence with them; for not above four or five are come into place. The rest will stick to opposition. Here is a list of the changes, as made last Saturday:

Duke of Devonshire, Lord Steward, in the room of the Duke of Dorset.

Duke of Dorset, Lord President, in Lord Harrington's room.

†Lord Chesterfield, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the Duke of Devonshire's.

†Duke of Bedford, †Lord Sandwich, †George Grenville, Lord Vere Beauclerc, and Admiral Anson, Lords of the Admiralty, in the room of *Lord Winchelsea, *Dr. Lee, *Cockburn, *Sir Charles Hardy, and *Philipson.

†Mr. Arundel[1] and †George Lyttelton, Lords of the Treasury, in the room of *Compton and *Gybbon.

Letter 165.—[1] Hon. Richard Arundel, second son of second Baron Arundel of Trerice; M.P. for Knaresborough; Master of the Mint, 1737-44; Lord of the Treasury, 1744-46; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1746-47; d. 1758.

†Lord Gower again Privy Seal in *Lord Cholmondeley's room, who is made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland in *Harry Vane's.

†Mr. Dodington, Treasurer of the Navy, in *Sir John Rushout's.

†Mr. Waller, Cofferer, in *Lord Sandys'.

Lord Hobart[2], Captain of the Pensioners, in *Lord Bathurst's.

†Sir John Cotton, Treasurer of the Chambers, in Lord Hobart's.

Mr. Keene[3], Paymaster of the Pensions, in *Mr. Hooper's.

†Sir John Philipps and †John Pitt, Commissioners of Trade, in Mr. Keene's and *Sir Charles Gilmour's.

†William Chetwynd, Master of the Mint, in Mr. Arundel's.

†Lord Halifax, Master of the Buck-hounds, in Mr. Jennison's[4], who has a pension.

All those with a cross are from the opposition; those with a star, the turned out, and are all of the Granville and Bath squadron, except Lord Cholmondeley, (who, too, had connected with the former,) and Mr. Philipson. The King parted with great regret with Lord Cholmondeley, and complains loudly of the force put upon him. The Prince, who is full as warm as his father for Lord Granville, has already turned out Lyttelton, who was his secretary, and Lord Halifax[5], and has named Mr. Drax[6] and Lord Inchiquin[7] in their places. You perceive the great Mr. William Pitt is not in the list, though he comes thoroughly into the measures. To preserve his character and authority in the

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[2] John Hobart (circ. 1695–1756), first Baron Hobart; cr. Earl of Buckinghamshire, 1746; Lord of Trade, 1721; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1727–44; Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners, 1744.

[3] Benjamin Keene, M.P. for West Looe.

[4] Ralph Jenison.

[5] Lord Halifax was Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales.

[6] Henry Drax, of Ellerton Abbey, Yorkshire; M.P. for Wareham.

[7] William O'Brien, fourth Earl of Inchiquin; Lord of the Bedchamber to Prince of Wales, 1744; d. 1777.

Parliament, he was unwilling to accept anything yet: the ministry very rightly insisted that he should; he asked for Secretary at War, knowing it would be refused—and it was.

By this short sketch, and it is impossible to be more explanatory, you will perceive that all is confusion: all parties broken to pieces, and the whole opposition by tens and by twenties selling themselves for profit—power they get none! It is not easy to say where power resides at present: it is plain that it resides not in the King; and yet he has enough to hinder anybody else from having it. His new governors have no interest with him—scarce any converse with him.

The Pretender's son is owned in France as Prince of Wales; the princes of the blood have been to visit him in form. The Duchess of Châteauroux[8] is poisoned there; so their monarch is as ill-used as our most gracious King! How go your Tuscan affairs? I am always trembling for you, though I am laughing at everything else. My father is pretty well: he is taking a preparation of Mrs. Stephens's[9] medicine; but I think all his physicians begin to agree that he has no large stone.

Adieu! my dear child: I think the present comedy cannot be of long duration. The Parliament is adjourned for the holidays: I am impatient to see the first division.

166. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 4, 1745.

When I receive your long letters, I am ashamed: mine are notes in comparison. How do you contrive to roll out your patience into two sheets? You certainly don't love me better than I do you; and yet if our loves were to be sold by the quire, you would have by far the more magnificent stock to dispose of. I can only say, that age has already an effect on the vigour of my pen; none on yours: it is not, I assure you, for you alone, but my ink is at low watermark for all my acquaintance. My present shame arises from a letter of eight sides, of December 8th, which I received from you last post; but before I say a word to that, I must tell you that I have at last received the cases; three with *gesse* figures, and one with Lord Conway's gun-barrels: I thought there were to be four, besides the guns; but I quite forget, and did not even remember what they were to contain. Am not I in your debt again? Tell me, for you know how careless I am. Look over your list, and see whether I have received all. There were four barrels, the Ganymede, the Sleeping Cupid, the model of my statue, the *Musaeum Florentinum*, and some seeds for your brother. But alas! though I received them in gross, I did not at all in detail; the model was broken into ten thousand bits, and the Ganymede short in two; besides some of the fingers quite reduced to powder. . . .[1] Rysbrach[2] has undertaken to mend him. . . .[3] The little Morpheus arrived quite whole, and is charmingly pretty; I like it better in plaster than in the original black marble.

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[8] The Duchesse de Châteauroux died Dec. 8, 1744. She was not poisoned.

[9] It was Dr. Jurin's preparation. *Walpole.*

It is not being an upright senator to promise one's vote beforehand, especially in a money matter; but I believe so many excellent Patriots have just done the same thing, that I shall venture readily to engage my promise to you, to get you any sum for the defence of Tuscany—why, it is to defend you and my own country! my own palace in *Via di Santo Spirito*[4], my own Princess *épuisée*, and all my family!

LETTER 166.—[1] Passage omitted.

[2] John Michael Rysbrack, sculptor; d. 1770.

[3] Passage omitted.

[4] The street in Florence where Mr. Mann lived. *Walpole.*

I shall quite make interest for you: nay, I would speak to our new ally, and your old acquaintance, Lord Sandwich, to assist in it; but I could have no hope of getting at his ear, for he has put on such a first-rate tie-wig, on his admission to the Admiralty board, that nothing without the lungs of a boatswain can ever think to penetrate the thickness of the curls. I think, however, it does honour to the dignity of ministers: when he was but a Patriot, his wig was not of half its present gravity. There are no more changes made: all is quiet yet; but next Thursday the Parliament meets to decide the complexion of the session. My Lord Chesterfield goes next week to Holland, and then returns for Ireland.

The great present disturbance in politics is my Lady Granville's assembly; which I do assure you distresses the Pelhams infinitely more than a mysterious meeting of the States would, and far more than the abrupt breaking up of the Diet at Grodno. She had begun to keep Tuesdays before her lord resigned, which now she continues with greater zeal. Her house is very fine, she very handsome, her lord very agreeable and extraordinary; and yet the Duke of Newcastle wonders that people will go thither. He mentioned to my father my going there, who laughed at him; *Cato's a proper person* to trust with such a childish jealousy! Harry Fox says, 'Let the Duke of Newcastle open his own house, and see if all that come thither are his friends.' The fashion now is to send cards to the women, and to declare that all men are welcome without being asked. This is a piece of ease that shocks the prudes of the last age. You can't imagine how my Lady Granville shines in doing honours; you know she is made for it. My Lord has new furnished his mother's apartment for her, and has given her a magnificent set of dressing-plate: he is very fond of her, and she as fond of his being so.

You will have heard of Marshal Belleisle's being made a prisoner at Hanover[5]; the world will believe it was not by accident. He is sent for over hither: the first thought was to confine him to the Tower[6], but that is contrary to the *politesse* of modern war: they talk of sending him to Nottingham, where Tallard[7] was. I am sure, if he is prisoner at large anywhere, we could not have a worse inmate! so ambitious and intriguing a man, who was author of this whole war, will be no bad general to be ready to head the Jacobites on any insurrection.

I can say nothing more about young Gardiner, but that I don't think my father at all inclined now to have any letter written for him. Adieu!

167. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 14, 1745.

I have given my uncle the letter from M. de Magnan; he had just received another from him at Venice, to desire his recommendation to you. His history is, first,—the Regent picked him up, (I don't know from whence, but he is of the Greek church,) to teach the present Duke of Orléans[1] the Russ tongue, when they had a scheme for marrying him into Muscovy. At Paris Lord Waldegrave[2] met with him, and sent him over hither, where they pensioned him, and he was to be a spy, but made nothing out; till the King was weary of giving him money, and then they dispatched him to Vienna, with a recommendation to

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[5] On Dec. 20, 1744, Belleisle and his brother, the Chevalier de Belleisle, were taken prisoner at Elbengerode, on Hanoverian territory, while changing horses.

[6] He was lodged on parole in Windsor Castle.

[7] Camille d'Hostun (1652–1728), Comte de Tallard, Maréchal de France, prisoner in England, 1704–11.

Letter 167.—[1] Louis, Duc d'Orléans (1703–1752). He married a Princess of Baden.

[2] The first Earl Waldegrave, sometime Ambassador in Paris.

Count d'Uhlefeldt[3], who, I suppose, has tacked him upon the Great Duke. My uncle says, he knows no ill of him; that you may be civil to him, but not enter into correspondence with him: you need not; he is of no use. Apropos to you; I have been in a fright about you; we were told that Prince Lobkowitz was landed at Harwich; I did not like the name; and as he has been troublesome to you, I did not know but he might fancy he had some complaints against you. I wondered that you had never mentioned his being set out; but it is his son, a travelling boy of twenty; he is sent under the care of an apothecary and surgeon, from whence I conclude that he will never have much occasion for the latter.

The Parliament is met: one hears of the Tory opposition continuing, but nothing has appeared yet; all is quiet. Lord Chesterfield is set out for the Hague: I don't know what ear the States will lend to his embassy, when they hear with what difficulty the King was brought to give him a parting audience; and which, by a watch, did not last five-and-forty seconds. The Granville faction are still the constant and only countenanced people at Court. . . .[4] Lord Winchelsea, one of the disgraced, played at court on Twelfth-night, and won: the King asked him next morning, how much he had for his own share[5]? He replied, 'Sir, about a quarter's salary.' I liked the spirit, and was talking to him of it the next night at Lord Granville's: 'Why, yes,' said he, 'I think it showed familiarity at least: tell it your father; I don't think he will dislike it.' My Lady Granville gives a ball this week, but in a manner a private one, to the two families of Carteret and Farmor and their intimacies: there is a fourth sister, Lady Juliana[6], who is very handsome, but I think not so well as Sophia: the latter thinks herself breeding.

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[3] The Austrian Chancellor.

[4] Passage omitted.

[5] Those who play at court on Twelfth-night make a bank with several people. *Walpole.*

[6] Since married to Mr. Penn. *Walpole.*—Fourth daughter of first Earl of Pomfret; m. (1751) Thomas Penn, one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania.

I will tell you a very good thing: Lord Baltimore will not come into the Admiralty, because in the new commission they give Lord Vere Beauclerk the precedence to him, and he has dispersed printed papers with precedents in his favour. A gentleman, I don't know who, the other night at Tom's Coffee House, said, 'It put him in mind of Penkethman's[7] petition in the *Spectator* where he complains, that formerly he used to act second chair in *Dioclesian*, but now was reduced to dance fifth flower-pot.'

The Duke of Montagu has found out an old penny-history-book, called *the* Old Woman's Will of Ratcliffe Highway, which he has bound up with his mother-in-law's, old Marlborough's, only tearing away the title-page of the latter[8].

My father has been extremely ill this week with his disorder; I think the physicians are more and more persuaded that it is the stone in his bladder. He is taking a preparation of Mrs. Stephens's medicine, a receipt of one Dr. Jurin, which we began to fear was too violent for him: I made his doctor angry with me by arguing on this medicine, which I never could comprehend. It is of so great violence, that it is to split a stone when it arrives at it, and yet it is to do no damage to all the tender intestines through which it must first pass. I told him I thought it was like an admiral going on a secret expedition of war, with instructions, which are not to be opened till he arrives in such a latitude.

George Townshend[9], my Lord's eldest son, who is at the

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[7] William Penkethman, d. 1725.

[8] The Duchess of Marlborough's will was published in a thin octavo volume. *Dover*.

[9] Hon. George Townshend (1724–1807), eldest son of third Viscount Townshend, whom he succeeded in 1764; cr. (1787) Marquis Townshend. He served in the army; A.D.C. to the Duke of Cumberland, 1747–50; A.D.C. to George II, 1758; was at the battles of Culloden and Laffeld;

Hague on his travels, has had an offer to raise a regiment for their service, of which he is to be colonel, with power of naming all his own officers. It was proposed that it should consist of Irish Roman Catholics, but the regency of Ireland have represented against that, because they think they will all desert to the French. He is now to try it of Scotch, which will scarce succeed, unless he will let all the officers be of the same nation. An affair of this kind first raised the late Duke of Argyll, and was the cause of his first quarrel with the Duke of Marlborough, who was against his coming into our army in the same rank.

Sir Thomas Hanmer[10] has at last published his Shakspeare: he has made several alterations, but they will be the less talked of, as he has not marked in the text, margin, or notes, where or why he has made any change; but everybody must be obliged to collate it with other editions. One most curiously absurd alteration I have been told. In *Othello*, it is said of Cassio, 'a Florentine, one almost damned in a fair *wife*.' It happens that there is no other mention in the play of Cassio's wife. Sir Thomas has altered it—how do you think?—no, I should be sorry if you could think how—'almost damned in a fair *phiz!*'—what a tragic word! and what sense! . . .[11]

Adieu! I see advertised a translation of Dr. Cocchi's book on living on vegetables[12]: does he know anything of it? My service to him and everybody.

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commanded as Brigadier on the expedition against Quebec (1759), and received the surrender of the town, Sept. 17; Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, 1763–67; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1767–72; Master-General of the Ordnance, 1772–82, 1783; Field Marshal, 1796.

[10] Sir Thomas Hanmer (1677–1746), fourth Baronet; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1714. His edition of Shakespeare (in six volumes) was published by the Clarendon Press.

[11] Passage omitted.

[12] *Del Vitto Pittagorico.*

168. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1745.

I am glad my letters, obscure as they of course must be, give you any light into England; but don't mind them too much; they may be partial; must be imperfect; don't *negotiate* upon this authority, but have Capello's[11] example before your eyes! How I laugh when I see him important, and see my Lady Pomfret's letters at the bottom of his instructions! how it would make a philosopher smile at the vanity of politics! How it diverts me, who can entertain myself at the expense of philosophy, politics, or anything else! Mr. Conway says I laugh at all serious characters—so I do—and at myself too, who am far from being of the number. Who would not laugh at a world, where so ridiculous a creature as the Duke of Newcastle can overturn ministries! Don't take me for a partisan of Lord Granville's because I despise his rivals; I am not for adopting his measures; they were wild and dangerous: in his single capacity, I think him a great genius; and without having recourse to the Countess's *translatable* periods, am pleased with his company. His frankness charms one when it is not necessary to depend upon it; and his contempt of fools is very flattering to any one who happens to know the present ministry. Their coalition goes on as one should expect; they have the name of having effected it; and the opposition is no longer mentioned: yet there is not a half-witted prater in the House but can divide with every new minister on his side, except Lyttelton, whenever he pleases. They actually do every day bring in popular bills, and on the first tinkling of the brass, all the new bees swarm back

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Letter 168.—[1] The Venetian Ambassador. *Walpole.*

to the Tory side of the House. The other day, on the Flanders army, Mr. Pitt came down to prevent this: he was very ill, but made a very strong and much admired speech for coalition, which for that day succeeded, and the army was voted with but one negative. But now the Emperor[2] is dead, and everything must wear a new face. If it produces a peace, Mr. Pelham is a fortunate man! He will do extremely well at the beginning of peace, like the man in Madame de la Fayette's[3] Memoirs, *qui exerçoit extrêmement bien sa charge, quand il n'avoit rien à faire.* However, do you keep well with them, and be sure don't write me back any treason, in answer to all I write to you: you are to please them; I think of them as they are.

The new Elector[4] seems to set out well for us, though there are accounts of his having taken the style of Archduke, as claiming the Austrian succession: if he has, it will be like the children's game of *beat knaves out of doors*, where you play the pack twenty times over; one gets pam, the other gets pam, but there is no conclusion of the game, till one side has never a card left.

After my ill success with the baronet[5], to whom I gave a letter for you, I shall always be very cautious how I recommend barbarians to your protection. I have this morning been solicited for some credentials for a Mr. Oxenden[6]. I could not help laughing; he is son of Sir George[7], my Lady W.'s famous lover! Can he want recommendations to Florence? However, I must give him a letter; but beg you will not give yourself any particular trouble about him, for I do not know him enough to bow to. His person is good: that and his name, I suppose, will bespeak my Lady's attentions, and save you the fatigue of doing him many honours.

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[2] Charles VII, Elector of Bavaria. *Walpole.*—Maria Theresa's rival for the Imperial crown.

[3] Marie Madeleine Pioche de la Vergne (1634–1693), Comtesse de la Fayette, novelist and writer of Memoirs. She was on terms of the closest friendship with Madame de Sévigné.

[4] Maximilian Joseph I; d. 1777.

[5] Sir William Maynard. *Walpole.*

[6] Henry, eldest son of Sir George Oxenden, whom he succeeded as sixth Baronet in 1775; d. 1803.

[7] Sir George Oxenden (d. 1775), fifth Baronet; Lord of the Admiralty, 1725–27; Lord of the Treasury, 1727–36. He owed these employments to Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he was in high favour. He was a notorious profligate. (See Hervey, *Memoirs*, ed. 1884, vol. iii, p. 147.)

Thank Mr. Chute for his letter; I will answer it very soon. I delight in the article of the *Mantua Gazette*. Adieu!

169. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 28, 1745.

You have heard from your brother the reason of my not having written to you so long. I have been out but twice since my father fell into this illness, which is now near a month; and all that time either continually in his room, or obliged to see multitudes of people; for it is most wonderful how everybody of all kinds has affected to express their concern for him! He has been out of danger above this week; but I can't say he mended at all perceptibly, till these last three days. His spirits are amazing, and his constitution more; for Dr. Hulse said honestly from the first, that if he recovered, it would be from his own strength, not from their art. After the four or five first days, in which they gave him the bark, they resigned him to the struggles of his own good temperament—and it has surmounted! surmounted an explosion and discharge of thirty-two pieces of stone, a constant and vast effusion of blood for five days, a fever of three weeks, a perpetual flux of water, and sixty-nine years, already (one should think) worn down with his vast fatigues! How much more he will ever recover, one scarce dare hope about: for us, he is greatly recovered; for himself—

March 4th.

I had written thus far last week, without being able to find a moment to finish. In the midst of all my attendance on my Lord and receiving visits, I am forced to go out and thank those that have come and sent; for his recovery is now at such a pause, that I fear it is in vain to expect much farther amendment. How dismal a prospect for him, with the possession of the greatest understanding in the world, not the least impaired, to lie without any use of it! for to keep him from pains and restlessness, he takes so much opiate, that he is scarce awake four hours of the four-and-twenty; but I will say no more of this.

Our coalition goes on thrivingly; but at the expense of the old court, who are all discontented, and are likely soon to show their resentment. The brothers have seen the best days of their ministry. The Hanover troops dismissed to please the opposition, and taken again with their consent, under the cloak of an additional subsidy to the Queen of Hungary, who is to pay them. This has set the Patriots in so villainous a light, that they will be ill able to support a minister who has thrown such an odium on the Whigs, after they had so stoutly supported that measure last year, and which, after all the clamour, is now universally adopted, as you see. If my Lord Granville had any resentment, as he seems to have nothing but thirst, sure there is no vengeance he might not take! So far from contracting any prudence from his fall, he laughs it off every night over two or three bottles. The Countess is with child. I believe she and the Countess-mother have got it; for there is nothing ridiculous which they have not done and said about it. There was a private masquerade lately at the Venetian ambassadress's for the Prince of Wales, who named the company, and expressly excepted my Lady Lincoln and others of the Pelham faction. My Lady Granville came late, dressed like Imoinda, and handsomer than one of the houris: the Prince asked why she would not dance? 'Indeed, Sir, I was afraid I could not have come at all, for I had a fainting fit after dinner.' The other night my Lady Townshend made a great ball on her son's[1] coming of age: I went for a little while, little thinking of dancing. I asked my Lord Granville, why my Lady did not dance? 'Oh, Lord! I wish you would ask her; she will with you.' I was caught, and did walk down one country-dance with her; but the prudent *Signora-madre* would not let her expose the young Carteret any farther.

You say you expect much information about Belleisle, but there has not (in the style of the newspapers) the least particular transpired. He was at first kept magnificently close at Windsor[2]; but the expense proving above one hundred pounds per day, they have taken his parole, and sent him to Nottingham, *à la Tallarde*. Pray, is De Sade with you still? his brother has been taken too by the Austrians.

My Lord Coke is going to be married to a Miss Shawe[3] of forty thousand pounds. Lord Hartington is contracted to Lady Charlotte Boyle, the heiress of Burlington, and sister of the unhappy Lady Euston; but she is not yet old enough. Earl Stanhope, too, has at last lifted up his eyes from Euclid, and directed them to matrimony. He has chosen the eldest sister[4] of your acquaintance Lord Haddington[5].

I revive about you and Tuscany. I will tell you what is thought to have reprieved you: it is much suspected

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LETTER 169. — [1] Hon. George Townshend.

[2] In April Belleisle took Frogmore House, near Windsor. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1745, p. 219.)

[3] According to Lord Dover this was Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Shaw, of Besthorpe, Norfolk. She married (1747) William Byron, fifth Baron Byron; d. 1788.

[4] Hon. Grisel Hamilton, eldest daughter of Lord Binning; m. (1745) Philip Stanhope, second Earl Stanhope; d. 1811.

[5] Thomas Hamilton (circ. 1721–1794), seventh Earl of Haddington.

that the King of Spain[6] is dead. I hope those superstitious people will pinch the Queen[7], as they do witches, to make her loosen the charm that has kept the Prince of Asturias[8] from having children. At least this must turn out better than the death of the Emperor has.

The Duke[9], you hear, is named generalissimo, with Count Koningseg[10], Lord Dunmore[11], and Legonier[12] under him. Poor boy! he is most Brunswickly happy with his drums and trumpets. Do but think that this sugar-plum was to tempt him to swallow that bolus the Princess of Denmark! What will they do if they have children[13]! The late Queen never forgave the Duke of Richmond, for telling her that his children would take place before the Duke's grandchildren.

I inclose you a pattern for a chair, which your brother desired me to send you. I thank you extremely for the views of Florence; you can't imagine what wishes they have awakened. My best thanks to Dr. Cocchi for his book: I have delivered all the copies as directed. Mr. Chute will excuse me yet; the first moment I have time, I will write.

I have just received your letter of Feb. 16, and grieve for your disorder: you know how much concern your ill-health gives me. Adieu! my dear child: I write with twenty people in the room.

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[6] Philip V.

[7] Elizabeth Farnese. The Prince of Asturias was her stepson.

[8] Afterwards Ferdinand VI; he died childless in 1759.

[9] Of Cumberland.

[10] Field Marshal Count Königseck.

[11] John Murray (circ. 1685–1752), second Earl of Dunmore; a General in the Army; Colonel 3rd Foot Guards; Governor of Plymouth; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1731–52.

[12] Sir John Louis Ligonier, K.B. (circ. 1680–1770), cr. Viscount Ligonier of Enniskillen, co. Fermanagh, 1757; cr. (1766) Earl Ligonier (in England). He took part in all Marlborough's campaigns. Field Marshal, 1757; Commander-in-Chief, 1757–66.

[13] The Duke of Cumberland died unmarried.

170. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 29, 1745.

I BEGGED your brother to tell you what it was impossible for me to tell you[1]. You share nearly in our common loss! Don't expect me to enter at all upon the subject. After the melancholy two months that I have passed, and in my situation, you will not wonder I shun a conversation which could not be bounded by a letter—a letter that would grow into a panegyric, or a piece of moral; improper for me to write upon, and too distressful for us both!—a death is only to be felt, never to be talked over by those it touches!

I had yesterday your letter of three sheets: I began to flatter myself that the storm was blown over, but I tremble to think of the danger you are in! a danger, in which even the protection of the great friend you have lost could have been of no service to you. How ridiculous it seems for me to renew protestations of my friendship for you, at an instant when my father is just dead, and the Spaniards just bursting into Tuscany! How empty a charm would my name have, when all my interest and significance are buried in my father's grave! All hopes of present peace, the only thing that could save you, seem vanished. We expect every day to hear of the French declaration of war against Holland. The new Elector of Bavaria is French, like his father; and the King of Spain is not dead. I don't know how to talk to you. I have not even a belief that the Spaniards will spare Tuscany. My dear child, what will become of you? whither will you retire till a peace restores you to your ministry? for upon that distant view alone I repose!

LETTER 170.—[1] The death of Lord Orford. *Walpole.*—On March 18, 1745, in his sixty-ninth year.

We are every day nearer confusion. The King is in as bad humour as a monarch can be; he wants to go abroad, and is detained by the Mediterranean affair[2]; the inquiry into which was moved by a Major Selwyn, a dirty pensioner, half-turned Patriot, by the Court being overstocked with votes. This inquiry takes up the whole time of the House of Commons, but I don't see what conclusion it can have. My confinement has kept me from being there, except the first day; and all I know of what is yet come out is, as it was stated by a Scotch member the other day, 'that there had been one (Matthews) with a bad head, another (Lestock) with a worse heart, and four (the captains of the inactive ships) with na heart at all.' Among the numerous visits of form that I have received, one was from my Lord Sandys: as we two could only converse upon general topics, we fell upon this of the Mediterranean, and I made *him* allow, 'that, to be sure, there is not so bad a court of justice in the world as the House of Commons; and how hard it is upon any man to have his cause tried there!'

Sir Everard Falkner[3] is made secretary to the Duke, who is not yet gone: I have got Mr. Conway to be one of his Aide-de-Camps. Sir Everard has since been offered the Joint Postmastership, vacant by Sir John Eyles's[4] death; but he would not quit the Duke. It was then proposed to the King to give it to the brother: it happened to be a cloudy day, and he only answered, 'I know who Sir Everard is, but I don't know who Mr. Falkner is.'

The world expects some change when the Parliament rises. My Lord Granville's physicians have ordered him to go to the Spa, as, you know, they often send ladies to the Bath who are very ill of a want of diversion. It will scarce be possible for the present ministry to endure this jaunt. Then they are losing many of their new allies: the new Duke of Beaufort[5], a most determined and unwavering Jacobite, has openly set himself at the head of that party, and forced them to vote against the court, and to renounce my Lord Gower. My wise cousin, Sir John Phillipps, has resigned his place[6]; and it is believed that Sir John Cotton will soon resign: but the Bedford, Pitt, Lyttelton, and that squadron, stick close to their places. Pitt has lately resigned his Bedchamber to the Prince, which, in friendship to Lyttelton, it was expected he would have done long ago. They have chosen for this resignation a very apposite passage out of *Cato*:

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[2] Matthews's action off Toulon in February, 1744.

[3] He had been Ambassador at Constantinople. *Walpole.*—Sir Everard Fawkener, Knight (1684–1758); Joint Postmaster-General, 1745–58. He was a scholar, and a collector of coins and medals. Voltaire was his guest during the greater part of his stay in England (1726–29), and dedicated to Fawkener the third edition of his tragedy of *Zaïre*.

[4] Sir John Eyles, second Baronet; Joint Postmaster-General, 1739–45, and sometime M.P. for the City of London.

> 'He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me
> He would not stay, and perish like Sempronius.'

This was Williams's. Winnington says, 'Pitt is turned deist, and has renounced the Son for the Father'—but good divines would tell him, that upon this occasion the Father would not reward that compliment.

My Lord Coke's match is broken off, upon some coquetry of the lady with Mr. Mackenzie[7] at the Ridotto. My Lord Leicester says, 'there shall not be a third lady in Norfolk of the species of the two fortunes that matched at Rainham and Houghton[8].' Pray, will the new Countess of Orford come to England?

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[5] Charles Noel Somerset, fourth Duke of Beaufort.

[6] He was a Lord of Trade.

[7] Hon. James Stuart-Mackenzie, second son of second Earl of Bute, and brother of the minister of George III. He took the additional surname of Mackenzie on inheriting an estate from his great-grandfather. He was Envoy at Turin, 1759; Lord Privy Seal for Scotland, 1763-65, 1766-1800; d. 1800.

[8] Margaret Rolle, Countess of Orford, and Ethelreda Harrison, Viscountess Townshend. *Walpole.*

The town flocks to a new play of Thomson's called *Tancred and Sigismunda*: it is very dull; I have read it. I cannot bear modern poetry; these refiners of the purity of the stage, and of the incorrectness of English verse, are most wofully insipid. I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than *Leonidas* or *The Seasons*; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame genius's, a Mr. Akinside[9], who writes Odes: in one he has lately published, he says, 'Light the tapers, urge the fire.' Had not you rather make gods 'jostle in the dark,' than light the candles for fear they should break their heads? One Russel, a mimic, has a puppet-show to ridicule operas; I hear, very dull, not to mention its being twenty years too late: it consists of three acts, with foolish Italian songs burlesqued in Italian.

There is a very good quarrel on foot between two duchesses: she of Queensberry sent to invite Lady Emily Lenox to a ball: her Grace of Richmond, who is wonderfully cautious since Lady Caroline's elopement, sent word, 'she could not determine.' The other sent again the same night: the same answer. The Queensberry then sent word, that she had made up her company, and desired to be excused from having Lady Emily's; but at the bottom of the card wrote, 'Too great a trust.' You know how mad she is, and how capable of such a stroke. There is no declaration of war come out from the other Duchess; but, I believe it will be made a national quarrel of the whole illegitimate royal family.

It is the present fashion to make conundrums: there are books of them printed, and produced at all assemblies: they are full silly enough to be made a fashion. I will tell you the most renowned: 'Why is my uncle Horace like two people conversing?—Because he is both teller and auditor[10].' This was Winnington's. . . .[11]

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[9] Mark Akenside (1721–1770).

Well, I had almost forgot to tell you a most extraordinary impertinence of your Florentine Marquis Riccardi. About three weeks ago, I received a letter by Monsieur Wasner's[12] footman from the marquis. He tells me most cavalierly, that he has sent me seventy-seven antique gems to sell for him, by the way of Paris, not caring it should be known in Florence. He will have them sold altogether, and the lowest price two thousand pistoles. You know what no-acquaintance I had with him. I shall be as frank as he, and not receive them. If I did, they might be lost in sending back, and then I must pay his two thousand *doppie di Spagna.* The refusing to receive them is positively all the notice I shall take of it.

I inclose what I think a fine piece on my father[13]: it was written by Mr. Ashton, whom you have often heard me mention as a particular friend. You see how I try to make out a long letter, in return for your kind one, which yet gave me great pain by telling me of your fever. My dearest Sir, it is terrible to have illness added to your other distresses!

I will take the first opportunity to send Dr. Cocchi his translated book; I have not yet seen it myself.

Adieu! my dearest child! I write with a house full of relations, and must conclude. Heaven preserve you and Tuscany!

171. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 15, 1745.

By this time you have heard of my Lord's death: I fear it will have been a very great shock to you. I hope your brother will write you all the particulars; for my part, you can't expect I should enter into the details of it. His enemies pay him the compliment of saying, 'they do believe now that he did not plunder the public, as he was accused (as *they* accused him) of doing, he having died in such circumstances.' If he had no proofs of his honesty but this, I don't think this would be such indisputable authority: not leaving immense riches would be scanty evidence of his not having acquired them, there happening to be such a thing as spending them. It is certain he is dead very poor: his debts, with his legacies, which are trifling, amount to fifty thousand pounds. His estate, a nominal eight thousand a year, much mortgaged. In short, his fondness for Houghton has endangered Houghton. If he had not so overdone it, he might have left such an estate to his family as might have secured the glory of the place for many years: another such debt must expose it to sale. If he had lived, his unbounded generosity and contempt of money would have run him into vast difficulties. However irreparable his personal loss may be to his friends, he certainly died critically well for himself: he had lived to stand the rudest trials with honour, to see his character universally cleared, his enemies brought to infamy for their ignorance or villany, and the world allowing him to be the only man in England fit to be what he had been; and he died at a time when his age and infirmities prevented his again undertaking the support of a government which engrossed his whole care, and which he foresaw was falling into the last confusion. In this I hope his judgement failed! His fortune attended him to the last; for he died of the most painful of all distempers, with little or no pain.

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[10] Of the Exchequer.

[11] Passage omitted.

[12] The Imperial Minister in London.

[13] It was printed in the public papers. *Walpole.*

The House of Commons have at last finished their great affair, their inquiry into the Mediterranean miscarriage. It was carried on with more decency and impartiality than ever was known in so tumultuous, popular, and partial a court. I can't say it ended so; for the Tories, all but one single man, voted against Matthews, whom they have not forgiven for lately opposing one of their friends in Monmouthshire, and for carrying his election. The greater part of the Whigs were for Lestock. This last is a very great man: his cause, most unfriended, came before the House with all the odium that could be laid on a man standing in the light of having betrayed his country. His merit, I mean his parts, prevailed, and have set him in a very advantageous point of view. Harry Fox has gained the greatest honour by his assiduity and capacity in this affair. Matthews remains in the light of a hot, brave, imperious, dull, confused fellow. The question was to address the King to appoint a trial, by court-martial, of the two admirals and the four coward captains. Matthews's friends were for leaving out his name, but, after a very long debate, were only 76 to 218. It is generally supposed, that the two admirals will be acquitted and the captains hanged. By what I can make out, (for you know I have been confined, and could not attend the examination,) Lestock preferred his own safety to the glory of his country; I don't mean cowardly, for he is most unquestionably brave, but selfishly. Having to do with a man who, he knew, would take the slightest opportunity to ruin him, if he in the least transgressed his orders, and knowing that man too dull to give right orders, he chose to stick to the letter, when, by neglecting it, he might have done the greatest service.

We hear of great news from Bavaria, of that Elector being forced into a neutrality[1]; but it is not confirmed.

Mr. Legge is made Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Philipson Surveyor of the Roads in his room. This is all I know.

Letter 171.—[1] The Peace of Füssen (signed April 22, 1745), by which the Elector of Bavaria renounced his claim to the empire.

I look with anxiety every day into the Gazettes about Tuscany, but hitherto I find all is quiet. My dear Sir, I tremble for you!

I have been much desired to get you to send five *gesse* figures; the Venus, the Faun, the Mercury, the Cupid and Psyche, and the little Bacchus; you know the original is modern: if this is not to be had, then the Ganymede. My dear child, I am sorry to give you this trouble; order anybody to buy them, and to send them from Leghorn by the first ship. Let me have the bill, and bill of lading. Adieu!

172. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 29, 1745.

When you wrote your last of the 6th of this month, you was still in hopes about my father. I wish I had received your letters on his death, for it is most shocking to have all the thoughts opened again upon such a subject!—it is the great disadvantage of a distant correspondence. There was a report here a fortnight ago, of the new Countess[1] coming over. She could not then have heard it. Can she be so mad? Why should she suppose all her shame buried in my Lord's grave? or does not she know, has she seen so little of the world, as not to be sensible that she will now return in a worse light than ever? A few malicious, who would have countenanced her to vex him, would now treat her like the rest of the world. It is a private family affair; a husband, a mother, and a son, all party against her, all wounded by her conduct, would be too much to get over!

My dear child, you have nothing but misfortunes of your friends to lament. You have new subject by the loss of poor Mr. Chute's brother[2]. It really is a great loss! he

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Letter 172.—[1] Horace Walpole's sister-in-law, the new Countess of Orford.

[2] Francis Chute, a very eminent lawyer. *Walpole.*

was a most rising man, and one of the best-natured and most honest that ever lived. If it would not sound ridiculously, though, I assure you, I am far from feeling it lightly, I would tell you of poor Patapan's death: he died about ten days ago.

This peace with the Elector of Bavaria may produce a general one. You have [given] great respite to my uneasiness, by telling me that Tuscany seems out of danger. We have for these last three days been in great expectation of a battle. The French have invested Tournay; our army came up with them last Wednesday, and is certainly little inferior, and determined to attack them; but it is believed they are retired: we don't know who commands them; it is said, the Duc d'Harcourt. Our good friend, the Count de Saxe, is dying[3]—by Venus, not by Mars. The King goes on Friday; this may make the young Duke more impatient to give battle, to have all the honour his own.

There is no kind of news; the Parliament rises on Thursday, and everybody is going out of town. I shall only make short excursions in visits; you know I am not fond of the country, and have no call into it now! My brother will not be at Houghton this year; he shuts it up, to enter on new, and there very unknown, economy: he has much occasion for it! Commend me to poor Mr. Chute! Adieu!

173. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 11, 1745.

I stayed till to-day, to be able to give you some account of the battle of Tournay[1]: the outlines you will have heard

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[3] The Marshal de Saxe did not die till 1750. He was, however, exceedingly ill at the time of the battle of Fontenoy. Voltaire, in his *Siècle de Louis XV*, mentions having met him at Paris, just as he was setting off for the campaign. Observing how unwell he seemed to be, he asked him whether he thought he had strength enough to go through the fatigues which awaited him. To this the Marshal's reply was—*Il ne s'agit pas de vivre, mais de partir. Dover.*

Letter 173.—[1] On May 11 (N.S.), 1745, the Allies under the Duke of already. We don't allow it to be a victory on the French side: but that is just as a woman is not called *Mrs.* till she is married, though she may have had half a dozen natural children. In short, we remained upon the field of battle three hours; I fear, too many of us remain there still! without palliating, it is certainly a heavy stroke. We never lost near so many officers. I pity the Duke, for it is almost the first battle of consequence that we ever lost. By the letters arrived to-day, we find that Tournay still holds out. There are certainly killed Sir James Campbell[2], General Ponsonby[3], Colonel Carpenter, Colonel Douglas[4], young Ross[5], Colonel Montagu[6], Gee, Berkeley[7], and Kellet. Mr. Vanbrugh[8] is since dead. Most of the young men of quality in the Guards are wounded. I have had the vast fortune to have nobody hurt, for whom I was in the least interested. Mr. Conway, in particular, has highly distinguished himself; he and Lord Petersham[9], who is slightly wounded, are most commended; though none behaved ill but the Dutch horse. There has been but very little consternation here: the King minded it so little, that being set out for Hanover, and blown back into Harwich Roads since the news came, he could not be persuaded to

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Cumberland were defeated at Fontenoy by the French under Marshal Saxe. Louis XV and the Dauphin were present at the battle.

[2] Lieutenant-General Hon. Sir James Campbell, K.B. (1667–1745), third son of second Earl of Loudoun. He commanded the cavalry at Dettingen, and was made a Knight of the Bath for his gallantry on that occasion.

[3] Major-General Hon. Henry Ponsonby, second son of first Viscount Duncannon. He was killed in the act of handing his watch and ring to his son.

[4] Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. Robert Douglas, third son of thirteenth Earl of Morton.

[5] Captain Hon. Charles Ross, second son of thirteenth Baron Ross.

[6] Colonel Edward Montagu, brother of Horace Walpole's friend George Montagu.

[7] Captain Henry Berkeley, eldest son of Hon. Henry Berkeley and grandson of second Earl of Berkeley.

[8] Only son of the architect.

[9] William, Lord Petersham, eldest son of the Earl of Harrington. *Walpole.*—William Stanhope (1719–1779), Viscount Petersham, succeeded his father as second Earl of Harrington, 1756; General in the Army, 1770.

return, but sailed yesterday with the fair wind. I believe you will have the Gazette sent to-night; but lest it should not be printed time enough, here is a list of the numbers, as it came over this morning:

British foot	1237 killed.
Ditto horse	90 ditto.
Ditto foot	1968 wounded.
Ditto horse	232 ditto.
Ditto foot	457 missing.
Ditto horse	18 ditto.
Hanoverian foot	432 killed.
Ditto horse	78 ditto.
Ditto foot	950 wounded.
Ditto horse	192 ditto.
Ditto horse and foot	53 missing.
Dutch	625 killed and wounded.
Ditto	1019 missing.

So the whole *hors de combat* is above seven thousand three hundred. The French own the loss of three thousand; I don't believe many more, for it was a most rash and desperate perseverance on our side. The Duke behaved very bravely and humanely; but this will not have advanced the peace.

However coolly the Duke may have behaved, and coldly his father, at least his brother[10] has outdone both. He not only went to the play the night the news came, but in two days made a ballad. It is in imitation of the Regent's style, and has miscarried in nothing but in the language, the thoughts, and the poetry. Did not I tell you in my last that he was going to act Paris in Congreve's Masque[11]? The song is addressed to the three goddesses.

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[10] The Prince of Wales.

[11] *The Judgment of Paris.*

I.

Venez, mes chères Déesses,
Venez calmer mon chagrin;
Aidez, mes belles Princesses,
À le noyer dans le vin.
Poussons cette douce ivresse
Jusqu'au milieu de la nuit,
Et n'écoutons que la tendresse
D'un charmant vis-à-vis.

II.

Quand le chagrin me dévore,
Vite à table je me mets,
Loin des objets que j'abhorre,
Avec joie j'y trouve la paix.
Peu d'amis, restes d'un naufrage,
Je rassemble autour de moi,
Et je me ris de l'étalage
Qu'a chez lui toujours un Roi.

III.

Que m'importe, que l'Europe
Ait un, ou plusieurs tyrans?
Prions seulement Calliope,
Qu'elle inspire nos vers, nos chants.
Laissons Mars et toute la gloire;
Livrons nous tous à l'amour;
Que Bacchus nous donne à boire;
À ces deux faisons la cour.

IV.

Passons ainsi notre vie,
Sans rêver à ce qui suit;
Avec ma chère Sylvie[12]
Le tems trop vite me fuit.
Mais si, par un malheur extrême,
Je perdois cet objet charmant,
Oui, cette compagnie même
Ne me tiendroit un moment.

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[12] The Princess. *Walpole.*

v.

Me livrant à ma tristesse,
Toujours plein de mon chagrin,
Je n'aurois plus d'allégresse
Pour mettre Bathurst[13] *en train:*
Ainsi pour vous tenir en joie
Invoquez toujours les Dieux,
Qu'elle vive et qu'elle soit
Avec nous toujours heureuse!

Adieu! I am in great hurry.

174. To the Hon. Edward Walpole.

May, 1745.

Brother, I am sorry you won't let me say, Dear Brother; but till you have still farther proved how impossible it is for you to have any affection for me, I will never begin my letters as you do—'Sir,'

Before I enter upon your letter, I must be so impertinent even as to give my elder brother advice, and that is, the next letter you write, to consider whether the person it is addressed to, has any dependence upon you, or, which I am sure your heart will tell you I have not, any obligation to you. If they have neither, they may happen to laugh at your style.

Castle Rising is a Family Borough. This is your first proposition, but not very definite. It is a borough in *our* family, but I never heard that it was parliamentarily entailed upon every branch of our family. If it was, how came Mr. Churchill to be always chosen there? However, before I ever undertake anything again, I will certainly examine our genealogical table, and be sure that Lord

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[13] Allen, Lord Bathurst. *Walpole.*

Letter 174.—Endorsed, 'This answer not sent.' *Cunningham.*

Walpole, yourself, and all our eleven first cousins, have no mind to the same thing.

Lord Orford's son ought to be brought in there preferably to anybody. Lord Orford's son is but fifteen, and consequently incapable of being brought in anywhere these six years.

Next to him I, and then you. N.B. We are both in already, though to be sure you are right in the order of succession, which you seem to be perfectly master of.

Otherwise, as I have long wished it, I should have spoke to my Lord long ago. I spoke to my Lord lately, and have got it.

I always thought he was bound to offer it to some one of them. He does not seem to have been of your opinion.

To give myself an additional credit and weight in Parliament. You might have left out *additional.*

How you came never to think of me. For your sake I won't answer this.

Or how you happened to imagine I was not to be consulted. I will ask you another question, how you happen to imagine it was necessary for me to consult you? Have you ever given me any encouragement to consult you in anything? How must I consult you? By letter? You never would see me either at your own house or here! The authority you affect over me is ridiculous; and for consulting you, good God! do you think you ever judge so dispassionately, as that any man living would consult you!

Whose birth and seniority give me so just and natural a pretension. To my father's estate before me, to nothing else that I know of.

It is so contemptuous and arrogant a treatment. Those words I return you, being full as proper and decent from me to you, as from you to me, whose birth, though thank God not my seniority, is as considerable as yours.

As to the *desirableness* of this affair. Your whole paragraph may be very political but is not argumentative.

But your conduct to me has always been of the same kind. As you are so kind afterwards as to explain what my conduct has always been to you, I shall certainly not endeavour to refute this passage, but submit myself to your own acknowledgments.

The most painful thing in the world to have any commerce with you. I believe it, for I have always seen it, and in vain endeavoured to make it more tolerable to you.

You have, I must confess, showed a great disposition to me and to my children at all times. Thank you.

Good nature, which I think and say you possess in a great degree. Dear brother, I wish I could think the same of you.

It has been mixed with what I dare say you can't help and never meant offence by. I may, if I please, believe the same of your letter.

A confidence and presumption of some kind of superiority. This I must answer a little fuller, as being the only thing in your letter which you have not confuted yourself. I won't appeal to everybody that has ever seen me with you, but to yourself. Lay your hand on your heart, and say, if I have not all my lifetime to this very instant, treated you with a respect, a deference, an awe, a submission beyond what, I say to my shame, I ever showed my father; and you ought to be ashamed too, who made it necessary for his peace and for my own, that I should treat you so; I never disputed your opinion, I never gave my own till you had yours: this was confidence and presumption!

You have assumed to yourself a pre-eminence, from an imaginary disparity between us in point of abilities and character. Who told you so? not your eyes, but your jealousy. I'll tell you, brother, the only superiority I ever pretended over you, was in my temper.

Although you are a very great man. I leave that expression to support itself upon its own force, meaning, and elegance.

Since the conditions of your friendship and kindness are such that I must be subject to direct injuries. What those *direct injuries* are, may be collected from what you have said above of my constant behaviour to you and your children at all times, or still more clearly from the next paragraph, wherein you call them, *those kinds of hurts that a man feels most when they have the face of kindness.* This, by all truth, is the only hurt I am ever conscious of having done you.

Before I take notice of the conclusion of your letter, I must mention a few other things.

In your letter to our brother, who has still less deserved your monstrous behaviour to him, having always had that affection for you, which I was always desirous of having, you tell him he gives away his interest, and in the same letter are for recommending a friend of yours. Whatever your injustice may make you think of me and my friends, neither my brother Orford, nor I hope any man else, thinks his interest in worse hands, when given at my suit, than at yours. You tell him, too, your honour is concerned in this—'tis a strange point of honour you have always laid down to yourself of opposing everything I wish. 'Tis your own fault that I rake up your wrongs with me. Because I was always silent, did you imagine I was always ignorant? In my mother's lifetime, you accused me of fomenting her anger against you. The instant she died, did I not bring you all my letters to her which she had kept; in never in any one of which was your name mentioned, but to persuade her to continue that love to you, which your behaviour has always laboured to extinguish in the hearts of all your relations. As to my father, I well know how ill you always used him on my account. Your writing against Dr. Middleton, who came to make me a visit at Houghton of two days, is one instance among many. Your converting all the jealousy you used to have of Lady Mary, into a friendship with her, to prevent her loving me, is another. I only touch on these. Know, brother, that you never came where my father was, that I did not beg and beseech him never to take notice of me before you. This I have living witnesses to prove. For your transports of jealousy about my speaking in Parliament, I will say nothing, but this—Was it reasonable I should be silent there, because you had an ambition of making a figure! Oh! brother, so far from having that self-conceit you attribute to me, all my family and acquaintance know, that no man has a greater opinion of your parts; no man has commended you more. I have always said, all the world would love you if you would let them; but for your love to your father, I have always declared, that of all his children I was convinced you loved him the best. What have you said of *me* behind my back?

I have done, brother, though by this example believe I have not said the hardest things that I could to you.

You conclude with disclaiming all friendship with, and relation to, me. After the vain pains I have taken to deserve that friendship, and the regard I have in vain had to that relation, I don't know whether I ought not readily to embrace this entire rupture. However, as I think you are good-natured when you are cool, and must have repented the unmerited ill-treatment, I can forgive you, and for this last time offer you my friendship; at the same time assuring you that I despise your anger, and if you persist in disclaiming my brotherhood, the only cover that you have for your abuse, I must tell you that you shall treat me like a gentleman.

Yours or not, as you please,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. If I have entered upon more points than your letter led me to, it was from my heart being full of resentment for a long series of your injustice to me, and from being glad to take the opportunity of making you sensible of it by this expostulation, which I have never been able to do by the most submissive behaviour, and by every instance I had in my power of showing you, how much I wished you would be my friend. But that is past; if you have anything farther to say to me, it must be in person, for I will not read any more such letters, nor will I be affronted.

175. TO THE HON. EDWARD WALPOLE.

DEAR BROTHER, May 17, 1745.

You have used me very ill without any provocation or any pretence. I have always made it my study to deserve your friendship, as you yourself own, and by a submission which I did not owe you. For consulting you in what you had nothing to do, I certainly did not, nor ever will, while you profess so much aversion for me. I am still ready to live with you upon any terms of friendship and equality; but I don't mind your anger, which can only hurt yourself, when you come to reflect with what strange passion you have treated me, who have always loved you, have always tried to please you, have always spoken of you with regard, and who will yet be, if you will let me,

Your affectionate brother and humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

176. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

MY DEAR SIR, Saturday Night [May, 1745].

I went instantly on my arrival to Mr. Pelham, and wish I could tell you anything to give you a ray of comfort.

LETTER 175.—Endorsed by Walpole, 'This answer sent.' *Cunningham.*

LETTER 176.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of the Duke of Manchester.

Nothing more is yet come, but on hearing of the two letters from Douglas and Geering, Mr. Pelham mentioned it this morning to the Duke[1], who replied, 'They will have him[2] alive, but Legonier's account was so positive that I don't believe a word of the other relation.' This is all the light I have been able to get hitherto, but I will stay here till I can send you something more to be relied on, and in the mean time beg, my dear Sir, that you will neither flatter yourself too much, nor your sisters in the least, as the support you must give them must, I fear me, be of another sort. I beg my compliments to Mrs. and Miss Rice; I have waited on Mrs. Boscawen[3], who writes to them to-night.

Yours most sincerely,

H. WALPOLE.

177. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, May 18, 1745.

I am very sorry to renew our correspondence upon so melancholy a circumstance! But when you have lost so near a friend as your brother, 'tis sure the duty of all your other friends to endeavour to alleviate your loss, and offer all the increase of affection that is possible to compensate it. This I do most heartily; I wish I could most effectually!

You will always find in me, dear Sir, the utmost inclination to be of service to you; and let me beg that you will remember your promise of writing to me. As I am so much in town and in the world, I flatter myself with having generally something to tell you that may make my letters agreeable in the country: you, anywhere, make yours charming.

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[1] Of Newcastle.

[2] Montagu's brother Edward, killed at the battle of Fontenoy.

[3] Anne, fourth daughter of John Morley Trevor, of Glynde, Sussex; m. (1743) Hon. George Boscawen, third son of first Viscount Falmouth. She was first cousin of George Montagu. See Table II.

Be so good to say anything you think proper from me to your sisters, and believe me, dear George, yours most sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

178. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 24, 1745.

I have no consequences of the battle of Tournay to tell you but the taking of the town: the governor has eight days allowed him to consider whether he will give up the citadel[1]. The French certainly lost more men than we did. Our army is still at Lessines, waiting for recruits from Holland and England; ours are sailed. The King is at Hanover. All the letters are full of the Duke's humanity and bravery: he will be as popular with the lower class of men as he has been for three or four years with the low women: he will be the soldier's *Great Sir* as well as Mother Douglas's[2]. I am really glad; it will be of great service to the family, if any one of them comes to make a figure.

Lord Chesterfield is returned from Holland; you will see a most simple farewell speech of his in the papers.

I have received yours of the 4th of May, and am extremely obliged to you for your expressions of kindness: they did not at all surprise me, but every instance of your friendship gives me pleasure. I wish I could say the same to good Prince Craon. Yet I must set about answering his letter: it is quite an affair; I have so great a disuse of writing French, that I believe it will be very barbarous.

Letter 178.—[1] The citadel surrendered on June 20 (N.S.).

[2] Nanny Wilson, the Duke's first mistress, whom he took from the stage at Drury Lane, not knowing of what he was Duke, but that he was the Prince of Wales' brother, used to call him the *Duke of Wales*. Mother Douglas called him *Great Sir*. *Walpole*.

My fears for Tuscany are again awakened: the wonderful march which the Spanish Queen has made Monsieur de Gage[3] take, may probably end in his turning short to the left; for his route to Genoa will be full as difficult as what he has already passed. I watch eagerly every article from Italy, at a time when nobody will read a paragraph but from the army in Flanders.

I am diverted with my Lady's account of the great riches that are now coming to her. She has had so many foolish golden visions, that I should think even the Florentines would not be the dupes of any more. As for her mourning, she may save it, if she expects to have it notified. Don't you remember my Lady Pomfret's having a piece of economy of that sort, when she would not know that the Emperor was dead, because my Lord Chamberlain had not notified it to her?

I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately; have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him: the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchilsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, 'Fellow, what do you want with me!'—'My money,' said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning, and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, 'My money; give me my money!' My lord went to the end of the pew; the man too: 'Give me my money!' The sermon was on avarice, and the text, 'Cursed are they that heap up riches.' The man groaned out, 'O Lord!' and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out and paid him directly. I assure you this is fact. Adieu!

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[3] Joseph Edward (d. circ. 1753), second son of Joseph Gage, of Sherborne Castle, Dorsetshire; General in the Spanish service. He was now in command of the Spanish army in Italy.

179. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, May 25, 1745.

I don't write to you now so much to answer your letter as to promote your diversion, which I am as much obliged to you for consulting me about, at least as much as about an affair of honour, or your marriage, or any other important transaction, any one of which you might possibly dislike more than diverting yourself. For my part, I shall give you my advice on this point with as much reflection as I should, if it were necessary for me, like a true friend, to counsel you to displease yourself.

You propose making a visit at Englefield Green[1], and ask me, if I think it right? Extremely so. I have heard 'tis a very pretty place. You love a jaunt; have a pretty chaise, I believe, and, I dare swear, very easy; in all probability, you will have a fine evening too; and, added to all this, the gentleman you would go to see is very agreeable and good-humoured. He has some very pretty children, and a sensible, learned man that lives with him, one Dr. Thirlby[2], whom I believe you know. The master of the house plays extremely well on the bass-viol, and has generally other musical people with him. He knows a good deal of the private history of a late ministry; and, my dear George,

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LETTER 179.—[1] Where Horace Walpole's brother, Edward Walpole, lived.

[2] Styan Thirlby (d. 1753), critic and theologian. Sir Edward Walpole (a former pupil) procured him a place in the Customs. 'While he was in Sir Edward's house, he kept a miscellaneous book of Memorables, containing whatever was said or done amiss, by Sir Edward, or any part of his family.' (Nichols, *Lit. Anec.*, vol. iv. p. 267.)

you love memoires.—Indeed, as to personal acquaintance with any of the court beauties, I can't say you will find your account in him; but, to make amends, he is perfectly master of all the quarrels that have been fashionably on foot about Handel, and can give you a very perfect account of all the modern rival painters. In short, you may pass a very agreeable day with him; and if he does but take to you, as I can't doubt, who know you both, you will contract a great friendship with him, which he will preserve with the greatest warmth and partiality.

In short, I can think of no reason in the world against your going there but one: do you know his youngest brother? If you happen to be so unlucky, I can't flatter you so far as to advise you to make him a visit, for there is nothing in the world the Baron of Englefield has such an aversion for as for his brother, and your most sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Write to me soon, for I love your letters.

180. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

MY DEAR HARRY, Arlington Street, May 27, 1745.

As gloriously as you have set out, yet I despair of seeing you a perfect hero! You have none of the charming violences that are so essential to that character. You write as coolly, after behaving well in a battle, as you fought in it. Can your friends flatter themselves with seeing you, one day or other, be the death of thousands, when you wish for peace in three weeks after your first engagement [1], and laugh at the ambition of those men who have given you this opportunity of distinguishing yourself? With the person of an

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LETTER 180.—[1] The battle of Fontenoy, where Mr. Conway greatly distinguished himself. *Walpole.*

Orondates[2], and the courage, you have all the compassion, the reason, and the reflection of one that never read a romance. Can one ever hope you will make a figure, when you only fight because it was right you should, and not because you hated the French or loved destroying mankind? This is so un-English, or so un-heroic, that I despair of you!

Thank Heaven, you have one spice of madness! Your admiration of your master[3] leaves me a glimmering of hope, that you will not be always so unreasonably reasonable. Do you remember the Humorous Lieutenant, in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, that is in love with the king? Indeed, your master is not behind-hand with you; you seem to have agreed to puff one another.

If you are all acting up to the strictest rules of war and chivalry in Flanders, we are not less scrupulous on this side the water in fulfilling all the duties of the same order. The day the young volunteer[4] departed for the army (unluckily, indeed, it was after the battle), his tender mother Sisygambis[5], and the beautiful Statira[6], a lady formerly known in your history by the name of Artemisia, from her cutting off her hair on your absence, were so afflicted and so inseparable, that they made a party together to Mr. Graham's[7] (you may read *Iapis*, if you please) to be blooded. It was settled that this was a more precious way of expressing concern than shaving the head, which has been known to be attended with false locks the next day.

For the other princess you wot of, who is not entirely so tall as the former, nor so evidently descended from a line of monarchs—I don't hear her talk of retiring. At present, she is employed in buying up all the nosegays in Covent

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[2] A character in one of the romances of La Calprenède.

[3] The Duke of Cumberland, to whom Mr. Conway was Aide-de-Camp. *Walpole.*

[4] George, afterwards Marquis Townshend. *Walpole.*

[5] Viscountess Townshend.

[6] Probably Lady Caroline Fitzroy.

[7] A celebrated apothecary in Pall-Mall. *Walpole.*

Garden and laurel-leaves at the pastry-cooks', to weave chaplets for the return of her hero. Who that is I don't pretend to know or guess. All I know is, that in this age retirement is not one of the fashionable expressions of passion.

HOR. WALPOLE.

181. To HORACE MANN.

I HAVE the pleasure of recommending you a new acquaintance, for which I am sure you will thank me. Mr. Hobart[1] proposes passing a little time at Florence, which I am sure you will endeavour to make as agreeable to him as possible. I beg you will introduce him to all my friends, who, I don't doubt, will show him the same civilities that I received. Dear Sir, this will be a particular obligation to me, who am,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

182. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 24, 1745.

I HAVE been a fortnight in the country, and had ordered all my letters to be kept till I came to town, or I should have written to you sooner about my sister-Countess[1]. She is not arrived yet, but is certainly coming: she has dispatched several letters to notify her intentions: a short one to her mother, saying, 'Dear Madam, as you have often desired me to return to England, I am determined to set out, and hope you will give me reasons to subscribe myself your

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LETTER 181.—[1] Eldest son of John, Earl of Buckinghamshire. *Walpole.*—Hon. John Hobart (1722–1793), styled Lord Hobart after his father was created Earl of Buckinghamshire; succeeded his father as second Earl of Buckinghamshire, 1756. M.P. for Norwich, 1747–56; Comptroller of the Household, 1755; Lord of the Bedchamber to George II and George III, 1756–60, 1760–67; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1762–65; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1776–80.

LETTER 182.—[1] The Countess of Orford.

most affectionate daughter.' This 'often desired me to return' has never been repeated since the first year of her going away. The poor *Signora-madre* is in a terrible fright, and will not come to town till her daughter is gone again, which all advices agree will be soon. Another letter is to my Lady Townshend, telling her, 'that, as she knows her Ladyship's way of thinking, she does not fear the continuance of her friendship.' Another, a long one, to my Lord Chesterfield; another to Lady Isabella Scot[2], an old friend of hers; and one to Lady Pomfret. This last says, that she hears from Uguccioni, my Lady O. will stay here very little time, having taken a house at Florence for three years. She is to come to my Lady Denbigh[3]. My brother is extremely obliged to you for all your notices about her, though he is very indifferent about her motions. If she happens to choose law (though on what foot no mortal can guess), he is prepared; having, from the first hint of her journey, fee'd every one of the considerable lawyers. In short, this jaunt is as simple as all the rest of her actions have been *hardy*. Nobody wonders at her bringing no English servants with her—they know, and consequently might tell too much.

I feel excessively for you, my dear child, on the loss of Mr. Chute[4]!—so sensible and so good-natured a man would be a loss to anybody; but to you, who are so meek and helpless, it is irreparable! who will dry you when you are very *wet brown paper*[5]? Though I laugh, you know how much I pity you: you will want somebody to talk over English letters, and to conjecture with you; in short, I feel your distress in all its lights.

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[2] Second daughter of Anne Scott, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, by her second husband Charles Cornwallis, third Baron Cornwallis; d. unmarried, 1748.

[3] Isabella, daughter of Peter de Yonge of Utrecht; m. (circ. 1718) William Fielding, fourth Earl of Denbigh; d. 1769.

[4] John Chute had left Florence.

[5] Mr. Mann was so thin and weak that Mr. W. used to compare him to wet brown paper. *Walpole.*

The citadel of Tournay is gone; our affairs go ill. Your brother Charles of Lorraine has lost a great battle grossly[6]! He was constantly drunk, and had no kind of intelligence. Now he acts from his own head, his head turns out a very bad one. I don't know, indeed, what they can say in defence of the great general to whom we have just given the Garter, the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels; he is not of so serene a house but that he might have known something of the motions of the Prussians. Last night we heard that the Hungarian insurgents had cut to pieces two Prussian regiments. The King of Prussia and Prince Charles are so near, that we every day expect news of another battle. We don't know yet what is to be the next step in Flanders. Lord Cobham has got Churchill's[7] regiment, and Lord Dunmore his government of Plymouth. At the Prince's court there is a great revolution: he, or rather Lord Granville, or perhaps the Princess (who, I firmly believe, by all her quiet sense, will turn out a Caroline), have at last got rid of Lady Archibald[8], who was strongly attached to the coalition. They have civilly asked her, and grossly forced her to ask civilly to go away, which she has done, with a pension of twelve hundred a year. Lady Middlesex[9] is Mistress of the Robes: she lives with them perpetually, and sits up till five in the morning at their suppers. Don't mistake! not for her person, which is wondrous plain and little: the town says it is for her friend Miss Granville, one of the Maids of Honour; but at least yet, that is only scandal. She is a fair, red-haired girl, scarce pretty; daughter of the poet, Lord Lansdown. Lady Berkeley is Lady of the Bedchamber, and a Miss Lawson[10] Maid of Honour. Miss Neville[11], a charming beauty, and daughter of the pretty, unfortunate Lady Abergavenny[12], is named for the next vacancy.

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[6] On June 4, 1745, the Austrians under Prince Charles of Lorraine and the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels were defeated, at Hohenfriedberg in Silesia, by the Prussians under Frederick the Great.

[7] General Charles Churchill died May 14, 1745.

[8] Lady Archibald Hamilton, daughter of Lord Abercorn, and wife of Lord Archibald Hamilton. *Walpole.*

[9] Daughter of Lord Shannon, and wife of Charles, Earl of Middlesex, eldest son of Lionel, Duke of Dorset. Her favour grew to be thought more than platonic. *Walpole.*

I was scarce settled in my joy for the Spaniards having taken the opposite route to Tuscany, when I heard of Mr. Chute's leaving you. I long to have no reason to be uneasy about you. I am obliged to you for the *gesse* figures, and beg you will send me the bill in your first letter. Rysbrach has perfectly mended the Ganymede and the model, which to me seemed irrecoverably smashed. . . .[13]

I have just been giving a recommendatory letter for you to Mr. Hobart; he is no particular friend of mine, but is Norfolk, and in the world; so you will be civil to him. He is of the Damon-kind, and not one of whom you will make a Chute. Madame Suares may make something of him. Adieu!

183. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Arlington Street, June 25, 1745.

I have been near three weeks in Essex[1], at Mr. Rigby's[2], and had left your direction behind me, and could not write to you. It is the charmingest place by nature, and the most trumpery by art, that ever I saw. The house stands on a high hill, on an arm of the sea, which winds itself before two sides of the house. On the right and left, at the very foot of this hill, lie two towns; the one of market quality, and the other with a wharf where ships come up. This last was to have a church, but by a lucky want of religion in the inhabitants, who would not contribute to building a steeple, it remains an absolute antique temple with a portico, on the very strand. Cross this arm of the sea, you see six churches and charming woody hills in Suffolk. All this parent Nature did for this place; but its godfathers and godmothers, I believe, promised it should renounce all the pomps and vanities of this world, for they have patched up a square house, full of windows, low rooms, and thin walls; piled up walls wherever there was a glimpse of prospect; planted avenues that go nowhere, and dug fishponds where there should be avenues. We had very bad weather the whole time I was there; but however I rode about and sailed, not having the same apprehensions of catching cold that Mrs. Kerwood[3] had once at Chelsea, when I persuaded her not to go home by water, because it would be damp after the rain.

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[10] Daughter of Sir Wilfred Lawson, third Baronet, of Isell, Cumberland. She was the object of the early attachment of General Wolfe. She died unmarried in 1759.

[11] Hon. Catherine Nevill, daughter of fourteenth Baron Abergavenny.

[12] Catherine, daughter of Lieutenant-General Tatton; m. (1) Edward Nevill, thirteenth Baron Abergavenny; (2) his cousin and successor, William Nevill, fourteenth Baron Abergavenny. She died in childbed in Dec. 1729, shortly after the discovery of her intrigue with one Richard Liddel, against whom her husband brought an action, and obtained a verdict for damages to the extent of several thousand pounds.

[13] Passage omitted.

Letter 183.—[1] At Mistley Hall near Manningtree.

[2] Richard Rigby (1722–1788), M.P. for Castle Rising. He was Secretary to the Duke of Bedford (when Viceroy of Ireland), 1758; Lord of Trade, 1759; Master of the Rolls for Ireland, 1759; Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1765; Paymaster-General of the Forces, 1768–84. As a politician he was notoriously unscrupulous and corrupt. He was a prominent member of the Duke of Bedford's party.

The town is not quite empty yet. My Lady Fitzwalter[4], Lady Betty Germain, Lady Granville, and the dowager Strafford[5] have their at homes, and amass company. Lady Brown has done with her Sundays, for she is changing her house into Upper Brook Street. In the mean time, she goes to Knightsbridge, and Sir Robert to the woman he keeps at Scarborough. . . .[6] Winnington goes on with the Frasi; so my Lady Townshend is obliged only to lie of people instead of with them. You have heard of the disgrace of the Archibald, and that in future scandal she must only be ranked with the Lady Elizabeth Lucy and Madame Lucy Walters, instead of being historically noble among the Clevelands, Portsmouths, and Yarmouths. It is said Miss Granville has the reversion of her coronet; others say, she won't accept the patent.

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[3] Constant, daughter of Mr. Hayes of London; m. (1) Galfridus (d. 1726), brother of Sir Robert Walpole; (2) Mr. Kerwood, or Kyrwood.

[4] Lady Frederica Schomberg, daughter of third Duke of Schomberg; m. 1. (1715), Robert Darcy, third Earl of Holdernesse; 2. (1724) Benjamin Mildmay, nineteenth Baron (afterwards first Earl) Fitzwalter; d. 1751.

[5] Anne, daughter and heir of Sir Henry Johnson, of Bradenham, Bucks; m. (1711) Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford; d. 1754.

Your friend Jemmy Lumley[7]—I beg pardon, I mean your kin, is not he? I am sure he is not your friend; well, he has had an assembly, and he would write all the cards himself, and every one of them was to desire *he's* company and *she's* company, with other pieces of curious orthography. Adieu, dear George! I wish you a merry farm, as the children say at Vauxhall. My compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

184. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

MY DEAR HARRY, Arlington Street, July 1, 1745.

If it were not for that one slight inconvenience, that I should probably be dead now, I should have liked much better to have lived in the last war than in this; I mean as to the pleasantness of writing letters. Two or three battles won, two or three towns taken, in a summer were pretty objects to keep up the liveliness of a correspondence. But now it hurts one's dignity to be talking of English and French armies, at the first period of our history in which the tables are turned. After having learnt to spell out of the reigns of Edward the Third and Harry the Fifth, and begun lisping with Agincourt and Cressy, one uses one's self but awkwardly to the sounds of Tournay and Fontenoy. I don't like foreseeing the time so near, when all the young orators in Parliament will be haranguing out of Demosthenes upon the imminent danger we are in from the overgrown power of King Philip. As becoming as all that public spirit will be, which to be sure will now come forth, I can't but think we were at least as happy and as great when all the young Pitts and Lytteltons were pelting oratory at my father for rolling out a twenty years' peace, and not envying the trophies which he passed by every day in Westminster Hall. But one must not repine; rather reflect on the glories which they have drove the nation headlong into. One must think all our distresses and dangers well laid out, when they have purchased us Glover's[1] oration for the merchants, the Admiralty for the Duke of Bedford, and the reversion of Secretary at War for Pitt, which he will certainly have, unless the French King should happen to have the nomination; and then I fear, as much obliged as that court is to my Lord Cobham and his nephews, they would be so partial as to prefer some illiterate nephew of Cardinal Tencin's, who never heard of *Leonidas* or the Hanover troops.

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[6] Passage omitted.

[7] Hon. James Lumley, seventh son of first Earl of Scarborough; Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales; d. 1766.

With all these reflections, as I love to make myself easy, especially politically, I comfort myself with what St. Évremond a (favourite philosopher of mine, for he thought what he liked, not liked what he thought) said in defence of Cardinal Mazarin, when he was reproached with neglecting the good of the kingdom that he might engross the riches of it: 'Well, let him get all the riches, and then he will think of the good of the kingdom, for it will all be his own.'

LETTER 184.—[1] The author of *Leonidas*. *Walpole.*

Let the French but have England, and they won't want to conquer it. We may possibly contract the French spirit of being supremely content with the glory of our monarch, and then—why then it will be the first time we ever were contented yet. We hear of nothing but your retiring [2], and of Dutch treachery: in short, 'tis an ugly scene!

I know of no home news but the commencement of the Gaming Act [3], for which they are to put up a scutcheon at White's for the death of play; and the death of Winnington's wife, which may be an unlucky event for my Lady Townshend. As he has no children, he will certainly marry again; and who will give him their daughter, unless he breaks off that affair, which I believe he will now very willingly make a marriage article? We want him to take Lady Charlotte Fermor. She was always his beauty, and has so many charming qualities, that she would make anybody happy. He will make a good husband; for he is excessively good-natured, and was much better to that strange wife than he cared to own.

You wondered at my journey to Houghton; now wonder more, for I am going to Mount Edgecumbe. Now my summers are in my own hands, and I am not obliged to pass great part of them in Norfolk, I find it is not so very terrible to dispose of them up and down. In about three weeks I shall set out, and see Wilton and Dodington's [4] in my way. Dear Harry, do but get a victory, and I will let off every cannon at Plymouth; reserving two, till I hear particularly that you have killed two more Frenchmen with your own hand [5]. Lady Mary [6] sends you her compliments;

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[2] Mr. Conway was still with the army in Flanders. *Walpole.*

[3] An act had recently passed to prohibit excessive and deceitful gaming. *Wright.*

[4] At Eastbury in Dorsetshire.

[5] Alluding to Mr. Conway's having been engaged with two French grenadiers at once in the battle of Fontenoy. *Walpole.*

[6] Lady Mary Walpole, youngest daughter of Sir R. Walpole, afterwards married to Charles Churchill, Esq. *Walpole.*

she is going to pass a week with Miss Townshend[7] at Muffit's; I don't think you will be forgot. Your sister Anne has got a new distemper, which she says feels like something *jumping* in her. You know my style on such an occasion, and may be sure I have not spared this distemper. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

185. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 5, 1745.

All yesterday we were in the utmost consternation! an express came the night before from Ostend with an account of the French army in Flanders having seized Ghent and Bruges[1], cut off a detachment of four thousand men, surrounded our army, who must be cut to pieces or surrender themselves prisoners, and that the Duke was gone to the Hague, but that the Dutch had signed a neutrality. You will allow that here was ample subject for confusion! To-day we are a little relieved by finding that we have lost but five hundred men instead of four thousand, and that our army, which is inferior by half to theirs, is safe behind a river. With this came the news of the Great Duke's victory over the Prince of Conti[2]: he has killed fifteen thousand, and taken six thousand prisoners. Here is already a third great battle this summer! But Flanders is gone! The Dutch have given up all that could hinder the French from overrunning them, upon condition that the French should not overrun them. Indeed, I cannot be so exasperated at the Dutch as it is the fashion to be; they have not forgot the Peace of Utrecht, though we have. Besides, how could they rely on any negotiation with a people whose politics alter so often as ours? Or why were we to fancy that my Lord Chesterfield's parts would have more weight than my uncle had, whom, ridiculous as he was, they had never known to take a trip to Avignon to confer with the Duke of Ormond?

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[7] Daughter of Charles Viscount Townshend, afterwards married to Edward Cornwallis, brother to Earl Cornwallis, and Groom of the Bedchamber to the King. *Walpole.*

Letter 185.—[1] A detachment of the allies was defeated at Mêle in an attempt to relieve Ghent, which surrendered to the French on July 11, 1745.

[2] An unfounded report.

Our communication with the army is cut off through Flanders; and we are in great pain for Ostend: the fortifications are all out of repair. Upon Marshal Wade's reiterated remonstrances, we did cast thirty cannon and four mortars for it—and then the economic ministry would not send them. 'What! fortify the Queen of Hungary's towns? there will be no end of that.' As if Ostend was of no more consequence to *us*, than Mons or Namur! Two more battalions are ordered over immediately; and the old pensioners of Chelsea College are to mount guard at home! Flourishing in a peace of twenty years, we were told that we were trampled upon by Spain and France. Haughty nations, like those, who can trample upon an enemy country, do not use to leave it in such wealth and happiness as we enjoyed; but when the Duke of Marlborough's old victorious veterans are dug out of their colleges and repose, to guard the King's palace, and to keep up the show of an army which we have buried in America, or in a manner lost in Flanders, we shall soon know the real feel of being trampled upon! In this crisis, you will hear often from me; for I will leave you in no anxious uncertainty from which I can free you.

The Countess[3] is at Hanover, and, we hear, extremely well received. It is conjectured, and it is not impossible, that the Count[4] may have procured for her some dirty dab of a negotiation about some acre of territory more for Hanover, in order to facilitate her reception. She has been at Hesse Cassel, and fondled extremely Princess Mary's[5] children; just as you know she used to make a rout about the Pretender's boys. My Lord Chesterfield laughs at her letter to him; and, what would anger her more than the neglect, ridicules the style and orthography. Nothing promises well for her here.

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[3] Lady Orford. *Walpole.*

[4] Richcourt.

You told me you wished I would condole with Prince Craon on the death of his son[6]; which son? and where was he killed? You don't tell me, and I never heard. Now it would be too late. I should have been uneasy for Prince Beauvau, but that you say he is in Piemont.

Adieu! my dear child: we have much to wish! A *little* good fortune will not re-establish us. I am in pain for your health from the great increase of your business.

186. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 12, 1745.

I am charmed with the sentiments that Mr. Chute expresses for you; but then you have lost him! Here is an answer to his letter; I send it unsealed, to avoid repeating what I have thought on our affairs. Seal it and send it. Its being open prevented my saying half so much about you as I should have done.

There is no more news: the Great Duke's victory, of which we heard so much last week, is come to nothing! So far from having defeated the Prince of Conti, it is not at all impossible but the Prince may wear the imperial coat of diamonds, though I am persuaded the care of that will be the chief concern of the Great Duke, (next to his own person,) in a battle. Our army is retreated beyond Brussels; the French gather laurels and towns, and prisoners, as one would a nosegay. In the mean time you are bullying the King of Naples, in the person of the English fleet; and I think may possibly be doing so for two months after that very fleet belongs to the King of France; as astrologers tell one that we should see stars shine for I don't know how long after they were annihilated. But I like your spirit; keep it up! Millamant, in *The Way of the World*, tells Mirabel, that she will be solicited to the very last; nay, and afterwards. He replies, 'What? after the last!'

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[5] Fourth daughter of George II, and wife of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel.

[6] The son of Prince Craon was killed at Fontenoy.

I am in great pain about your arrears: it is a bad season for obtaining payment. In the best times, they make a custom of paying foreign ministers ill; which may be very politic, when they send men of too great fortunes abroad, in order to lessen them: but, my dear child, God knows that is not your case!

I have some extremely pretty dogs of King Charles's breed, if I knew how to convey them to you: indeed they are not Patapans. I can't tell how they would like travelling into Italy, when there is a prospect of the rest of their race returning from thence: besides, you must certify me that none of them shall ever be married below themselves; for since the affair of Lady Caroline Fox, one durst not hazard the Duke of Richmond's resentment even about a dog and bitch of that breed.

Lord Lempster is taken prisoner in the affair of the detachment to Ghent. My Lady[1], who has heard of Spartan mothers, (though you know she once asserted that nobody knew anything of the Grecian Republics,) affects to bear it with a patriot insensibility. She told me the other day

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LETTER 186.—[1] Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, mother of Lord Lempster. *Walpole.*

that the Abbé Niccolini and the eldest Pandolfini are coming to England: is it true? I shall be very glad to be civil to them, especially to the latter, who, you know, was one of my friends.

My Lady Orford is at Hanover, most graciously received by 'the Father of all his people.' It puts me in mind of that text of Scripture, 'for God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.' In the papers of yesterday was this paragraph: 'Lady O., who has spent several years in Italy, arrived here (Hanover) the 3rd, on her return to England, and was graciously received by his Majesty.' Lady Denbigh is gone into the country; so I don't know where she is to lodge—perhaps at St. James's, out of regard to my father's memory.

Trust me, you escaped well in Pigwiggin's not accepting your invitation of living with you: you must have aired your house, as Lady Pomfret was forced to air Lady Mary Wortley's bedchamber. He has a most unfortunate breath: so has the Princess his sister. When I was at their country-house, I used to sit in the library and turn over books of prints: out of good-breeding they would not quit me; nay, would look over the prints with me. A whiff would come from the east, and I turned short to the west, whence the Princess would puff me back with another gale full as richly perfumed as her brother's. Adieu!

187. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Arlington Street, July 13, 1745.

We are all *Cabob'd* and *Cacofogoed*, as my Lord Denbigh says! We, who formerly, you know, could any one of us beat three Frenchmen, are now so degenerated, that three Frenchmen can evidently beat one Englishman. Our army is running away, all that is left to run; for half of it is picked up by three or four hundred at a time. In short, we must step out of the high *pantoufles* that were made by those cunning shoemakers at Poitiers and Ramillies, and go clumping about perhaps in wooden ones. My Lady Hervey, who you know dotes upon everything French, is charmed with the hopes of these new shoes, and has already bespoke herself a pair of pigeon wood. How did the tapestry at Blenheim look? Did it glow with victory, or did all our glories look overcast?

I remember a very admired sentence in one of my Lord Chesterfield's speeches, when he was haranguing for this war—with a most rhetorical transition, he turned to the tapestry in the House of Lords[1], and said, with a sigh, he feared there were no historical looms at work now!—Indeed, we have reason to bless the good Patriots, who have been for employing our manufactures so historically! The Countess of that wise Earl, with whose two expressive words I began this letter, says, she is very happy now that my Lord had never a place upon the coalition, for then all this bad situation of our affairs would have been laid upon him!

Now I have been talking of remarkable periods in our annals, I must tell you what my Lord Baltimore thinks one: he said to the Prince t'other day, 'Sir, your Royal Highness's marriage will be an *area* in English history.'

If it were not for the life that is put into the town now and then by very bad news from abroad, one should be quite stupefied. There is nobody left but two or three solitary regents; and they are always whisking backwards and forwards to their villas; and about a dozen antediluvian dowagers, whose carcases have miraculously resisted the

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LETTER 187.—[1] The tapestry in the House of Lords, representing the estruction, in 1588, of the Spanish Armada, wrought for the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord High Admiral, and destroyed with the Houses of Parliament, by fire, in 1834. This historical tapestry was well engraved by Pine. *Cunningham.*

wet, and who every Saturday compose a very reverend catacomb at my old Lady Strafford's. She does not take money at the door for showing them, but you pay twelvepence a piece under the denomination of card-money. Wit and beauty, indeed, remain in the persons of Lady Townshend and Lady Caroline Fitzroy—but such is the want of taste of this age, that the former is very often forced to wrap up her wit in plain English before it can be understood; and the latter is almost as often obliged to have recourse to the same artifices to make her charms be taken notice of. . . . [2]

Of beauty, I can tell you an admirable story. One Mrs. Comyns, an elderly gentlewoman, has lately taken a house in St. James's Street: some young gentlemen went thither t'other night:—'Well, Mrs. Comyns, I hope there won't be the same disturbances here that were at your other house in Air Street.'—'Lord, Sir, I never had any disturbances there: mine was as quiet a house as any in the neighbourhood, and a great deal of good company came to me: it was only the ladies of quality that envied me.'—'Envied you! why, your house was pulled down about your ears.'—'Oh, dear Sir! don't you know how that happened?'—'No; pray how?'—'Why, dear Sir, it was my Lady Caroline Fitzroy, who gave the mob ten guineas to demolish my house, because her ladyship fancied I got women for Colonel Conway.'

My dear George, don't you delight in this story? If poor Harry comes back from Flanders, I intend to have infinite fun with his prudery about this anecdote, which is full as good as if it was true. I beg you will visit Mrs. Comyns when you come to town: she has infinite humour.

Adieu! dear George,
Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

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[2] Passage omitted.

188. To Horace Mann.

July 15, 1745.

You will be surprised at another from me so soon, when I wrote to you but four days ago. This is not with any news, but upon a private affair. You have never said anything to me about the extraordinary procedure of Marquis Riccardi, of which I wrote you word. Indeed, as his letter came just upon my father's death, I had forgot it too; so much so, that I have lost the catalogue which he sent me. Well, the other day I received his cargo. Now, my dear child, I don't write to him upon it, because, as he sent the things without asking my leave, I am determined never to acknowledge the receipt of them, because I will in no manner be liable to pay for them if they are lost, which I think highly probable; and as I have lost the catalogue, I cannot tell whether I have received all or not.

I beg you will say just what follows to him. That I am extremely amazed he should think of employing me to sell his goods for him, especially without asking my consent: that an English gentleman, just come from France, has brought me a box of things, of which he himself had no account; nor is there any letter or catalogue with them: that I suppose they may be the Marquis's collection, but that I have lost the catalogue, and consequently cannot tell whether I have received all or not, nor whether they are his: that as they came in so blind a manner, and have been opened at several custom-houses, I will not be answerable, especially having never given my consent to receive them, and having opened the box ignorantly, without knowing the contents: that when I did open it, I concluded it came from Florence, having often refused to buy most of the things, which had long lain upon the jeweller's hands on the Old

Bridge[1], and which are very improper for sale here, as all the English for some years have seen them, and not thought them worth purchasing: that I remember in the catalogue the price for the whole was fixed at two thousand pistoles; that they are full as much worth two-and-twenty thousand; and that I have been laughed at by people to whom I have showed them for naming so extravagant a price: that nobody living would think of buying all together: that for myself, I have entirely left off making any collection; and if I had not, would not buy things dear now which I have formerly refused at much lower prices. That, after all, though I cannot think myself at all well used by Marquis Riccardi, either in sending me the things, in the price he has fixed on them, or in the things themselves, which to my knowledge he has picked up from the shops on the Old Bridge, and were no family collection, yet, as I received so many civilities at Florence from the nobility, and in particular from his wife, Madame Riccardi, if he will let me do anything that is practicable, I will sell what I can for him. That if he will send me a new and distinct catalogue, with the price of each piece, and a price considerably less than what he has set upon the whole, I will endeavour to dispose of what I can for him. But as most of them are very indifferent, and the total value most unreasonable, I absolutely will not undertake the sale of them upon any other terms, but will pack them up, and send them away to Leghorn by the first ship that sails; for as we are at war with France, I cannot send them that way, nor will I trouble any gentleman to carry them, as he might think himself liable to make them good if they met with any accident; nor will I answer for them by whatever way they go, as I did not consent to receive them, nor am sure that I have received the Marquis's collection.

My dear Sir, translate this very distinctly for him, for he

LETTER 188.—[1] Ponte Vecchio.

never shall receive any other notice from me; nor will I give them up to Wasner or Pucci[2], or anybody else, though he should send me an order for it; for nobody saw me open them, nor shall anybody be able to say I had them, by receiving them from me. In short I think I cannot be too cautious in such a negotiation. If a man will send me things to the value of two thousand pistoles, whether they are really worth it or not, he shall take his chance for losing them, and shall certainly never come upon me for them. He must absolutely take his choice, of selling them at a proper price and separately, or of having them directly sent back by sea; for whether he consents to either or not, I shall certainly proceed in my resolution about them the very instant I receive an answer from you; for the sooner I am clear of them the better. If he will let me sell them without setting a price, he may depend upon my taking the best method for his service; though really, my dear child, it will be for my own honour, not for his sake, who has treated me so impertinently. I am sorry to give you this trouble, but judge how much the fool gives me! Adieu!

189. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 26, 1745.

IT is a pain to me to write to you, when all I can tell you will but distress you. How much I wish myself with you! anywhere, where I should have my thoughts detached in some degree by distance and by length of time from England! With all the reasons that I have for not loving great part of it, it is impossible not to feel the shock of living at the period of all its greatness! to be one of the *Ultimi Romanorum!* I will not proceed upon the chapter of reflections, but mention some facts, which will supply your thoughts with all I should say.

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[2] Ministers of the Queen of Hungary and the Great Duke. *Walpole.*

The French make no secret of their intending to come hither; the letters from Holland speak of it as a notoriety. Their Mediterranean fleet is come to Rochfort, and they have another at Brest. Their immediate design is to attack our army, the very lessening which will be victory for them. Our six hundred men, which have lain cooped up in the river till they had contracted diseases, are at last gone to Ostend. Of all this our notable ministry still make a secret: one cannot learn the least particulars from them. This anxiety for my friends in the army, this uncertainty about ourselves, if it can be called uncertain that we are undone, and the provoking folly that one sees prevail, have determined me to go to the Hague. I shall at least hear sooner from the army, and shall there know better what is likely to happen here. The moment the crisis is come I shall return hither, which I can do from Helvoetsluys in twelve hours. At all events, I shall certainly not stay there above a month or six weeks: it thickens too fast for something important not to happen by that time.

You may judge of our situation by the conversation of Marshal Belleisle: he has said for some time, that he saw we were so little capable of making any defence, that he would engage, with five thousand scullions of the French army, to conquer England—yet, just now, they choose to release him! he goes away in a week[1]. When he was told of the taking Cape Breton[2], he said, 'he could believe that, because the ministry had no hand in it.' We are making bonfires for Cape Breton, and thundering over Genoa[3], while our army in Flanders is running away, and dropping to pieces

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Letter 189.—[1] Belleisle left England on August 13, 1745.

[2] On June 16 the island of Cape Breton surrendered to a body of the Maine militia, commanded by William Pepperel (afterwards a Baronet and Lieutenant-General in the English army), and supported by a squadron under Admiral Warren.

[3] Admiral Rowley had attacked and burned some towns on the Genoese coast.

by detachments taken prisoners every day; while the King is at Hanover, the Regency at their country-seats, not five thousand men in the island, and not above fourteen or fifteen ships at home! Allelujah!

I received yours yesterday, with the bill of lading for the *gesse* figures, but you don't tell me their price; pray do in your next. I don't know what to say to Mr. Chute's eagle[4]; I would fain have it; I can depend upon his taste—but would not it be folly to be buying curiosities now? how can I tell that I shall have anything in the world to pay for it, by the time it is bought? You may present these reasons to Mr. Chute; and if he laughs at them, why then he will buy the eagle for me; if he thinks them of weight, not.

Adieu! I have not time or patience to say more.

190. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

I cannot help thinking you laugh at me when you say such very civil things of my letters, and yet, coming from you, I would fain not have it all flattery:

> So much the more, as, from a little elf,
> I've had a high opinion of myself,
> Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb.

With this modest prepossession, you may be sure I like to have you commend me, whom, after I have done with myself, I admire of all men living.—I only beg that you will commend me no more: it is very ruinous, and praise, like other debts, ceases to be due on being paid—one comfort indeed is, that it is as seldom paid as other debts.

I have been very fortunate lately; have met with an extreme good print of Monsieur de Grignan[1]; I am persuaded, very like; and then it has his *touffe ébouriffée;* I don't, indeed, know what that was, but I am sure it is in the print. None of the critics could ever make out what Livy's Patavinity is; though they are all confident it is in his writings. I have heard within these few days what, for your sake, I wish I could have told you sooner, that there is in Belleisle's suite the Abbé Perrin[2], who published Madame Sévigny's letters, and who has the originals in his hands. How one should have liked to have known him! The Marshal was privately in London last Friday—he is entertained to-day at Hampton Court by the Duke of Grafton—don't you believe it was to settle the *binding the scarlet thread in the window, when the French shall come in unto the land to possess it?* I don't at all wonder at any shrewd observations the Marshal has made on our situation—the bringing him here at all, the sending him away now, in short, the whole series of our conduct convinces me, that we shall soon see as silent a change as that in *The Rehearsal*, of King Usher and King Physician. It may well be so, when the disposition of the drama is in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle! Those hands that are always groping and sprawling, and fluttering, and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person—but there is no describing them but as Monsieur Courcelle, a French prisoner, did t'other day: '*Je ne sçais pas,' dit-il, 'je ne sçaurois l'exprimer, mais il a un certain tatillonnage.*' If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains, always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him.

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[4] This eagle was 'found in the gardens of Boccapadugli, within the precinct of Caracalla's baths at Rome, in 1742.' It was purchased for Horace Walpole, and was one of the gems of his collection at Strawberry Hill.

For my own part, I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the ship that was on fire—I am

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Letter 190.—[1] François Adhémar de Monteil, Comte de Grignan (d. 1714), son-in-law of Madame de Sévigné.

[2] Denis Marius de Perrin (1682–1754).

but a passenger! If I was not so indolent, I think I should rather put in practice the late Duchess of Bolton's[3] geographical resolution of going to China, when Whiston[4] told her the world would be burnt in three years—Have you any philosophy? Tell me what you think. It is quite the fashion to talk of the French coming here.—Nobody sees it in any other light but as a thing to be talked of, not to be precautioned against. Don't you remember a report of the plague's being in the City, and everybody went to the house where it was to see it? You see I laugh about it, for I would not for the world be so un-English as to do otherwise. I am persuaded that when Count Saxe, with ten thousand men, is within a day's march of London, people will be hiring windows at Charing Cross and Cheapside to see them pass by. 'Tis our characteristic to take dangers for sights, and evils for curiosities.

Adieu! dear George: I am laying in scraps of *Cato* against it may be necessary to take leave of one's correspondents *à la Romaine*, and before the play itself is suppressed by a *lettre de cachet* to the booksellers.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Lord! 'tis the first of August, 1745, a holiday that is going to be turned out of the almanack[5]!

191. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 7, 1745.

I HAVE no new news to tell you: Ostend is besieged, and must be gone in a few days. The Regency are all come to town to prevent an invasion—I should as soon think them able to make one—not but old Stair[1], who still exists upon the embers of an absurd fire that warmed him ninety years ago, thinks it still practicable to march to Paris, and the other day in council prevented a resolution of sending for our army home; but as we always do half of a thing, when even the whole would scarce signify, they seemed determined to send for ten thousand—the other ten will remain in Flanders, to keep up the bad figure that we have been making there all this summer. Count Saxe has been three times tapped since the battle of Fontenoy; but if we get rid of his enmity, there is Belleisle gone, amply to supply and succeed to his hatred! Van Hoey, the ingenious Dutchman at Paris, wrote to the States, to know if he should make new liveries against the rejoicings for the French conquests in Flanders. I love the governor of Sluys; when the States sent him a reprimand, for not admitting our troops that retreated thither from the affair of Ghent, asking him if he did not know that he ought to admit their allies? he replied, 'Yes; and would they have him admit the French too as their allies?'

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[3] Henrietta Crofts, natural daughter of Duke of Monmouth; m. (1697) Charles Paulet, second Duke of Bolton; d. 1730. (See *Walpoliana*, vol. i. p. 16.)

[4] William Whiston (1667–1752).

[5] The anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover to the English throne.

There is a proclamation come out for apprehending the Pretender's son; he was undoubtedly on board the frigate[2] attendant on the *Elizabeth*, with which Captain Brett[3] fought so bravely: the boy is now said to be at Brest[4].

I have put off my journey to the Hague, as the sea is full

Letter 191.—[1] John, Earl of Stair, Field Marshal, formerly Ambassador in France. *Walpole.*

[2] The *Doutelle*, on which Charles Edward left St. Nazaire on July 2, 1745.

[3] Afterwards Admiral Sir Piercy Brett (1709–1781), one of the companions of Anson on his voyage round the world; Brett commanded the attack on Paita (Nov. 1741). He was at this time in command of the *Lion* of 60 guns. On July 9 he encountered the *Elizabeth*, acting as escort to the *Doutelle*. After a severe action the *Lion* was reduced to a wreck, and the *Elizabeth* (carrying the stores, arms, and money for the intended campaign) was too much injured to continue the voyage.

[4] Charles Edward continued his voyage, and landed in Moidart on July 25, O.S.

of ships, and many French ones about the siege of Ostend: I go to-morrow to Mount Edgecumbe. I don't think it impossible but you may receive a letter from me on the road, with a paragraph like that in Cibber's life, 'Here I met the revolution.'

My Lady O. is set out for Hanover: her gracious sovereign does not seem inclined to leave it. Mrs. Chute[5] has sent me this letter, which you will be so good as to send to Rome. We have taken infinite riches; vast wealth in the East Indies[6], vast from the West; in short, we grow so fat, that we shall very soon be fit to kill.

Your brother has this moment brought me a letter from you, full of your good-natured concern for the Genoese. I have not time to write you anything but short paragraphs, as I am in the act of writing all my letters and doing my business before my journey. I can say no more now about the affair of your secretary. Poor Mrs. Gibberne has been here this morning almost in fits about her son. She brought me a long letter to you, but I absolutely prevented her sending it, and told her I would let you know that it was my fault if you don't hear from her, but that I would take the answer upon myself. My dear Sir, for her sake, for the silly boy's, who is ruined if he follows his own whims, and for your own sake, who will have so much trouble to get and form another, I must try to prevent your parting. I am persuaded, that neither the fatigue of writing, nor the inclination of going to sea, are the boy's true motives. They are, the smallness of his allowance, and his aversion to waiting at table. For the first, the poor woman does not expect that you should put yourself to any inconvenience; she only begs that you will be so good as to pay him twenty pounds a year more, which she herself will repay to your brother; and not let her son know that it comes from her, as he would then refuse to take it. For the other point, I must tell you, my dear child, fairly, that in goodness to the poor boy, I hope you will give it up. He is to make his fortune in your way of life, if he can be so lucky. It will be an insuperable obstacle to him that he is with you in the light of a menial servant. When you reflect that his fortune may depend upon it, I am sure you will free him from this servitude. Your brother and I, you know, from the very first, thought that you should not insist upon it. If he will stay with you upon the terms I propose, I am sure, from the trouble it will save yourself, and the ruin from which it will save him, you will yield to this request; which I seriously make to you, and advise you to comply with. Adieu!

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[5] Widow of Francis Chute, Esq. *Walpole.*

[6] The *Gazette* of August 10, 1745, records the capture of several homeward-bound French merchantmen with rich cargoes valued at sums varying from £12,000 to £100,000.

192. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 6, 1745.

It would have been inexcusable in me, in our present circumstances, and after all I have promised you, not to have written to you for this last month, if I had been in London; but I have been at Mount Edgecumbe, and so constantly upon the road, that I neither received your letters, had time to write, or knew what to write. I came back last night, and found three packets from you, which I have no time to answer, and but just time to read. The confusion I have found, and the danger we are in, prevent my talking of anything else. The young Pretender, at the head of three thousand men, has got a march on General Cope[1], who is not eighteen hundred strong; and when the last accounts came away, was fifty miles nearer Edinburgh than Cope,

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Letter 192.—[1] General Sir John Cope, K.B.; d. 1760.

and by this time is there. The clans will not rise for the government: the Dukes of Argyll and Athol[2] are come post to town, not having been able to raise a man[3]. The young Duke of Gordon[4] sent for his uncle, and told him he must arm their clan. 'They are in arms.'—'They must march against the rebels.'—'They will wait on the Prince of Wales.'—The Duke flew in a passion; his uncle pulled out a pistol, and told him it was in vain to dispute. Lord Loudon[5], Lord Fortrose[6], and Lord Panmure[7] have been very zealous, and have raised some men; but I look upon Scotland as gone! I think of what King William said to Duke Hamilton[8], when he was extolling Scotland: 'My Lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it!'

There are two manifestoes published, signed Charles Prince, Regent for his father, King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland. By one, he promises to preserve everybody in their just rights; and orders all persons who have public monies in their hands to bring it to him; and by the other dissolves the union between England and Scotland. But all this is not the worst! Notice came yesterday, that there are ten thousand men, thirty transports, and ten men-of-war at Dunkirk. Against this force we have—I don't know what—scarce fears! Three thousand Dutch we hope are by this time landed in Scotland; three more are coming hither.

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[2] James Murray, second Duke of Athol; d. 1764.

[3] This was not true of the Duke of Argyll, for he did not attempt to raise any men, but pleaded a Scotch Act of Parliament against arming without authority. *Walpole.*

[4] Cosmo George Gordon, third Duke of Gordon (circ. 1720–1752).

[5] John Campbell (1705–1782), fourth Earl of Loudoun; Governor of Stirling Castle, 1741; Governor of Virginia and Commander-in-Chief in America, 1756; General, 1770. He raised a regiment of Highlanders.

[6] Kenneth Mackenzie (circ. 1718–1761), styled Lord Fortrose. His father's attainder prevented him from succeeding to the earldom of Seaforth.

[7] William Maule, first Earl of Panmure (1700–1782).

[8] James Hamilton (1658–1712), fourth Duke of Hamilton, killed in a duel with Lord Mohun.

We have sent for ten regiments from Flanders, which may be here in a week, and we have fifteen men-of-war in the Downs. I am grieved to tell you all this; but when it is so, how can I avoid telling you? Your brother is just come in, who says he has written to you—I have not time to expatiate.

My Lady O. is arrived; I hear she says, only to endeavour to get a certain allowance. Her mother has sent to offer her the use of her house. She is a poor weak woman. I can say nothing to Marquis Riccardi, nor think of him; only tell him that I will when I have time.

My sister[9] has married herself, that is, declared she will, to young Churchill. It is a foolish match; but I have nothing to do with it. Adieu! my dear Sir; excuse my haste, but you must imagine that one is not much at leisure to write long letters—hope if you can!

193. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1745.

The Rebellion goes on; but hitherto there is no rising in England, nor landing of troops from abroad; indeed not even of ours or the Dutch. The best account I can give you is, that if the boy has apparently no enemies in Scotland, at least he has openly very few friends. Nobody of note has joined him, but a brother[1] of the Duke of Athol, and another of Lord Dunmore[2]. For cannon, they have nothing but one-pounders: their greatest resource is money; they have *force Louis-d'ors*. The last accounts left them at

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[9] Lady Maria Walpole, daughter of Lord Orford, married Ch. Churchill, Esq., son of the General. *Walpole.*

Letter 193.—[1] William Murray (d. 1746), Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest surviving son of first Duke of Atholl.

[2] Hon. William Murray (circ. 1687–1756), second son of first Earl of Dunmore; succeeded his brother as third Earl of Dunmore in 1752, having been pardoned for his part in the Rebellion.

Perth, making shoes and stockings. It is certain that a serjeant of Cope's, with twelve men, put to flight two hundred, on killing only six or seven. Two hundred of the Monroe clan have joined our forces. Spirit seems to rise in London, though not in the proportion it ought; and then the *person*[3] most concerned does everything to check its progress: when the ministers propose anything with regard to the Rebellion, he cries, 'Pho! don't talk to me of that stuff.' Lord Granville has persuaded him that it is of no consequence. Mr. Pelham talks every day of resigning: he certainly will as soon as this is got over!—if it is got over. So, at least we shall see a restoration of Queen Sophia[4]. She has laid-in of a girl; though she had all the pretty boys in town brought to her for patterns.

The young Chevalier has set a reward on the King's head: we are told that his brother is set out for Ireland. However, there is hitherto little countenance given to the undertaking by France or Spain. It seems an effort of despair and weariness of the manner in which he has been kept in France. On the grenadiers' caps is written 'a grave or a throne.' He stayed some time at the Duke of Athol's[5], whither old Marquis Tullibardine[6] sent to bespeak dinner; and has since sent his brother word, that he likes the alterations made there. The Pretender found pine-apples there, the first he ever tasted. Mr. Breton[7], a great favourite of the Southern Prince of Wales, went the other day to visit the Duchess of Athol[8], and happened not to know that she is parted from her husband: he asked how the Duke did?

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[3] The King. *Walpole.*

[4] Lady Granville. *Walpole.*

[5] At Blair Atholl.

[6] Elder brother of the Duke of Athol, but outlawed for the last rebellion. He was taken prisoner after the battle of Culloden, and died in the Tower. *Walpole.*

[7] Afterwards Sir William Breton. He held an office in the household of Frederick, Prince of Wales. *Dover.*

[8] Jane, daughter of Sir John Frederick, Baronet, and widow of James Lannoy; m. James Murray, second Duke of Atholl; d. 1748.

'Oh,' said she, 'he turned me out of his house, and now he is turned out himself.' Every now and then a Scotchman comes and pulls the boy by the sleeve; 'Prence, here is another mon taken!' then with all the dignity in the world, the boy hopes nobody was killed in the action! Lord Bath has made a piece of a ballad, the Duke of Newcastle's speech to the Regency; I have heard but these two lines of it:

'Pray consider, my Lords, how disastrous a thing,
To have two Prince of Wales's and never a King!'

The merchants are very zealous, and are opening a great subscription for raising troops. The other day, at the City meeting to draw up the address, Alderman Heathcote[9] proposed a petition for a redress of grievances, but not one man seconded him. In the midst of all this, no Parliament is called! The ministers say they have nothing ready to offer; but they have nothing to notify!

I must tell you a ridiculous accident: when the magistrates of Edinburgh were searching houses for arms, they came to Mr. Maule's[10], brother of Lord Panmure, and a great friend of the Duke of Argyll. The maid would not let them go into one room, which was locked, and, as she said, full of arms. They now thought they had found what they looked for, and had the door broke open—where they found an ample collection of coats of arms!

The deputy governor[11] of Edinburgh Castle has threatened the magistrates to beat their town about their ears, if they admit the rebels. Perth is twenty-four miles from Edinburgh, so we must soon know whether they will go thither; or leave it, and come into England. We have great hopes that the Highlanders will not follow him so far. Very few of them could be persuaded the last time to go to Preston; and several refused to attend King Charles II when he marched to Worcester. The *Caledonian Mercury* never calls them 'the rebels,' but 'the Highlanders.'

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[9] George Heathcote, M.P. for the City of London.

[10] Hon. John Maule, Baron of the Scotch Court of Exchequer; d. 1781.

[11] Lieutenant-General Joshua Guest (1660–1747).

Adieu! my dear child: thank Mr. Chute for his letter, which I will answer soon. I don't know how to define my feeling: I don't despair, and yet I expect nothing but bad!

Yours, &c.

P.S. Is not my Princess very happy with hopes of the restoration of her old tenant[12]?

194. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, Sept. 17, 1745.

How could you ask me such a question, as whether I should be glad to see you? Have you a mind I should make you a formal speech, with *honour, and pleasure, and satisfaction*, &c.? I will not, for that would be telling you I should not be glad. However, do come soon, if you should be glad to see me; for we, I mean we old folks that came over with the Prince of Orange in eighty-eight, have had notice to remove by Christmas Day. The moment I have smugged up a closet or a dressing-room, I have always warning given me that my lease is out. Four years ago I was mightily at my ease in Downing Street, and then the good woman, Sandys, took my lodgings over my head, and was in such a hurry to junket her neighbours, that I had scarce time allowed me to wrap up my old china in a little hay. Now comes the Pretender's boy, and promises all my comfortable apartments in the Exchequer and Custom House to some forlorn Irish peer, who chooses to remove his pride and poverty out of some large old unfurnished gallery at St. Germain's. Why really, Mr. Montagu, this is not pleasant! I shall wonderfully dislike being a loyal sufferer in a threadbare coat, and shivering in an ante-chamber at Hanover, or reduced to teach Latin and English to the young princes at Copenhagen. The Dowager Strafford has already wrote cards for my Lady Nithisdale[1], my Lady Tullibardine, the Duchess of Perth[2] and Berwick[3], and twenty more revived peeresses, to invite them to play at whisk, Monday three months: for your part, you will divert yourself with their old taffeties, and tarnished slippers, and their awkwardness, the first day they go to Court in shifts and clean linen. Will you ever write to me at my garret at Herenhausen[4]? I will give you a faithful account of all the promising speeches that Prince George and Prince Edward[5] make whenever they have a new sword, and intend to reconquer England—At least write to me, while you may with acts of Parliament on your side: but I hope you are coming. Adieu!

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[12] When the Old Pretender was in Lorrain, he lived at Prince Craon's. *Walpole.*

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

195. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 20, 1745.

ONE really don't know what to write to you: the accounts from Scotland vary perpetually, and at best are never very certain. I was just going to tell you that the rebels are in England; but my uncle is this moment come in, and says,

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LETTER 194.—[1] Lady Winifred Herbert (d. 1749), daughter of first Marquis of Powis; m. William Maxwell, fifth Earl of Nithsdale. In 1716 she effected her husband's escape from the Tower.

[2] Lady Jean Gordon, daughter of first Duke of Gordon; m. James Drummond, second titular Duke of Perth; d. 1773.

[3] Anne Bulkeley; m. (1699) James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick; d. 1751.

[4] The electoral palace at Hanover.

[5] Prince Edward Augustus (1739–1767), second son of Frederick, Prince of Wales; cr. Duke of York, 1760; d. (unmarried) at Monaco.

that an express came last night with an account of their being at Edinburgh to the number of five thousand[1]. This sounds great, to have walked through a kingdom, and taken possession of the capital! But this capital is an open town; and the Castle impregnable, and in our possession. There never was so extraordinary a sort of rebellion! One can't tell what assurances of support they may have from the Jacobites in England, or from the French[2]; but nothing of either sort has yet appeared—and if there does not, never was so desperate an enterprise. One can hardly believe that the English are more disaffected than the Scotch; and among the latter, no persons of property have joined them: both nations seem to profess a neutrality. Their money is all gone, and they subsist merely by levying contributions. But, sure, banditti can never conquer a kingdom! On the other hand, what cannot any number of men do, who meet no opposition? They have hitherto taken no place but open towns, nor have they any artillery for a siege but one-pounders. Three battalions of Dutch are landed at Gravesend, and are ordered to Lancashire: we expect every moment to hear that the rest are got to Scotland; none of our own are come yet. Lord Granville and his faction persist in persuading the King, that it is an affair of no consequence; and for the Duke of Newcastle, he is glad when the rebels make any progress, in order to confute Lord Granville's assertions. The best of our situation is, our strength at sea: the Channel is well guarded, and twelve men-of-war more are arrived from Rowley. Vernon, that simple noisy creature, has hit upon a scheme that is of great service; he has laid Folkestone cutters all round the coast, which

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LETTER 195.—[1] The rebels entered Edinburgh on Sept. 17, 1745.

[2] The English Jacobites remained, for the most part, passive. Preparations had been made at Dunkirk with a view of assisting the rebels, but owing to political intrigues at the French court, the departure of the expedition was delayed and finally abandoned.

are continually relieved, and bring constant notice of everything that stirs. I just now hear that the Duke of Bedford declares he will be amused no longer, but will ask the King's leave to raise a regiment. The Duke of Montagu has a troop of horse ready, and the Duke of Devonshire is raising men in Derbyshire. The Yorkshiremen, headed by the Archbishop[3] and Lord Malton[4], meet the gentlemen of the county the day after to-morrow, to defend that part of England. Unless we have more ill fortune than is conceivable, or the general supineness continues, it is impossible but we must get over this. You desire me to send you good news: I confine myself to tell you nothing but what you may depend upon; and leave you in a fright rather than deceive you. I confess my own apprehensions are not near so strong as they were; and if we get over this, I shall believe that we never can be hurt; for we never can be more exposed to danger. Whatever disaffection there is to the present family, it plainly does not proceed from love to the other.

My Lady O. makes little progress in popularity. Neither the protection of my Lady Pomfret's prudery, nor of my Lady Townshend's libertinism, do her any service. The women stare at her, think her ugly, awkward, and disagreeable; and what is worse, the men think so too. For the height of mortification, the King has declared publicly to the ministry, that he has been told of the great civilities which he was said to show her at Hanover; that he protests he showed her only the common civilities due to any English lady that comes thither; that he never intended to take any particular notice of her; nor had, nor would let my Lady Yarmouth. In fact, my Lady Yarmouth peremptorily refused to carry her to court here; and when she did go with my Lady Pomfret, the King but just spoke to her. She declares her intention of staying in England, and protests against all lawsuits and violences; and says she only asks articles of separation, and to have her allowance settled by any two arbitrators chosen by my brother and herself. I have met her twice at my Lady Townshend's, just as I used at Florence. She dresses English and plays at whisk. I forgot to tell you a *bon mot* of Leheup[5] on her first coming over; he was asked if he would not go and see her? He replied, 'No, I never visit modest women.' Adieu! my dear child! I flatter myself you will collect hopes from this letter.

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[3] Thomas Herring.

[4] Thomas Watson-Wentworth (circ. 1690–1750), first Earl of Malton; cr. Marquis of Rockingham, 1746.

196. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 27, 1745.

I can't doubt but the joy of the Jacobites has reached Florence before this letter. Your two or three Irish priests, I forget their names, will have set out to take possession of abbey-lands here. I feel for what you will feel, and for the insulting things that will be said to you upon the battle[1] we have lost in Scotland; but all this is nothing to what it prefaces. The express came hither on Tuesday morning, but the Papists knew it on Sunday night. Cope lay in face of the rebels all Friday; he scarce two thousand strong, they vastly superior, though we don't know their numbers. The military people say that he should have attacked them. However, we are sadly convinced that they are not such raw ragamuffins as they were represented. The rotation that has been established in that country, to give all the

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[5] Isaac Leheup, brother-in-law of Horace Walpole the elder. He was a man of great wit, and greater brutality, and being minister at Hanover, was recalled for very indecent behaviour there. *Walpole.*

Letter 196.—[1] At Preston Pans, near Edinburgh. *Walpole.*—Where Sir John Cope was completely defeated (Sept. 21, 1745).

Highlanders the benefit of serving in the independent companies, has trained and disciplined them. Macdonald (I suppose, he from Naples)[2], who is reckoned a very experienced able officer, is said to have commanded them, and to be dangerously wounded. One does not hear the boy's personal valour cried up; by which I conclude he was not in the action[3]. Our dragoons most shamefully fled without striking a blow, and are with Cope, who escaped in a boat to Berwick. I pity poor him[4], who with no shining abilities, and no experience, and no force, was sent to fight for a crown! He never saw a battle but that of Dettingen, where he got his red ribbon: Churchill, whose led-captain he was, and my Lord Harrington, had pushed him up to this misfortune. We have lost all our artillery, five hundred men taken—and *three* killed, and several officers, as you will see in the papers. This defeat has frightened everybody but those it rejoices, and those it should frighten most; but my Lord Granville still buoys up the King's spirits, and persuades him it is nothing. He uses his ministers as ill as possible, and discourages everybody that would risk their lives and fortunes with him. Marshal Wade is marching against the rebels; but the King will not let him take above eight thousand men; so that if they come into England, another battle, with no advantage on our side, may determine our fate. Indeed, they don't seem so unwise as to risk their cause upon so precarious an event; but rather to design to establish themselves in Scotland, till they can be supported from France, and be set up with taking Edinburgh Castle, where there is to the value of a million, and which they would make a stronghold. It is scarcely victualled for a month, and must surely fall into their hands. Our coasts are greatly guarded, and London kept in awe by the arrival of the Guards. I don't believe what I have been told this morning, that more troops are sent for from Flanders, and aid asked of Denmark.

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[2] Probably 'Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service' mentioned by Lord Stanhope (*History*, ed. 1853, vol. iii. p. 208).

[3] He charged at the head of the second line.

[4] General Cope was tried afterwards for his behaviour in this action, and it appeared very clearly, that the ministry, his inferior officers, and his troops, were greatly to blame; and that he did all he could, so ill-directed, so ill-supplied, and so ill-obeyed. *Walpole.*

Prince Charles has called a Parliament in Scotland for the 7th of October; ours does not meet till the 17th, so that even in the show of liberty and laws they are beforehand with us. With all this, we hear of no men of quality or fortune having joined him but Lord Elcho[5], whom you have seen at Florence; and the Duke of Perth[6], a silly race-horsing boy, who is said to be killed in this battle. But I gather no confidence from hence: my father always said, 'If you see them come again, they will begin by their lowest people; their chiefs will not appear till the end.' His prophecies verify every day!

The town is still empty; in this point only the English act contrary to their custom, for they don't throng to see a Parliament, though it is likely to grow a curiosity!

I have so trained myself to expect this ruin, that I see it approach without any emotion. I shall suffer with fools, without having any malice to our enemies, who act sensibly from principle and from interest. Ruling parties seldom have caution or common sense. I don't doubt but Whigs and Protestants will be alert enough in trying to recover what they lose so supinely.

I know nothing of my Lady O. In this situation I dare say she will exert enough of the spirit of her Austrian party, to be glad the present government is oppressed; her piques and the Queen of Hungary's bigotry will draw satisfaction from what ought to be so contrary to each of their wishes. I don't wonder my Lady hates you so much, as I think she meant to express by her speech to Blair—

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[5] Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss. *Walpole.*—David Wemyss, Baron Elcho; d. 1787. After the battle of Culloden he escaped to France. In consequence of the attainder, he did not succeed to the earldom of Wemyss on his father's death.

[6] James Drummond (1713-1746), third titular Duke of Perth. He was not killed at Preston Pans. After the battle of Culloden he escaped, but died on board the frigate on which he had embarked for France.

Quem non credit Cleopatra nocentem,
A quo casta fuit?

She lives chiefly with my Lady Townshend: the latter told me last night, that she had seen a new fat player, who looked like everybody's husband. I replied, 'I could easily believe that, from seeing so many women who looked like everybody's wives.' Adieu! my dear Sir; I hope your spirits, like mine, will grow calm, from being callous with ill news.

197. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 4, 1745.

I AM still writing to you as *Résident de sa Majesté Britannique;* and without the apprehension of your suddenly receiving letters of recall, or orders to notify to the Council of Florence the new accession. I dare say your fears made you think that the young Prince (for he is at least Prince of Scotland) had vaulted from Cope's neck into St. James's House; but he is still at Edinburgh; and his cousin Grafton, the Lord Chamberlain, has not even given orders for fitting up this palace for his reception. The good people of England have at last rubbed their eyes and looked about them. A wonderful spirit is arisen in all counties, and among all sorts of people. The nobility are raising regiments, and everybody else is—being raised. Dr. Herring, the Archbishop of York, has set an example that would rouse the most indifferent: in two days after the news arrived at York of Cope's defeat, and when they every moment expected the victorious rebels at their gates, the Bishop made a speech to the assembled county, that had as much true spirit, honesty, and bravery in it, as ever was penned by an historian for an ancient hero.

The rebels returned to Edinburgh, where they have no hopes of taking the Castle, for old Preston[1], the deputy-governor, and General Guest, have obliged them to supply the Castle constantly with fresh provisions, on pain of having the town fired with red-hot bullets. They did fling a bomb on Holyrood House, and obliged the boy to shift his quarters. Wade is marching against them, and will have a great army: all the rest of our troops are ordered from Flanders, and are to meet him in Yorkshire, with some Hessians too. That county raises four thousand men, besides a body of foxhunters, whom Oglethorpe has converted into hussars. I am told that old Stair, who certainly does not want zeal, but may not want envy neither, has practised a little Scotch art to prevent Wade from having an army, and consequently the glory of saving this country. This I don't doubt he will do, if the rebels get no foreign aid; and I have great reason to hope they will not, for the French are privately making us overtures of peace. My dear child, dry your *wet-brown-paperness*, and be in spirits again!

It is not a very civil joy to send to Florence, but I can't help telling you how glad I am of news that came two days ago, of the King of Prussia having beat Prince Charles[2], who attacked him just after we could have obtained for them a peace with that King[3]. That odious house of

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LETTER 197.—[1] Colonel George Preston, Lieutenant-Governor of Edinburgh Castle; d. 1748.

[2] On Sept. 30, 1745, at Sohr in Bohemia.

[3] George II had made his own peace with the King of Prussia by a Convention signed at Hanover (Aug. 26, 1745), but could not prevail on Austria and Saxony to follow his example.

Austria! It will not be decent for *you* to insult Richcourt, but I would, were I at Florence.

Pray let Mr. Chute have ample accounts of our zeal to figure with at Rome; of the merchants of London undertaking to support the public credit; of universal associations; of regiments raised by the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, Rutland, Montagu; Lords Herbert, Halifax, Cholmondeley, Falmouth, Malton, Derby[4], &c.; of Wade with an army of twenty thousand men; of another about London of near as many—and lastly, of Lord Gower having in person assured the King that he is no Jacobite, but ready to serve him with his life and fortune. Tell him of the whole coast so guarded, that nothing can pass unvisited; and in short, send him this advertisement out of to-day's paper, as an instance of more spirit and wit than there is in all Scotland:

TO ALL JOLLY BUTCHERS.

MY BOLD HEARTS,

The Papists eat no *meat* on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, nor during Lent.

Your friend,
JOHN STEEL.

Just as I wrote this, a person is come in, who tells me that the rebels have cut off the communication between Edinburgh and the Castle: the commanders renewed their threats; and the good magistrates have sent up hither to beg orders may be sent to forbid this execution[5]. It is modest! it is Scotch!—and, I dare say, will be granted. Ask a government to spare your town, which you yourself have given up to rebels; and the consequence of saving which will be the loss of your Castle!—but they knew to what government they applied! You need not be in haste to have this notified at Rome. Tell it not in Gath!

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[4] Edward Stanley (1689-1776), eleventh Earl of Derby.

[5] In consequence of General Guest's threatened destruction of the city, the blockade ceased.

Adieu! my dear Sir. This account has put me so out of humour, and has so altered the strain of my letter, that I must finish.

198. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 11, 1745.

This is likely to be a very short letter; for I have nothing to tell you, nor anything to answer. I have not had one letter from you this month, which I attribute to the taking of the packet-boat by the French, with two mails in it. It was a very critical time for our negotiations; the ministry will say, it puts their transactions out of order.

Before I talk of any public news, I must tell you what you will be very sorry for—Lady Granville is dead. She had a fever for six weeks before her lying-in, and could never get it off. Last Saturday they called in another physician, Dr. Oliver: on Monday he pronounced her out of danger. About seven in the evening, as Lord Pomfret and Lady Charlotte were sitting by her, the first notice they had of her immediate danger, was her sighing and saying, 'I feel death come very fast upon me!' She repeated the same words frequently—remained perfectly in her senses and calm, and died about eleven at night. Her mother and sister sat by her till she was cold. It is very shocking for anybody so young, so handsome, so arrived at the height of happiness, so sensible of it, and on whom all the joy and grandeur of her family depended, to be so quickly snatched away! Poor Uguccioni! he will be very sorry and simple about it.

For the rebels, they have made no figure since their victory. The Castle of Edinburgh has made a sally, and taken twenty head of cattle, and about thirty head of Highlanders. We heard yesterday, that they are coming this way[1]. The troops from Flanders are expected to land in Yorkshire to-morrow. A privateer of Bristol has taken a large Spanish ship, laden with arms and money for Scotland[2]. A piece of a plot has been discovered in Dorsetshire, and one Mr. Weld[3] taken up. The French have declared to the Dutch, that the House of Stuart is their ally, and that the Dutch troops must not act against them; but we expect they shall. The Parliament meets next Thursday, and by that time, probably, the armies will too. The rebels are not above eight thousand, and have little artillery; so you may wear what ministerial spirits you will.

The Venetian ambassador has been making his entries this week: he was at Leicester Fields to-day with the Prince, and very pretty compliments passed between them in Italian.

Do excuse this letter: I really have not a word more to say; the next shall be all *arma virumque cano!*

199. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 21, 1745.

I had been almost as long without any of your letters as you had without mine; but yesterday I received one, dated the 5th of this month, N.S.

The rebels have not left their camp near Edinburgh, and, I suppose, will not now, unless to retreat into the Highlands. General Wade was to march yesterday from Doncaster for Scotland. By their not advancing, I conclude that either the boy and his council could not prevail on the Highlanders

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Letter 198.—[1] Charles Edward did not leave Edinburgh until Oct. 31.

[2] The *San Zirioco* from Corunna, captured by the *Trial* of Bristol.

[3] Edward Weld of Lulworth; d. 1761.

to leave their own country, or that they were not strong enough, and still wait for foreign assistance, which, in a new declaration, he intimates that he still expects. One only ship, I believe, a Spanish one, is got to them with arms, and Lord John Drummond[1] and some people of quality on board. We don't hear that the younger boy is of the number. Four ships sailed from Corunna; the one that got to Scotland, one taken by a privateer of Bristol, and one lost on the Irish coast; the fourth is not heard of. At Edinburgh and thereabouts they commit the most horrid barbarities. We last night expected as bad here: information was given of an intended insurrection and massacre by the Papists; all the Guards were ordered out, and the Tower shut up at seven. I cannot be surprised at anything, considering the supineness of the ministry—nobody has yet been taken up!

The Parliament met on Thursday. I don't think, considering the crisis, that the House was very full. Indeed, many of the Scotch members cannot come if they would. The young Pretender had published a declaration, threatening to confiscate the estates of the Scotch that should come to Parliament, and making it treason for the English. The only points that have been before the House, the address and the suspension of the Habeas corpus, met with obstructions from the Jacobites. By this we may expect what spirit they will show hereafter. With all this, I am far from thinking that they are so confident and sanguine as their friends at Rome. I blame the Chutes extremely for cockading themselves: why take a part, when they are only travelling? I should certainly retire to Florence on this occasion.

You may imagine how little I like our situation; but I don't despair. The little use they made, or could make of

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Letter 199.—[1] Lord John Drummond (circ. 1716–1747). He succeeded his brother as fourth titular Duke of Perth in 1746.

their victory; their not having marched into England; their miscarriage at the Castle of Edinburgh; the arrival of our forces, and the non-arrival of any French or Spanish, make me conceive great hopes of getting over this ugly business. But it is still an affair wherein the chance of battles, or perhaps of one battle, may decide.

I write you but short letters, considering the circumstances of the time; but I hate to send you paragraphs only to contradict them again: I still less choose to forge events; and, indeed, am glad I have so few to tell you.

My Lady O. has forced herself upon her mother, who receives her very coolly: she talks highly of her demands, and quietly of her methods: the fruitlessness of either will, I hope, soon send her back—I am sorry it must be to you!

You mention Holdisworth[2]: he has had the confidence to come and visit me within these ten days; and (I suppose, from the overflowing of his joy) talked a great deal and quick—with as little sense as when he was more tedious.

Since I wrote this, I hear the Countess has told her mother, that she thinks her husband the best of our family, and me the worst—nobody so bad, except you! I don't wonder at my being so ill with her; but what have you done? or is it, that we are worse than anybody, because we know more of her than anybody does? Adieu!

200. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1745.

It is just a fortnight since I wrote to you last: in all that time the Rebellion has made no progress, nor produced any incidents worth mentioning. They have intrenched themselves very strongly in the Duke of Buccleuch's park[1], whose seat, about seven miles from Edinburgh, they have seized. We had an account last week of the boy's being retired to Dunkirk, but it was not true. Kelly[2], who is gone to solicit succour from France, was seized at Helvoet, but by a stupid burgher released. Lord Loudon is very brisk in the north of Scotland, and has intercepted and beat some of their parties. Marshal Wade was to march from Newcastle yesterday.

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[2] A nonjuror, who travelled with Mr. G. Pitt. *Walpole.* — Edward Holdisworth (1688–1747), a classical scholar.

But the Rebellion does not make half the noise here that one of its consequences does. Fourteen lords (most of them I have named to you), at the beginning, offered to raise regiments; these regiments, so handsomely tendered at first, have been since put on the regular establishment; not much to the honour of the undertakers or of the firmness of the ministry, and the King is to pay them. One of the great grievances of this is, that these most disinterested colonels have named none but their own relations and dependents for the officers, who are to have rank; and consequently both colonels and subalterns will interfere with the brave old part of the army, who have served all the war. This has made great clamour. The King was against their having rank, but would not refuse it; yet wished that the House of Commons would address him not to grant it. This notification of his royal mind encouraged some of the old part of the ministry, particularly Winnington and Fox, to undertake to procure this address. Friday it came on in the committee; the Jacobites and Patriots (such as are not included in the coalition) violently opposed the regiments themselves; so did Fox, in a very warm speech, levelled particularly at the Duke of Montagu, who, besides his old

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Letter 200.—[1] Dalkeith; but the rebels were at Duddingston, several miles nearer Edinburgh.

[2] He had been confined in the Tower ever since the assassination-plot in the reign of King William, but at last made his escape. *Walpole.*

regiment, has one of horse and one of foot on this new plan. Pitt defended them as warmly: the Duke of Bedford, Lord Gower, and Lord Halifax, being at the head of this job. At last, at ten at night, the thirteen regiments of foot were voted without a division, and the two of horse carried by 192 to 82. Then came the motion for the address, and in an hour and half more, was rejected by 126 to 124. Of this latter number were several of the old corps; I among the rest. It is to be reported to the House to-morrow, and will, I conclude, be at least as warm a day as the former. The King is now against the address, and all sides are using their utmost efforts. The fourteen lords threaten to throw up, unless their whole terms are complied with; and the Duke of Bedford is not moderately insolent against such of the King's servants as voted against him. Mr. Pelham espouses him; not recollecting, that at least twice a week all his new allies are suffered to oppose him as they please. I should be sorry, for the appearance, to have the regiments given up; but I am sure our affair is over, if our two old armies are beaten and we should come to want these new ones; four only of which are pretended to be raised[3]. Pitt, who has alternately bullied and flattered Mr. Pelham, is at last to be Secretary at War[4]; Sir William Yonge to be removed to Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, and Lord Torrington[5] to have a pension in lieu of it. An ungracious parallel between the mercenary views of these Patriot heroes, the regiment factors, and of their acquiescent agents, the ministry, with the disinterested behaviour of my Lord Kildare[6], was drawn on Friday by Lord Doneraile; who read the very proposals of the latter for raising, clothing, and arming a regiment at his own expense, and for which he had been told, but the very day before this question, that the King had no occasion.—'And how,' said Lord Doneraile, 'can one account for this, but by saying, that we have a ministry who are either too good-natured to refuse a wrong thing, or too irresolute to do a right one!'

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[3] 'At the time of the Rebellion thirteen lords had offered to raise regiments of their own dependents, and were allowed. Had they paid them too, the service had been noble. Being paid by the government obscured a little of the merit—being paid without raising them would deserve too coarse a term. It is certain that not six of the thirteen regiments ever were raised—not four were employed. . . The chief persons at the head of this scheme were the Dukes of Bedford and Montagu. The former raised and served with his regiment. The Duke of Montagu, who thought he could never get too much from the government, or give away enough to the poor, had the profit of two regiments.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i, pp. 446–7.) A ballad (*The Heroes*) by Sir C. H. Williams also commemorates this scheme.

[4] This appointment did not take place.

[5] Pattee Byng (1699–1747), second Viscount Torrington; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1734–46; Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, 1744; Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, 1746–47.

I am extremely pleased with the purchase of the eagle and altar, and think them cheap: I even begin to believe that I shall be able to pay for them. The *gesse* statues are all arrived safe. Your last letter was dated Oct. 19, N.S., and left you up to the chin in water[7], just as we were drowned five years ago. Good night, if you are alive still!

201. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1745.

I told you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments; the affair of rank was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of 23. The King had been persuaded to appear for it, though Lord Granville made it a party point against Mr. Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for it, and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure (or at least what was called so) just now. The Prince acted openly, and influenced his people against it; but it only served to let Mr. Pelham see, what, like everything else, he did not know, how strong he is. The King will scarce speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt into place.

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[6] James Fitzgerald (1722-1773), twentieth Earl of Kildare, cr. Marquis of Kildare in 1761, Duke of Leinster in 1766; Master General of the Ordnance in Ireland, 1760-66; Lieutenant-General, 1770.

[7] By an inundation of the Arno. *Walpole.*

The rebels are come into England: for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle. Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia in it of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it; for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons. Several desert them as they advance south; and altogether, good men and bad, nobody believes them ten thousand. By their marching westward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not strong enough to fight him. They may yet retire back into their mountains, but if once they get to Lancaster, their retreat is cut off; for Wade will not stir from Newcastle, till he has embarked them deep into England, and then he will be behind them. He has sent General Handasyde from Berwick with two regiments to take possession of Edinburgh. The rebels are certainly in a very desperate situation: they dared not meet Wade; and if they had waited for him, their troops would have deserted. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Lancashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a continuation of our neglect. That, indeed, has nobly exerted itself for them. They were suffered to march the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing against them. Then two thousand men *sailed* to them, to run from them. Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent. Two roads still lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was thought of being sent to secure the other. Now Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is ordered to Lancashire: before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to halt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled. It is uncertain if the rebels will march to the north of Wales, to Bristol, or towards London. If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them: if to either of the other, which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner, where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales, but by being supplied by the Papists in Ireland. The best is, that we are in no fear from France; there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports. Lord Clancarty[1], a Scotchman of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family forfeited 90,000*l.* a year, for King James, is made vice-admiral at Brest. The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with his regiment; he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being a pen and ink man. Lord Gower insisted, too, upon going with his regiment, but is laid up with the gout.

With the rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge, that our case is far from desperate, though disagreeable. The Prince, while the Princess lies-in, has taken to give dinners, to which he asks two of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, two of the Maids of Honour, &c., by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harangues to all this medley till nine at night; and the other day, after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr. Fox's health in a bumper, with three huzzas, for opposing Mr. Pelham—

Si quà fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!

You put me in pain for my eagle, and in more for the

LETTER 201.—[1] Robert Maccarty (1685–1769), fifth Earl of Clancarty; Governor of Newfoundland, 1733–35.

Chutes, whose zeal is very heroic, but very ill-placed. I long to hear that all my Chutes and eagles are safe out of the Pope's hands! Pray wish the Suares's joy of all their espousals. Does the Princess pray abundantly for her friend the Pretender? Is she extremely *abattue* with her devotion? and does she fast till she has got a violent appetite for supper? And then, does she eat so long, that old Sarrasin is quite impatient to go to cards again? Good night! I intend you shall still be Resident from King George.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that the other day I concluded the ministry knew the danger was all over; for the Duke of Newcastle ventured to have the Pretender's declaration burnt at the Royal Exchange.

202. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1745.

FOR these two days we have been expecting news of a battle. Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the rebels if they stayed for him, though the roads are exceedingly bad and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of rebels being advanced to Penryth. We were put into great spirits by an heroic letter from the mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying, 'And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his Majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together.' But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four-and-twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The King spoke of him at his *levée* with great encomiums; Lord Stair said, 'Yes, sir, Mr. Patterson has behaved very bravely.' The Duke of Bedford interrupted him; 'My Lord, his name is not *Paterson;* that is a Scotch name; his name is *Patinson.*' But, alack! the next day the rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in waggons in the front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling-ladders. The great Mr. Pattinson, or Patterson (for now his name may be which one pleases), instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage. Well! then we were assured that the citadel could hold out seven or eight days; but did not so many hours[1]. On mustering the militia, there were not found above four men in a company; and for four companies, which the ministry, on a report of Lord Albemarle, who said they were to be sent from Wade's army, thought were there, and did not know were not there, there was nothing but two, but of invalids. Colonel Durand, the governor, fled, because he would not sign the capitulation, by which the garrison, it is said, has sworn never to bear arms against the house of Stuart. The Colonel sent two expresses, one to Wade, and another to Ligonier at Preston; but the latter was playing at whisk with Lord Harrington at Petersham[2]. Such is our diligence and attention! All my hopes are in Wade, who was so sensible of the ignorance of our governors, that he refused to accept the command, till they consented that he should be subject to no kind of orders from hence. The rebels are reckoned up to thirteen thousand; Wade marches with about twelve; but if they come southward, the other army will probably be to fight them; the Duke is to command it, and sets out next week with another brigade of Guards, and Ligonier under him. There are great apprehensions for Chester from the Flintshire men, who are ready to rise.

LETTER 202.—[1] Carlisle surrendered on Nov. 15.

[2] Petersham Lodge, Lord Harrington's seat at Richmond in Surrey.

A quarter-master, first sent to Carlisle, was seized and carried to Wade; he behaved most insolently; and being asked by the General, how many the rebels were, replied, 'Enough to beat any army you have in England.' A Mackintosh has been taken, who reduces their formidability, by being sent to raise two clans, and with orders, if they would not rise, at least to give out they had risen, for that three clans would leave the Pretender, unless joined by those two. Five hundred new rebels are arrived at Perth, where our prisoners are kept.

I had this morning a subscription-book brought me for our parish; Lord Granville had refused to subscribe. This is in the style of his friend Lord Bath, who has absented himself whenever any act of authority was to be executed against the rebels.

Five Scotch lords are going to raise regiments *à l'Angloise!* Resident in London, while the rebels were in Scotland, they are to receive military emoluments for their neutrality!

The *Fox* man-of-war of 20 guns is lost off Dunbar. One Beavor, the captain, had done us notable service: the Pretender sent to commend his zeal and activity, and to tell him, that if he would return to his allegiance, he should soon have a flag. Beavor replied, 'He never treated with any but principals; that if the Pretender would come on board him, he would talk with him.' I must now tell you of our great Vernon: without once complaining to the ministry, he has written to Sir John Philipps, a distinguished Jacobite, to complain of want of provisions; yet they do not venture to recall him! Yesterday they had another baiting from Pitt, who is ravenous for the place of Secretary at War: they would give it him; but as a preliminary, he insists on a declaration of our having nothing to do with the continent. He mustered his forces, but did not notify his intention; only at two o'clock Lyttelton said at the Treasury, that there would be business at the House. The motion was, to augment our naval force, which, Pitt said, was the only method of putting an end to the rebellion. Ships built a year hence to suppress an army of Highlanders, now marching through England! My uncle attacked him, and congratulated his country on the wisdom of the modern young men; and said he had a son of two-and-twenty, who, he did not doubt, would come over wiser than any of them. Pitt was provoked, and retorted on his negotiations and *grey-headed* experience. At those words, my uncle, as if he had been at Bartholomew Fair, snatched off his wig, and showed his grey hairs, which made the *august senate* laugh, and put Pitt out, who, after laughing himself, diverted his venom upon Mr. Pelham. Upon the question, Pitt's party amounted but to thirty-six: in short, he has nothing left but his words, and his haughtiness, and his Lytteltons, and his Grenvilles. Adieu!

203. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 29, 1745.

WE have had your story here this week of the *pretended* Pretender, but with the unlucky circumstance of its coming from the Roman Catholics. With all the faith you have in your little spy, I cannot believe it; though, to be sure, it has a Stuart-air, the not exposing the real boy to danger. The Duke of Newcastle mentioned your account this morning to my uncle; but they don't give any credit to the courier's relation. It grows so near being necessary for the young man to get off by any evasion, that I am persuaded all that party will try to have it believed. We are so far from thinking that they have not sent us one son, that two days ago we believed we had got the other too. A small ship has taken the *Soleil* privateer from Dunkirk, going to Montrose, with twenty French officers, sixty others, and the brother[1] of the beheaded Lord Derwentwater[2] and his son[3], who at first was believed to be the second boy. News came yesterday of a second privateer, taken with arms and money; of another lost on the Dutch coast, and of Vernon being in pursuit of two more. All this must be a great damp to the party, who are coming on fast—fast to their destruction. Last night they were to be at Preston, but several repeated accounts make them under five thousand—none above seven; they must have diminished greatly by desertion. The country is so far from rising for them, that the towns are left desolate on their approach, and the people hide and bury their effects, even to their pewter. Warrington bridge is broken down, which will turn them some miles aside. The Duke, with the flower of that brave army which stood all the fire at Fontenoy, will rendezvous at Stone, beyond Litchfield, the day after to-morrow: Wade is advancing behind them, and will be at Wetherby in Yorkshire to-morrow. In short, I have no conception of their daring to fight either army, nor see any visible possibility of their not being very soon destroyed. My fears have been great, for the greatness of our stake; but I now write in the greatest confidence of our getting over this ugly business. We have another very disagreeable affair, that may have fatal consequences: there rages a murrain among the cows; we dare not eat milk, butter, beef, nor anything from that

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LETTER 203.—[1] Charles Radcliffe (1693–1746), who but for the attainder would have been fifth Earl of Derwentwater. He was sentenced to death after the rebellion of 1715, but escaped from Newgate. He was now sent to the Tower, was tried, and condemned to death, under his former sentence. He was beheaded on Tower Hill on Dec. 8, 1746.

[2] James Radcliffe (1689–1716), third Earl of Derwentwater.

[3] James Bartholomew Radcliffe (1725–1786), Viscount Kinnaird; succeeded his mother as third Earl of Newburgh in 1755. He does not appear to have been known as Viscount Kinnaird, as Horace Walpole mentions him (after his release from imprisonment) as Mr. Radcliffe.

species. Unless there is snow or frost soon, it is likely to spread dreadfully; though hitherto it has not reached many miles from London. At first, it was imagined that the Papists had empoisoned the pools; but the physicians have pronounced it infectious, and brought from abroad.

I forgot to tell you, that my uncle begged the Duke of Newcastle to stifle this report of the sham Pretender, lest the King should hear it and recall the Duke, as too great to fight a counterfeit. It is certain that the army adore the Duke, and are gone in the greatest spirits; and on the parade, as they began their march, the Guards vowed that they would neither give nor take quarter. For bravery, his Royal Highness is certainly no Stuart, but literally loves to be in the act of fighting. His brother has so far the same taste, that the night of his new son's[4] christening, he had the citadel of Carlisle in sugar at supper, and the company besieged it with sugar plums. It was well imagined, considering the time and the circumstances. One thing was very proper; old Marshal Stair was there, who is grown child enough to be fit to war only with such artillery. Another piece of ingenuity of that court was on the report of Pitt being named Secretary at War. The Prince hates him, since the fall of Lord Granville: he said, Miss Chudleigh[5], one of the Maids, was fitter for the employment; and dictated a letter, which he made her write to Lord Harrington, to desire he would draw the warrant for her. There were fourteen people at table, and all were to sign it: the Duke of Queensberry[6] would not, as being a friend of

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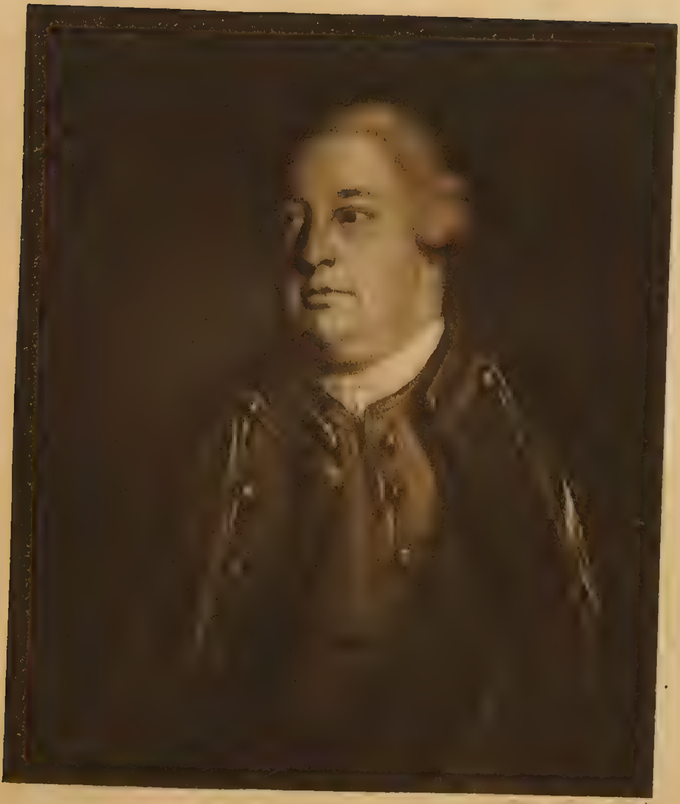
[4] Prince Henry Frederick (1745–1790); cr. Duke of Cumberland, 1766.

[5] Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, Governor of Chelsea Hospital; m. 1. (privately, in 1744), the Hon. Augustus John Hervey (afterwards third Earl of Bristol); 2. (1769, during the lifetime of her first husband), Evelyn Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston. She was tried for bigamy in 1776, and found guilty. After her trial she left England. She died abroad in 1788.

[6] Charles Douglas (1698–1778), third Duke of Queensberry; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1720; Vice-Admiral of Scotland, 1722–30; Lord of



William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Pitt, nor Mrs. Layton, one of the dressers: however, it was actually sent, and the footman ordered not to deliver it till Sir William Yonge was at Lord Harrington's — alas! it would be endless to tell you all his *Caligulisms!* A ridiculous thing happened when the Princess saw company: the new-born babe was shown in a mighty pretty cradle, designed by Kent, under a canopy in the great drawing-room. Sir William Stanhope went to look at it; Mrs. Herbert[7], the governess, advanced to unmantle it: he said, 'In wax, I suppose.'—'Sir!'—'In wax, Madam?'—'The young Prince, Sir.'—'Yes, in wax, I suppose.' This is his odd humour: when he went to see this Duke at his birth, he said, 'Lord: it sees!'

The good Provost of Edinburgh has been with Marshal Wade at Newcastle, and it is said is coming to London—he must trust hugely to the inactivity of the ministry! They have taken an agent there going with large contributions from the Roman Catholics, who have pretended to be so quiet! The Duchess of Richmond, while her husband is at the army, was going to her Grace of Norfolk: when he was very uneasy at her intention, she showed him letters from the Norfolk, 'wherein she prays God that this wicked rebellion may be soon suppressed, lest it hurt the poor Roman Catholics.' But this wise jaunt has made such a noise that it is laid aside.

Your friend Lord Sandwich has got one of the Duke of Montagu's regiments; he stayed quietly till all the noise was over. He is now Lord of the Admiralty, lieutenant-colonel to the Duke of Bedford, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Richmond, and colonel of a regiment!

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the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, 1748–51; Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, 1761–63; Lord Justice General of Scotland, 1763–78.

[7] Mary, daughter of John Smith (Speaker of the House of Commons in 1705); m. Hon. Robert Sawyer Herbert, second son of eighth Earl of Pembroke; d. 1757.

A friend of mine, Mr. Talbot, who has a good estate in Cheshire, with the great tithes, which he takes in kind, and has generally fifteen hundred pounds stock, has expressly ordered his steward to burn it, if the rebels come that way: I don't think this will make a bad figure in Mr. Chute's brave gazette. As we go on prospering, I will take care to furnish him with paragraphs, till he kills Riviera[8] and all the faction. When my lovely eagle comes, I will consecrate it to his Roman memory; don't think I want spirits more than he, when I beg you to send me a case of drams: I remember your getting one for Mr. Trevor.

I guessed at having lost two letters from you in the packet-boat that was taken: I have received all you mention, but those of the 21st and 28th of September, one of which I suppose was about Gibberne: his mother has told me how happy you have made her and him, for which I much thank you and your usual good-nature. Adieu! I trust all my letters will grow better and better. You must have passed a lamentable scene of anxiety; we have had a good deal; but I think we grow in spirits again. There never was so melancholy a town; no kind of public place but the play-houses, and they look as if the rebels had just driven away the company. Nobody but has some fear for themselves, for their money, or for their friends in the army: of this number am I deeply; Lord Bury[9] and Mr. Conway, two of the first in my list, are aide-de-camps to the Duke, and another, Mr. Cornwallis[10], is in the same army, and my nephew, Lord Malpas[11]—so I still fear the rebels beyond my reason. Good night.

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[8] Cardinal Riviera, promoted to the purple by the interest of the Pretender. *Walpole.*—*Respectable, d'une grande probité; jadis un peu galant, aujourd'hui d'une grande régularité; l'un de leurs meilleurs sujets.* (De Brosses, *Lettres d'Italie*, li.)

[9] George Keppel, eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title in 1754. *Walpole.*

[10] Edward, brother of Earl Cornwallis, Groom of the Bedchamber to the King, and afterwards Governor of Nova Scotia. *Walpole*—Sixth son of third Baron Cornwallis; d. 1776.

P.S. It is now generally believed from many circumstances, that the youngest Pretender is actually among the prisoners taken on board the *Soleil*: pray wish Mr. Chute joy for me.

204. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1745.

I am glad I did not write to you last post as I intended; I should have sent you an account that would have alarmed you, and the danger would have been over before the letter had crossed the sea. The Duke, from some strange want of intelligence, lay last week for four-and-twenty hours under arms at Stone, in Staffordshire, expecting the rebels every moment, while they were marching in all haste to Derby. The news of this threw the town into great consternation[1]; but his Royal Highness repaired his mistake, and got to Northampton, between the Highlanders and London. They got nine thousand pounds at Derby, and had the books brought to them, and obliged everybody to give them what they had subscribed against them. Then they retreated a few miles, but returned again to Derby, got ten thousand pounds more, plundered the town, and burnt a house of the Countess of Exeter[2]. They are gone again, and got back to Leake, in Staffordshire, but miserably harassed, and, it is said, have left all their cannon behind them, and twenty waggons of sick. The Duke has sent General Hawley[3] with the dragoons to harass them in their retreat, and dispatched Mr. Conway to Marshal Wade, to hasten his march upon the back of them. They must either go to North Wales, where they will probably all perish, or to Scotland, with great loss. We dread them no longer. We are threatened with great preparations for a French invasion, but the coast is exceedingly guarded; and for the people, the spirit against the rebels increases every day. Though they have marched thus into the heart of the kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. They have got no recruits since their first entry into England, excepting one gentleman[4] in Lancashire, one hundred and fifty common men, and two parsons, at Manchester, and a physician from York. But here in London, the aversion to them is amazing: on some thoughts of the King's going to an encampment at Finchley, the weavers not only offered him a thousand men, but the whole body of the Law formed themselves into a little army, under the command of Lord Chief-Justice Willes, and were to have done duty at St. James's, to guard the royal family in the King's absence.

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[11] George, eldest son of George Earl of Cholmondeley, and of Mary, second daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*—He died in 1764, during his father's lifetime.

Letter 204.—[1] The consternation was so great as to occasion that day being called *Black Friday*. *Walpole.*

[2] Hannah Sophia, daughter of Thomas Chambers, of Derby and London; m. (1724) Brownlow Cecil, eighth Earl of Exeter; d. 1765.

[3] Lieutenant-General Henry Hawley, 'an indifferent officer, but a

But the greatest demonstration of loyalty appeared on the prisoners being brought to town from the *Soleil* prize: the young man is certainly Mr. Radcliffe's son; but the mob, persuaded of his being the youngest Pretender, could scarcely be restrained from tearing him to pieces all the way on the road, and at his arrival. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at the battle of Dettingen, where he had been engaged. The father, whom they call Lord

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very harsh disciplinarian' (*D. N. B.*). He was in command when the English troops were defeated at Falkirk (Jan. 1746). He died in 1759. His eccentric will was printed in the *Annual Register* for that year (p. 348).

[4] Francis, fifth son of Charles Townley of Townley. He was taken prisoner and executed in 1746, when his head was placed on Temple Bar.

Derwentwater, said, on entering the Tower, that he had never expected to arrive there alive. For the young man, he must only be treated as a French captive; for the father, it is sufficient to produce him at the Old Bailey, and prove that he is the individual person condemned for last Rebellion, and so to Tyburn.

We begin to take up people, but it is with as much caution and timidity as women of quality begin to pawn their jewels; we have not ventured upon any great stone yet! The Provost of Edinburgh is in custody of a messenger; and the other day they seized an odd man, who goes by the name of Count St. Germain[5]. He has been here these two years, and will not tell who he is, or whence, but professes two very wonderful things, the first, that he does not go by his right name, and the second, that he never had any dealings with any woman . . .[6] He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is mad, and not very sensible. He is called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; a somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and ran away with her jewels to Constantinople; a priest, a fiddler, a vast nobleman. The Prince of Wales has had unsatiated curiosity about him, but in vain. However, nothing has been made out against him; he is released; and, what convinces me that he is not a gentleman, stays here, and talks of his being taken up for a spy[7].

I think these accounts, upon which you may depend, must raise your spirits, and figure in Mr. Chute's loyal journal.—But you don't get my letters: I have sent you eleven since I came to town; how many of these have you received? Adieu!

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[5] An adventurer, whose name and origin are unknown. He died at Schleswig in 1784.

[6] Passage omitted.

[7] In the beginning of the year 1755, on rumours of a great armament at Brest, one Virrette, a Swiss, who had been a kind of toad-eater to this St. Germain, was denounced to Lord Holdernesse for a spy; but Mr. Stanley going pretty surlily to his Lordship on his suspecting a friend of his, Virrette was declared innocent, and the penitent Secretary of State made him the *amende honorable* of a dinner in form. About the same time a spy of ours was seized at Brest, but not happening to be acquainted with Mr. Stanley, was broken upon the wheel. *Walpole.*

205. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1745.

I have at last got your great letter by Mr. Gambier, and the views of the villas[1], for which I thank you much. I can't say I think them too well done, nor the villas themselves pretty, but the prospects are charming. I have since received two more letters from you, of November 30th and December 7th. You seem to receive mine at last, though very slowly.

We have at last got a spring-tide of good luck. The rebels turned back from Derby, and have ever since been flying with the greatest precipitation. The Duke, with all his horse, and a thousand foot mounted, has pursued them with astonishing rapidity; and General Oglethorpe, with part of Wade's horse, has crossed over upon them. There has been little prospect of coming up with their entire body, but it dismayed them; their stragglers were picked up, and the towns in their way preserved from plunder, by their not having time to do mischief. This morning an express is arrived from Lord Malton[2] in Yorkshire, who has had an account of Oglethorpe's cutting a part of them to pieces, and of the Duke's overtaking their rear and entirely demolishing it[3]. We believe all this; but, as it is not yet confirmed, don't depend upon it too much. The fat East Indian ships are arrived safe from Ireland—I mean

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Letter 205.—[1] Villas of the Florentine nobility. *Walpole.*

[2] Sir Thomas Watson Wentworth, Knight of the Bath and Earl of Malton; afterwards created Marquis of Rockingham. *Walpole.*

[3] A false report—the royal troops were repulsed on Dec. 17 at Clifton Moor, with considerable loss.

the prizes; and yesterday a letter arrived from Admiral Townshend in the West Indies, where he has fallen in with the Martinico fleet (each ship valued at eight thousand pounds), taken twenty, sunk ten, and driven ashore two men-of-war, their convoy, and battered them to pieces[4]. All this will raise the pulse of the stocks, which have been exceedingly low this week, and the bank itself in danger. The private rich are making immense fortunes out of the public distress: the dread of the French invasion has occasioned this. They have a vast embarkation at Dunkirk; the Duc de Richelieu[5], Marquis Fimarcon, and other general officers, are named in form to command. Nay, it has been notified in form by the insolent Lord John Drummond[6], who has got to Scotland, and sent a drum to Marshal Wade, to announce himself commander for the French King in the war he designs to wage in England, and to propose a cartel for the exchange of prisoners. No answer has been made to this rebel; but the King has acquainted the Parliament with this audacious message. We have a vast fleet at sea; and the main body of the Duke's army is coming down to the coast to prevent their landing, if they should slip our ships. Indeed, I can't believe they will attempt coming hither, as they must hear of the destruction of the rebels in England; but they will, probably, dribble away to Scotland, where the war may last considerably. Into England, I scarce believe the Highlanders will be drawn again:—to have come as far as Derby—to have found no rising in their favour, and to find themselves not strong enough to fight either army, will make lasting impressions!

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[4] Off Martinique, on Oct. 31, 1745. (See *Gent. Mag.*, 1745, p. 629.)

[5] Louis François Armand du Plessis (1706–1788), Duc de Richelieu, Maréchal de France, Ambassador at Vienna in 1725. He was present at the battle of Fontenoy, and captured Minorca in 1756. In 1758 he commanded the army which devastated Hanover. He took a prominent part in the disgraceful intrigues of the latter part of the reign of Louis XV.

[6] Brother of the titular Duke of Perth. *Walpole.*

Vernon, I hear, is recalled for his absurdities, and at his own request, and Martin named for his successor. We had yesterday a very remarkable day in the House: the King notified his having sent for six thousand Hessians into Scotland. Mr. Pelham for an address of thanks. Lord Cornbury[7] (indeed, an exceedingly honest man) was for thanking for the notice, not for the sending for the troops; and proposed to add a representation of the national being the only constitutional troops, and to hope we should be exonerated of these foreigners as soon as possible. Pitt, and that clan, joined him; but the voice of the House, and the desires of the whole kingdom for all the troops we can get, were so strong, that, on the division, we were 190 to 44: I think and hope this will produce some Hanoverians too. That it will produce a dismission of the Cobhamites is pretty certain; the Duke of Bedford and Lord Gower are warm for both points. The latter has certainly renounced Jacobitism.

Boetslaar is come again from Holland, but his errand not yet known. You will have heard of another victory which the Prussian has gained over the Saxons[8]; very bloody on both sides: but now he is master of Dresden.

We again think that we have got the second son, under the name of Macdonald. Nobody is permitted to see any of the prisoners.

In the midst of our political distresses, which, I assure you, have reduced the town to a state of Presbyterian dulness, we have been entertained with the marriage of the Duchess of Bridgewater[9] and Dick Lyttelton: she, forty, plain, very rich, and with five children; he, six-and-twenty, handsome, poor, and proper to get her five more. I saw, the other day, a very good *Irish* letter. A gentleman in Dublin, full of the great qualities of my Lord Chesterfield, has written a panegyric on them, particularly on his affability and humility; with a comparison between him and the *hauteur* of all other lord-lieutenants. As an instance, he says, the Earl was invited to a great dinner, whither he went, *by mistake*, at one, instead of three. The master was not at home, the lady not dressed, everything in confusion. My lord was so humble as to dismiss his train and take a hackney-chair, and went and stayed with *Mrs. Phipps* till dinner-time—*la belle humilité!*

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[7] Henry Hyde, only son of Henry the last Earl of Clarendon. He was called up to the House of Peers, by the style of Lord Hyde, and died unmarried before his father, at Paris, 1754. *Walpole.*

[8] On Dec. 15, 1754, the Saxons under Count Rutowski were defeated by the Prussians under Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, at Kesselsdorf in Saxony.

[9] Lady Rachel Russell, elder sister of John, Duke of Bedford, and widow of Scrope Egerton, Duke of Bridg-

I am not at all surprised to hear of my cousin Don Sebastian's[10] stupidity. Why, child, he cannot articulate; how would you have had him educated? Cape Breton, Bastia[11], Martinico! if we are undone this year, at least we go out with *éclat*. Good night.

206. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 3, 1746.

I deferred writing to you till I could tell you that the rebellion was at an end in England. The Duke has taken Carlisle, but was long enough before it to prove how basely or cowardly it was yielded to the rebels: you will see the particulars in the Gazette[1]. His Royal Highness is ex-

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water, married to her second husband, Colonel Richard Lyttelton, brother of Sir George Lyttelton, afterwards Knight of the Bath. *Walpole.*

[10] Commodore Hon. George Townshend (d. 1769), afterwards Admiral of the White; eldest son of second Viscount Townshend by his second wife, Dorothy, sister of Sir Robert Walpole, and, consequently, Horace Walpole's first cousin. He was now in command of a squadron on the Italian coast. Mann mentions his stupidity in a letter of Dec. 7, 1745. (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 227.)

[11] On the night of Nov. 6–7, 1745, Commodore Townshend, acting in support of the insurgent Corsicans, bombarded and burned the town of Bastia.

Letter 206.—[1] Carlisle surrendered on Dec. 29.

pected in town every day[2]; but I still think it probable that he will go to Scotland. That country is very clamorous for it. If the King does send him, it should not be with that sword of mercy with which the present family have governed those people. All the world agrees in the fitness of severity to highwaymen, for the sake of the innocent who suffer; then, can rigour be ill placed against banditti who have so terrified, pillaged, and injured the poor people in Cumberland, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and the counties through which this rebellion has stalked? There is a military magistrate of some fierceness sent into Scotland with Wade's army, who is coming to town; it is General Hawley. He will not sow the seeds of future disloyalty by too easily pardoning the present.

The French still go on with their preparations at Dunkirk and their sea-ports; but, I think, few people believe now that they will be exerted against us: we have a numerous fleet in the Channel, and a large army on the shores opposite to France. The Dutch fear that all this storm is to burst on them. Since the Queen's making peace with Prussia[3], the Dutch are applying to him for protection; and, I am told, wake from their neutral lethargy.

We are in a good quiet state here in town; the Parliament is reposing itself for the holidays; the ministry is in private agitation; the Cobham part of the coalition is going to be disbanded; Pitt's wild ambition cannot content itself with what he had asked, and had had granted[4]; and he has driven Lyttelton and the Grenvilles to adopt all his extravagances. But then, they are at variance again within themselves: Lyttelton's wife[5] hates Pitt, and does not approve his governing her husband and hurting their family; so that, at present, it seems he does not care to be a martyr to Pitt's caprices, which are in excellent training; for he is governed by her mad Grace of Queensberry[6]. All this makes foul weather; but, to me, it is only a cloudy landscape.

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[2] To take command in view of the projected invasion from France.

[3] The Peace of Dresden, signed Dec. 25, 1745.

[4] He wished to be Secretary at War.

[5] Lucy Fortescue, sister of Lord Clinton, first wife of Sir George Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

The Prince has dismissed Hume Campbell[7], who was his Solicitor, for attacking Lord Tweeddale[8] on the Scotch affairs: the latter has resigned the seals of Secretary of State for Scotland to-day. I conclude, when the holidays are over, and the Rebellion travelled so far back, we shall have warm inquiries in Parliament. This is a short letter, I perceive; but I know nothing more; and the Carlisle part of it will make you wear your beaver more erect than I believe you have of late. Adieu!

207. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 17, 1746.

It is a very good symptom, I can tell you, that I write to you seldom: it is a fortnight since my last; and nothing material has happened in this interval. The rebels are intrenching and fortifying themselves in Scotland; and what a despicable affair is a rebellion upon the defensive! General Hawley is marched from Edinburgh, to put it quite out. I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility. He is called *Lord Chief Justice*; frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter he had intelligence of a spy to come from the French army: the first notice our army had of his arrival, was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier who was hanged for desertion, to dissect: 'Well,' said Hawley, 'but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guard-room.' He is very brave and able; with no small bias to the brutal. Two years ago, when he arrived at Ghent, the magistrates, according to custom, sent a gentleman, with the offer of a sum of money to engage his favour. He told the gentleman, in great wrath, that the King his master paid him, and that he should go tell the magistrates so; at the same time dragging him to the head of the stairs, and kicking him down. He then went to the town-hall; on their refusing him entrance, he burst open the door with his foot, and seated himself abruptly: told them how he had been affronted, was persuaded they had no hand in it, and demanded to have the gentleman given up to him, who never dared to appear in the town while he stayed in it. Now I am telling you anecdotes of him, you shall hear two more. When the Prince of Hesse, *our* son-in-law, arrived at Brussels, and found Hawley did not wait on him, the Prince sent to know if he expected the first visit? He replied, 'He always expected that inferior officers should wait on their commanders; and not only that, but he gave his Highness but half an hour to consider of it.' The Prince went to him. I believe I told you of Lord John Drummond sending a drum to Wade to propose a cartel. Wade returned a civil answer, which had the King's and Council's approbation. When the drummer arrived with it at Edinburgh,

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[6] Catherine Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and wife of Charles Douglas, Duke of Queensberry; a famous beauty, celebrated by Prior in that pretty poem which begins, 'Thus Kitty, beautiful and young'; and often mentioned in Swift's and Pope's letters. She was forbid the court for promoting subscriptions to the second part of the *Beggar's Opera* when it had been stopped from being acted. She and the Duke erected the monument to Gay in Westminster Abbey. *Walpole.*

[7] Only brother of the Earl of Marchmont. *Walpole.*

[8] The Marquis of Tweeddale was one of the discontented Whigs during the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, on whose removal he came to court, and was made Secretary of State, attaching himself to Lord Granville's faction, whose youngest daughter Frances he afterwards married. He was reckoned a good civilian, but was a very dull man. *Walpole.*

Hawley opened it and threw it into the fire, would not let the drummer go back, but made him write to Lord J. Drummond, 'That rebels were not to be treated with.' If you don't think that spirit like this will do—do you see, I would not give a farthing for your presumption.

The French invasion is laid aside; we are turning our hands to war again upon the continent. The House of Commons is something of which I can give you no description: Mr. Pitt, the meteor of it, is neither yet in place, nor his friends out. Some Tories oppose: Mr. Pelham is distressed, and has vast majorities. When the scene clears a little, I will tell you more of it.

The two last letters I have had from you, are of Dec. 21 and Jan. 4. You was then still in uneasiness; by this time I hope you have no other distresses than are naturally incident to your *Minyness.*

I never hear anything of the Countess[1] except just now, that she is grown tired of sublunary affairs, and willing to come to a composition with her Lord: I believe the price will be two thousand a year. The other day, his and her lawyers were talking over the affair before *her* and several other people: her counsel, in the heat of the dispute, said to my Lord's lawyers, 'Sir, Sir, we shall be able to prove that her Ladyship was denied nuptial rights and conjugal enjoyments for seven years.' It was excellent! My Lord must have had matrimonial talents indeed, to have reached to Italy; besides, you know, she made it a point after her son was born, not to let her husband lie with her . . . [2].

Thank you for the little medal. I am glad I have nothing more to tell you—you little expected that we should so soon recover our tranquillity. Adieu!

LETTER 207.—[1] Lady Orford. *Walpole.*

[2] Passage omitted.

208. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1746.

Do they send you the Gazettes as they used to do? If you have them, you will find there an account of *another* battle lost in Scotland [1]. Our arms cannot succeed there. Hawley, of whom I said so much to you in my last, has been as unsuccessful as Cope, and by almost every circumstance the same, except that Hawley had less want of skill and much more presumption. The very same dragoons ran away at Falkirk, that ran away at Preston Pans. Though we had seven thousand men, and the rebels but five, we had scarce three regiments that behaved well. General Huske [2] and Brigadier Cholmondeley, my Lord's brother, shone extremely: the former beat the enemy's right wing; and the latter, by rallying two regiments, prevented the pursuit. Our loss is trifling; for many of the rebels fled as fast as the glorious dragoons: but we have lost some good officers, particularly Sir Robert Monroe [3]; and seven pieces of cannon. A worse loss is apprehended, Stirling Castle, which could hold out but ten days; and that term expires to-morrow [4]. The Duke is gone post to Edinburgh, where he hoped to arrive to-night; if possibly, to relieve Stirling. Another battle will certainly be fought before you receive this: I hope with the Hessians in it, who are every hour expected to land in Scotland. With many other glories, the English courage seems gone too! The great dependence is upon the Duke; the soldiers adore him, and with reason: he has a lion's

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Letter 208.—[1] At Falkirk, Jan. 17, 1746.

[2] Major-General John Huske, Governor of Sheerness, 1745; General, 1756; Governor of Jersey, 1760; d. 1761.

[3] 'Although simultaneously attacked by six men of Lochiel's clan, he gallantly defended himself, killing two of them, but a seventh coming up shot him in the groin with a pistol, whereupon he fell forward and was at once struck to the ground, and killed on the spot.' (*D. N. B.*)

[4] Stirling Castle held out. The rebels raised the siege on Feb. 1, 1746.

courage, vast vigilance and activity, and, I am told, great military genius. For my own particular, I am uneasy that he is gone; Lord Bury and Mr. Conway, two of his aides-de-camp, and brave as he, are gone with him. The ill behaviour of the soldiers lays a double obligation on the officers to set them examples of running on danger. The ministry would have kept back Mr. Conway, as being in Parliament; which when the Duke told him, he burst into tears, and protested that nothing should hinder his going—and he is gone! Judge, if I have not reason to be alarmed!

Some of our prisoners in Scotland (the former prisoners) are released. They had the privilege of walking about the town, where they were confined, upon their parole: the militia of the country rose and set them at liberty. General Hawley is so strict as to think they should be sent back; but nobody here comprehends such refinement: they could not give their parole that the town should not be taken. There are two or three others, who will lay the government under difficulties, when we have got over the Rebellion. They were come to England on their parole; and when the executions begin, they must in honour be given up—the question indeed will be, to whom?

Adieu! my dear Sir! I write you this short letter, rather than be taxed with negligence on such an event; though, you perceive, I know nothing but what you will see in the printed papers.

P.S. The Hessians would not act, because we would not settle a cartel with rebels!

209. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 7, 1746.

Till yesterday that I received your last of Jan. 27, I was very uneasy at finding you still remained under the same anxiety about the Rebellion, when it had so long ceased to be formidable with us: but you have got all my letters, and are out of your pain. Hawley's defeat (or at least what was called so, for I am persuaded that the victory was ours as far as there was any fighting, which indeed lay in a very small compass, the great body of each army running away) will have thrown you back into your terrors; but here is a letter to calm you again. All Monday and Tuesday we were concluding that the battle between the Duke and the rebels must be fought, and nothing was talked of but the expectation of the courier. He did arrive indeed on Wednesday morning, but with no battle; for the moment the rebel army saw the Duke's, they turned back with the utmost precipitation; spiked their cannon, blew up their magazine, and left behind them their wounded and our prisoners. They crossed the Forth, and in one day fled four-and-thirty miles to Perth, where, as they have strong intrenchments, some imagine they will wait to fight; but their desertion is too great: the whole clan of the Macdonalds, one of their best, has retired on the accidental death of their chief[1]. In short, it looks exceedingly like the conclusion of this business, though the French have embarked Fitz-James's regiment at Ostend for Scotland. The Duke's name disperses armies, as the Pretender's raised them.

The French seem to be at the eve of taking Antwerp and Brussels[2], the latter of which is actually besieged. In this case I don't see how we can send an army abroad this summer, for there will be no considerable towns in Flanders left in the possession of the Empress-Queen.

The *new* regiments, of which I told you so much, have again been in dispute: as their term was near expired, the

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LETTER 209.—[1] Young Macdonald of Glengarry had been accidentally shot by one of the followers of Macdonald of Clanranald.

[2] Brussels surrendered to Marshal Saxe on Feb. 20, and Antwerp shortly afterwards.

ministry proposed to continue them for four months longer. This was last Friday, when, as we every hour expected the news of a conclusive battle, which, if favourable, would render them useless, Mr. Fox, the general against the new regiments, begged it might only be postponed till the following Wednesday, but 170 against 89 voted them that very day. On the very Wednesday came the news of the flight of the rebels; and two days before that, news from Chester of Lord Gower's *new* regiment having mutinied, on hearing that they were to be continued beyond the term for which they had listed.

At court all is confusion: the King, at Lord Bath's instigation, has absolutely refused to make Pitt Secretary at War. How this will end, I don't know, but I don't believe in bloodshed: neither side is famous for being incapable of yielding.

I wish you joy of having the Chutes again, though I am a little sorry that their bravery was not rewarded by staying at Rome till they could triumph in their turn: however, I don't believe that at Florence you want opportunities of exulting. That Monro[3] you mention was made travelling physician by my father's interest, who had great regard for the old doctor[4]: if he has any skill in quacking madmen, his art may perhaps be of service now in the Pretender's court.

I beg my eagle may not come till it has the opportunity of a man-of-war: we have lost so many merchantmen lately, that I should never expect to receive it that way.

I can say nothing to your opinion of the young Pretender being a cheat; nor, as the Rebellion is near at an end, do I see what end it would answer to prove him original or spurious. However, as you seem to dwell upon it, I will mention it again to my uncle.

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[3] John Monro (1715–1791), succeeded his father as physician at Bethlehem Hospital in 1752. Mann stated that Monro and others had paid their court openly to 'Mock-Majesty' at Rome. (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 229.)

[4] Physician to Bedlam. *Walpole.*

I hear that my sister-Countess is projecting her return, being quite sick of England, where nobody visits her. She says there is not one woman of sense in England. Her journey, however, will have turned to account, and, I believe, end in almost doubling her allowance. Adieu! my dear child; love the Chutes for me as well as for yourself.

210. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 14, 1746.

BY the relation I am going to make, you will think that I am describing Turkish, not English revolutions; and will cast your eye upwards to see if my letter is not dated from Constantinople. Indeed, violent as the changes have been, there has been no bloodshed; no Grand Vizier has had a cravat made of a bowstring, no Janizaries have taken upon them to alter the succession, no Grand Signior is deposed—only his Sublime Highness's dignity has been a little impaired. Oh! I forgot; I ought not to frighten you; you will interpret all these fine allusions, and think on the Rebellion—pho! we are such considerable proficients in politics, that we can form rebellions within rebellions, and turn a government topsy-turvy at London, while we are engaged in a civil war in Scotland. In short, I gave you a hint last week of an insurrection in the closet, and of Lord Bath having prevented Pitt from being Secretary at War. The ministry gave up that point; but finding that a change had been made in a scheme of foreign politics, which they had laid before the King, and for which he had thanked them; and perceiving some symptoms of a resolution to dismiss them at the end of the session, they came to a sudden determination not to do Lord Granville's business by carrying the supplies, and then to be turned out: so on Monday morning, to the astonishment of everybody, the two Secretaries of State[1] threw up the seals; and the next day Mr. Pelham, with the rest of the Treasury, the Duke of Bedford with the Admiralty, Lord Gower, Privy Seal, and Lord Pembroke, Groom of the Stole[2], gave up too: the Dukes of Devonshire, Grafton and Richmond, the Lord Chancellor[3], Winnington (Paymaster), and almost all the other great officers and offices, declaring they would do the same. Lord Granville immediately received both seals, one for himself, and the other to give to whom he pleased. Lord Bath was named First Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Carlisle, Privy Seal, and Lord Winchelsea reinstated in the Admiralty. Thus far all went swimmingly; they had only forgot one little point, which was, to secure a majority in both Houses: in the Commons they unluckily found that they had no better man to take the lead than poor Sir John Rushout, for Sir John Barnard refused to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; so did Lord Chief Justice Willes to be Lord Chancellor; and the wildness of the scheme soon prevented others, who did not wish ill to Lord Granville, or well to the Pelhams, from giving in to it. Hop, the Dutch minister, did not a little increase the confusion by declaring that he had immediately dispatched a courier to Holland, and did not doubt but the States would directly send to accept the terms of France.

I should tell you too, that Lord Bath's being of the enterprise contributed hugely to poison the success of it. In short, his lordship, whose politics were never characterised by steadiness, found that he had not courage enough to take

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Letter 210.—[1] Duke of Newcastle and Earl of Harrington.

[2] Henry Herbert (circ. 1689–1750), ninth Earl of Pembroke; Groom of the Stole and First Lord of the Bedchamber, 1735–46; Lieutenant-General, 1742. He was a skilled architect.

[3] Lord Hardwicke.

the Treasury. You may guess how ill laid his schemes were, when he durst not indulge both his ambition and avarice! In short, on Wednesday morning (pray mind, this was the very Wednesday after the Monday on which the change had happened) he went to the King, and told him he had tried the House of Commons, and found *it would not do!* Bounce! went all the project into shivers, like the vessels in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, when they are on the brink of the philosopher's stone. The poor King, who, from being fatigued with the Duke of Newcastle, and sick of Pelham's timidity and compromises, had given in to this mad hurly-burly of alterations, was confounded with having floundered to no purpose, and to find himself more than ever in the power of men he hated, shut himself up in his closet, and refused to admit any more of the persons who were pouring in upon him with white sticks, and golden keys, and commissions, &c. At last he sent for Winnington, and told him, he was the only honest man about him, and he should have the honour of the reconciliation, and sent him to Mr. Pelham to desire they would all return to their employments.

Lord Granville is as jolly as ever; laughs and drinks, and owns it was mad, and owns he would do it again to-morrow. It would not be quite so safe, indeed, to try it soon again, for the triumphant party are not at all in the humour to be turned out every time his Lordship has drank a bottle too much; and that House of Commons that he could not make do for him, would do to send him to the Tower till he was sober. This was the very worst period he could have selected, when the fears of men had made them throw themselves absolutely into all measures of government to secure the government itself; and that temporary strength of Pelham has my Lord Granville contrived to fix to him; and people will be glad to ascribe to the merit and virtue of the ministry, what they would be ashamed to own, but was really the effect of their own apprehensions. It was a good idea of somebody, when no man would accept a place under the new system, that Granville and Bath were met going about the streets, calling *odd man!* as the hackney chairmen do when they want a partner. This little faction of Lord Granville goes by the name of the *Grand-villains.*

There! who would think that I had written you an entire history in the compass of three sides of paper? Vertot[4] would have composed a volume on this event, and entitled it, the *Revolutions of England.* You will wonder at not having it notified to you by Lord Granville himself, as is customary for new Secretaries of State: when they mentioned to him writing to Italy, he said—'To Italy! no: before the courier can get thither, I shall be out again.' It absolutely makes one laugh: as serious as the consequences might be, it is impossible to hate a politician of such jovial good-humour. I am told that he ordered the packet-boat to be stopped at Harwich till Saturday, till he should have time to determine what he would write to Holland. This will make the Dutch receive the news of the double revolution at the same instant.

The Duke and his name are pursuing the scattered rebels into their very mountains, determined to root out sedition entirely. It is believed, and we expect to hear, that the young Pretender is embarked and gone. Wish the Chutes joy of the happy conclusion of this affair!

Adieu! my dear child! After describing two revolutions, and announcing the termination of a rebellion, it would be below the dignity of my letter to talk of anything of less moment. Next post I may possibly descend out of my historical buskins, and converse with you more familiarly—*en attendant*, gentle reader,

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[4] The Abbé René Auber, Sieur de Vertot (1655–1735).

I am,
your sincere well-wisher,
HORACE WALPOLE,
Historiographer to the high and mighty Lord John,
Earl Granville.

211. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 6, 1746.

I KNOW I have missed two or three posts, but you have lost nothing: you perhaps expected that our mighty commotions did not subside at once, and that you should still hear of struggles and more shocks: but it all ended at once; with only some removals and promotions which you saw in the Gazette. I should have written, however, but I have been hurried with my sister's[1] wedding; but all the ceremony of that too is over now, and the dinners and the visits, &c.

The Rebellion has fetched breath; the dispersed clans have reunited and marched to Inverness, from whence Lord Loudon was forced to retreat, leaving a garrison in the Castle, which has since yielded without firing a gun. Their numbers are now reckoned at seven thousand: old Lord Lovat[2] has carried them a thousand Frasers. The French continually drop them a ship or two: we took two, with the Duke of Berwick's[3] brother on board: it seems evident that

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LETTER 211.—[1] Lady Maria Walpole, married to Charles Churchill, Esq. *Walpole.*

[2] Simon Fraser (circ. 1667–1747), eleventh Baron Lovat. After the battle of Culloden he was captured, and imprisoned in the Tower. He was tried and found guilty of high treason, and beheaded (April 9, 1747) on Tower Hill.

[3] James Francis Edward (1718–1785), third Duke of Berwick, great-grandson of James II. His brother was the Comte de Fitzjames.

they design to keep up our disturbances as long as possible, to prevent our sending any troops to Flanders. Upon the prospect of the Rebellion being at an end, the Hessians were ordered back, but luckily were not gone; and now are quartered to prevent the rebels slipping the Duke, (who is marching to them,) and returning into England. This counter-order was given in the morning, and in the evening came out the Gazette, and said the Hessians are to go away. This doubling style in the ministry is grown so characterized, that the French are actually playing a farce, in which Harlequin enters, as an English courier, with two bundles of dispatches fastened to his belly and his back; they ask him what the one is? 'Eh! ces sont mes ordres.'—And what the other? 'Mais elles sont mes contre-ordres.'

We have been a little disturbed in some other of our politics, by the news of the King of Sardinia having made his peace: I think it comes out now that he absolutely had concluded one with France, but that the haughty court of Spain rejected it: what the Austrian pride had driven him to, the Spanish pride drove him from. You will allow that our affairs are critically bad, when all our hopes centre in that *honest* monarch, the King of Prussia—but so it is; and I own I see nothing that can restore us to being a great nation but his interposition. Many schemes are framed, of making him Stadtholder of Holland, or Duke of Burgundy in Flanders, in lieu of the Silesias, or altogether, and that I think would follow—but I don't know how far any of these have been carried into propositions.

I see by your letters that our fomentations of the Corsican rebellion have had no better success than the French tampering in ours—for ours, I don't expect it will be quite at an end, till it is made one of the conditions of peace, that they shall give it no assistance.

The small-pox has been making great havoc in London;

the new Lord Rockingham[4], whom I believe you knew when only Thomas Watson, is dead of it, and the title extinct[5]. My Lady Conway[6] has had it, but escaped.

My brother is on the point of finishing all his affairs with his Countess; she is to have fifteen hundred per year; and her mother gives her two thousand pounds. I suppose this will send her back to you, added to her disappointments in politics, in which it appears she has been tampering. Don't you remember a very foolish knight, one Sir Bouchier Wrey[7]? Well, you do: the day Lord Bath was in the Treasury, that one day! she wrote to Sir Bouchier at Exeter, to tell him that now their friends were coming into power, and it was a brave opportunity for him to come up and make his own terms. He came, and is lodged in her house, and sends about cards to invite people to come and see him at the Countess of Orford's. There is a little fracas, I hear, in their domestic; the Abbé-Secretary has got one of the maids with child. I have seen the *dama* herself but once these two months, when she came into the Opera at the end of the first act, fierce as an incensed turkey-cock, you know her look, and towing after her Sir Francis Dashwood's new wife[8], a poor forlorn Presbyterian prude, whom he obliges to consort with her.

Adieu! for I think I have now told you all I know. I am very sorry that you are so near losing the good Chutes, but I cannot help having an eye to myself in their coming to England.

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[4] Thomas Watson (circ. 1715–1746), third Earl of Rockingham.

[5] The earldom of Rockingham became extinct, but the barony of Rockingham devolved on the Earl's cousin, Thomas Watson-Wentworth, Earl of Malton, created Marquis of Rockingham in April, 1746.

[6] Lady Isabella Fitzroy, daughter of Charles, Duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis Lord Conway, afterwards Earl of Hertford. *Walpole.*

[7] Fifth Baronet, of Tawstock, Devonshire.

[8] Widow of Sir Richard Ellis. *Walpole.*—Sarah, daughter and coheir of George Gould, of Iver, Bucks; d. 1769.

212. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1746.

I have no new triumphs of the Duke to send you: he has been detained a great while at Aberdeen by the snows. The rebels have gathered numbers again, and have taken Fort Augustus, and are marching to Fort William. The Duke complains extremely of the *loyal* Scotch; says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy's country than when he was warring with the French in Flanders. They profess the big professions wherever he comes, but before he is out of sight of any town, beat up for volunteers for rebels. We see no prospect of his return, for he must stay in Scotland while the Rebellion lasts; and the existence of that seems too intimately connected with the being of Scotland, to expect it should soon be annihilated.

We rejoice at the victories of the King of Sardinia[1], whom we thought lost to our cause. To-day we are to vote subsidies to the Electors of Cologne and Mentz. I don't know whether they will be opposed by the *Electoral Prince*[2]; but he has lately erected a new opposition, by the councils of Lord Bath, who has got him from Lord Granville: the latter and his faction act with the court.

I have told you to the utmost extent of my political knowledge; of private history there is nothing new. Don't think, my dear child, that I hurry over my letters, or neglect writing to you; I assure you I never do, when I have the least grain to lap up in a letter: but consider how many chapters of correspondence are extinct: Pope and poetry are dead! Patriotism has kissed hands on accepting a place: the Ladies O. and T.[3] have exhausted scandal both in their

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Letter 212.—[1] Don Philip had been obliged to abandon Milan; the Piedmontese troops had taken Asti, and relieved Alessandria.

[2] The Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

[3] Orford and Townshend.

persons and conversation: divinity and controversy are grown good Christians, say their prayers and spare their neighbours; and I think even self-murder is out of fashion. Now judge whether a correspondent can furnish matter for the common intercourse of the post!

Pray what luxurious debauch has Mr. Chute been guilty of, that he is laid up with the gout? I mean, that he was, for I hope his fit has not lasted till now. If you are ever so angry, I must say I flatter myself I shall see him before my eagle, which I beg may repose itself still at Leghorn, for the French privateers have taken such numbers of our merchantmen, that I cannot think of suffering it to come that way. If you should meet with a good opportunity of a man-of-war, let it come—or I will postpone my impatience. Adieu!

P.S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open, to tell you that an account is just arrived of two of our privateers having met eight-and-twenty transports going with supplies to the Brest fleet, and sunk ten, taken four, and driven the rest on shore.

213. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 28, 1746.

I DON'T at all recollect what was in those two letters of mine, which I find you have lost: for your sake, as you must be impatient for English news, I am sorry you grow subject to these miscarriages; but in general, I believe there is little of consequence in my correspondence.

The Duke has not yet left Aberdeen, for want of his supplies; but by a party which he sent out, and in which Mr. Conway was, the rebels do not seem to have recovered their spirits, though they have recruited their numbers; for eight hundred of them fled on the first appearance of our detachment, and quitted an advantageous post. As much as you know, and as much as you have lately heard of Scotch *finesse*, you will yet be startled at the refinements that nation have made upon their own *policy*. Lord Fortrose, whose father[1] was in the last Rebellion, and who has himself been restored to his fortune, is in Parliament and in the army: he is with the Duke—his wife[2] and his clan with the rebels. The head of the Mackintosh's is acting just the same part. The clan of the Grants, always esteemed the most Whig tribe, have literally in all the forms signed a *neutrality* with the rebels. The most honest instance I have heard, is in the town of Forfar, where they have chosen their annual magistrates; but at the same time entered a memorandum in their town-book, that they shall not execute their office 'till it is decided which King is to reign.'

The Parliament is adjourned for the Easter holidays. Princess Caroline is going to the Bath for a rheumatism. The Countess, whose return you seem so much to dread, has entertained the town with an excellent vulgarism. She happened one night at the Opera to sit by Peggy Banks[3], a celebrated beauty, and asked her several questions about the singers and dancers, which the other naturally answered, as one woman of fashion answers another. The next morning Sir Bouchier Wrey sent Miss Banks an opera-ticket, and my lady sent her a card, to thank her for her civilities to her the night before, and that she intended to wait on her very soon. Do but think of Sir B. Wrey's paying a woman of fashion for being civil to my Lady O.! Sure no apothecary's wife in a market-town could know less

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LETTER 213.—[1] William Mackenzie (d. 1740), fifth Earl of Seaforth.

[2] Lady Mary Stewart (d. 1751), eldest daughter of sixth Earl of Galloway; m. (1741) Kenneth Mackenzie, Lord Fortrose.

[3] Margaret, sister of John Hodgkinson Banks; m. (1757) Hon. Henry Grenville, fifth son of Countess Temple.

of the world than these two people! The Operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck[4], a German: he is to have a benefit, at which he is to play on a set of drinking-glasses, which he modulates with water: I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing.

You will see in the papers long accounts of a most shocking murder, that has been committed by a lad[5] on his mistress, who was found dead in her bedchamber, with an hundred wounds; her brains beaten out, stabbed, her face, back, and breasts slashed in twenty places—one hears of nothing else wherever one goes. But adieu! it is time to finish a letter, when one is reduced for news to the casualties of the week.

214. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 15, 1746.

Your triumphs in Italy are in high fashion: till very lately, Italy was scarce ever mentioned as part of the scene of war. The apprehensions of your great King making his peace began to alarm us; and when we just believed it finished, we have received nothing but torrents of good news. The King of Sardinia has not only carried his own character and success to the highest pitch, but seems to have given a turn to the general face of the war, which has a much more favourable aspect than was to be expected three months ago. He has made himself as considerable in the scale as the Prussian, but with real valour, and as great abilities, and without the infamy of the other's politics.

The Rebellion seems once more at its gasp; the Duke is marched, and the rebels fly before him, in the utmost want of money.

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[4] Christopher Gluck (1714–1787), the celebrated composer.

[5] One Henderson, hanged for murdering Mrs. Dalrymple. *Walpole.*

The famous *Hazard* sloop is taken[1], with two hundred men and officers, and above eight thousand pounds in money, from France. In the midst of such good news from thence, Mr. Conway has got a regiment[2], for which, I am sure, you will take part in my joy. In Flanders we propose to make another great effort, with an army of above ninety thousand men; that is, forty Dutch, above thirty Austrians, eighteen Hanoverians, the Hessians, who are to return; and we propose twelve thousand Saxons, but no English; though, if the Rebellion is at all suppressed in any time, I imagine some of our troops will go, and the Duke command the whole: in the mean time, the army will be under Prince Waldeck and Bathiani. You will wonder at my running so glibly over eighteen thousand Hanoverians, especially as they are all to be in our pay, but the nation's digestion has been much facilitated by the pill given to Pitt, of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. Last Friday was the debate on this subject, when we carried these troops by 255 against 122: Pitt, Lyttelton, three Grenvilles[3], and Lord Barrington[4], all voting roundly for them, though the eldest Grenville, two years ago, had declared in the House, that he would seal it with his blood that he never would give his vote for a Hanoverian. Don't you shudder at such perjury? and this in a republic, and where there is no

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LETTER 214.—[1] The *Hazard* ran ashore on the coast of Sutherland.

[2] The 48th Foot.

[3] Richard, George, and James Grenville, sons of Richard Grenville and Hester Temple (who succeeded her brother as Viscountess Cobham, and was created Countess Temple in 1749). Richard Grenville, afterwards Grenville-Temple (1711–1779), styled Viscount Cobham, 1749–52; succeeded his mother as second Earl Temple, 1752; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1756–57; Lord Privy Seal, 1757–61; K.G., 1760. Without any particular talents he delighted in political intrigue, and was subsequently notorious for his patronage of Wilkes. James Grenville (1715–1783), M.P. for Old Sarum; Lord of Trade, 1746–55; Lord of the Treasury, 1756–61; Cofferer of the Household, April–Nov., 1761.

[4] William Wildman Barrington (1717–1793), second Viscount Barrington; Lord of the Admiralty, 1746; Master of the Great Wardrobe, 1754; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1761–62; Treasurer of the Navy, 1762–65; Secretary at War, 1765–78; Joint Postmaster-General, Jan.–April, 1782.

religion that dispenses with oaths! Pitt was the only one of this *ominous* band that opened his mouth, and it was to add impudence to profligacy; but no criminal at the Place de Grève was ever so racked as he was by Dr. Lee, a friend of Lord Granville, who gave him the question both ordinary and extraordinary.

General Hawley has been tried (not in person, you may believe) and condemned by a Scotch jury for murder, on hanging a spy. What do you say to this? or what will you say when I tell you, that Mr. Ratcliffe, who has been so long confined in the Tower, and supposed the Pretender's youngest son, is not only suffered to return to France, but was entertained at a great dinner by the Duke of Richmond as a relation[5]! The same Duke has refused his beautiful Lady Emily to Lord Kildare[6], the richest and the first peer of Ireland, on a ridiculous notion of the king's evil being in the family—but sure that ought to be no objection: a very little grain more of pride and Stuartism might persuade all the royal bastards that they have a faculty of curing that distemper.

The other day, an odd accidental discovery was made; some of the Duke's baggage, which he did not want, was sent back from Scotland, with a bill of the contents. Soon after, another large parcel, but not specified in the bill, was brought to the captain, directed like the rest. When they came to the Custom House here, it was observed, and they sent to Mr. Poyntz[7], to know what they should do: he bade them open it, suspecting some trick; but when they did, they found a large crucifix, copes, rich vestments, beads, and heaps of such-like trumpery, consigned from the titular primate of Scotland, who is with the rebels: they imagine, with the privity of some of the vessels, to be conveyed to somebody here in town.

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[5] He was related to the Duke's mother by the Countess of Newburgh, his mother. *Walpole.*

[6] They were married in 1747.

[7] Stephen Poyntz, Treasurer, and formerly Governor to the Duke. *Walpole.*—He died in 1750.

Now I am telling you odd events, I must relate one of the strangest I ever heard. Last week, an elderly woman gave information against her maid for coining, and the trial came on at the Old Bailey. The mistress deposed, that having been left a widow several years ago, with four children, and no possibility of maintaining them, she had taken to coining: that she used to buy old pewter-pots, out of each of which she made as many shillings, &c., as she could put off for three pounds, and that by this practice she had bred up her children, bound them out prentices, and set herself up in a little shop, by which she got a comfortable livelihood; that she had now given over coining, and indicted her maid as accomplice. The maid in her defence said, 'That when her mistress hired her, she told her that she did something up in a garret into which she must never inquire: that all she knew of the matter was, that her mistress had often given her moulds to clean, which she did, as it was her duty; that, indeed, she had sometimes seen pieces of pewter-pots cut, and did suspect her mistress of coining; but that she never had had, or put off, one single piece of bad money.' The judge asked the mistress if this was true; she answered, 'Yes; and that she believed her maid was as honest a creature as ever lived; but that, knowing herself in her power, she never could be at peace; that she knew, by informing, she should secure herself; and not doubting but the maid's real innocence would appear, she concluded the poor girl would come to no harm.' The judge flew into the greatest rage; told her he wished he could stretch the law to hang her, and feared he could not bring off the maid for having concealed the crime; but, however, the jury did bring her in *not guilty*. I think I never heard a more particular instance of parts and villainy.

I inclose a letter for Stosch, which was left here with a scrap of paper, with these words; *Mr. Natter*[8] *is desired to send the lettres for Baron de Stosch, in Florence, by Mr. H. W.* I don't know who Mr. Natter is, nor who makes him this request, but I desire Mr. Stosch will immediately put an end to this method of correspondence; for I shall not risk my letters to you by containing his, nor will I be post to such a dirty fellow.

Your last was of March 22nd, and you mention Madame Suares' illness; I hope she is better, and Mr. Chute's gout better. I love to hear of my Florentine acquaintance, though they all seem to have forgot me; especially the Princess, whom you never mention. Does she never ask after me? Tell me a little of the state of her *state*, her amours, devotions, and appetite. I must transcribe a paragraph out of an old book of Letters[9], printed in 1660, which I met with the other day: 'My thoughts upon the reading your letter made me stop in Florence, and go no farther, than to consider the happiness of them who live in that town, where the people come so near to angels in knowledge, that they can counterfeit Heaven well enough to give their friends a taste of it in this life.' I agree to the happiness of living in Florence, but I am sure knowledge was not one of its recommendations, which never was anywhere at a lower ebb—I had forgot; I beg Dr. Cocchi's pardon, who is much an exception; how does he do? Adieu!

P.S. Lord Malton, who is the nearest heir-male to the extinct earldom of Rockingham, and has succeeded to a barony belonging to it, is to have his own earldom erected into a marquisate, with the title of Rockingham. Vernon is struck off the list of admirals.

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[8] He was an engraver of seals. *Walpole.*

[9] A collection of letters by Toby Matthews. *Walpole.*

215. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 25, 1746.

You have bid me for some time send you good news—well! I think I will. How good would you have it? must it be a total victory[1] over the rebels; with not only the boy, that is here, killed, but the other, that is not here, too; their whole army put to the sword, *besides* an infinite number of prisoners; all the Jacobite estates in England confiscated, and all those in Scotland—what would you have done with them?—or could you be content with something much under this? how much will you abate? will you compound for Lord John Drummond, taken by accident[2]? or for three Presbyterian parsons, who have very poor livings, stoutly refusing to pay a large contribution to the rebels? Come, I will deal as well with you as I can, and for once, but not to make a practice of it, will let you have a victory! My friend, Lord Bury[3], arrived this morning from the Duke, though the news was got here before him; for, with all our victory, it was not thought safe to send him through the heart of Scotland; so he was shipped at Inverness, within an hour after the Duke entered the town, kept beating at sea five days, and then put on shore at North Berwick, from whence he came post in less than three days to London; but with a fever upon him, for which he had been twice blooded but the day before the battle; but he is young, and high in spirits, and I flatter myself will not suffer from this kindness of the Duke: the King has immediately ordered him a thousand pound, and I hear will make him his own

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Letter 215.—[1] The battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746.

[2] This was not the case.

[3] George Keppel, eldest son of William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title. *Walpole.*

aide-de-camp. My dear Mr. Chute, I beg your pardon; I had forgot you have the gout, and consequently not the same patience to wait for the battle, with which I, knowing the particulars, postpone it.

On the 16th, the Duke, by forced marches, came up with the rebels, a little on this side Inverness—by the way, the battle is not christened yet; I only know that neither Prestonpans[4] nor Falkirk[4] are to be godfathers. The rebels, who fled from him after their victory, and durst not attack him, when so much exposed to them at his passage[5] of the Spey, now stood him, they seven thousand, he ten. They broke through Barril's regiment, and killed Lord Robert Kerr[6], a handsome young gentleman, who was cut to pieces with above thirty wounds; but they were soon repulsed, and fled; the whole engagement not lasting above a quarter of an hour. The young Pretender escaped; Mr. Conway says, he hears, wounded: he certainly was in the rear. They have lost above a thousand men in the engagement and pursuit; and six hundred were already taken; among which latter are their French ambassador[7] and Earl Kilmarnock[8]. The Duke of Perth and Lord Ogilvie[9] are said to be slain; Lord Elcho was in a salivation, and not there. Except Lord Robert Kerr, we lost nobody of note: Sir Robert Rich's eldest son[10] has lost his hand, and about a hundred and thirty private men fell. The defeat is reckoned total, and the dispersion general; and all their artillery is taken. It is a brave young Duke! The town is all blazing round me, as I write, with fireworks and illuminations: I have some inclination to lap up half a dozen skyrockets, to make you drink the Duke's health. Mr. Dodington, on the first report, came out with a very pretty illumination; so pretty, that I believe he had it by him, ready for *any* occasion.

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[4] Where the King's troops had been beaten by the rebels. This was called the battle of Culloden. *Walpole.*

[5] The letter relating that event was one of those that were lost. *Walpole.* — The Duke crossed the Spey on April 12, 1746.

[6] Second son of the Marquis of Lothian. *Walpole.*

[7] The Marquis d'Aiguille. 'Il fut pris à Culloden, et dix-huit mois en prison, craignant à chaque instant d'être pendu; enfin, délivré par un échange que le Roi de Prusse voulut bien faire de lui avec des prisonniers de guerre autrichiens, il revint en France par la Hollande.' (D'Argenson, *Mémoires*, ed. 1857, vol. iii. p. 307–8.)

[8] William Boyd (1704–1746), fourth Earl of Kilmarnock. He was convicted of high treason, and beheaded on Tower Hill, August 18, 1746.

[9] David Ogilvie (1725–1803), Lord Ogilvie, titular Earl of Airlie. He was not killed, but escaped to Norway, and thence to France. In 1788 he procured a free pardon, and returned to Scotland.

[10] Robert Rich, afterwards fifth Baronet.

I now come to a more melancholy theme, though your joy will still be pure, except from what part you take in a private grief of mine. It is the death of Mr. Winnington[11], whom you only knew as one of the first men in England, from his parts and from his employment. But I was familiarly acquainted with him, loved and admired him, for he had great good-nature, and a quickness of wit most peculiar to himself: and for his public talents, he has left nobody equal to him, as before, nobody was superior to him but my father. The history of his death is a cruel tragedy, but what, to indulge me who am full of it, and want to vent the narration, you must hear. He was not quite fifty, extremely temperate and regular, and of a constitution remarkably strong, hale, and healthy. A little above a fortnight ago he was seized with an inflammatory rheumatism, a common and known case, dangerous, but scarce ever remembered to be fatal. He had a strong aversion to all physicians, and lately had put himself into the hands of one Thompson, a quack, whose foundation of method could not be guessed, but by a general contradiction to all received practice. This man was the oracle of Mrs. Masham[12], sister, and what one ought to hope she did not think of, co-heiress to Mr. Winnington: his other sister is as mad in Methodism as this in physic, and never saw him. This ignorant wretch, supported by the influence of the sister, soon made such progress in fatal absurdities, as purging, bleeding, and starving him, and checking all perspiration, that his friends Mr. Fox and Sir Charles Williams absolutely insisted on calling in a physician. Whom could they call, but Dr. Bloxholme[13], an intimate old friend of Mr. Winnington, and to whose house he always went once a year? This doctor, grown paralytic and indolent, gave in to everything the quack advised; Mrs. Masham all the while ranting and raving. At last, which *at last* came very speedily, they had reduced him to a total dissolution, by a diabetes and a thrush; his friends all the time distracted for him, but hindered from assisting him; so far, that the night before he died, Thompson gave him another purge, though he could not get it all down. Mr. Fox by force brought Dr. Hulse, but it was too late; and even then, when Thompson owned him lost, Mrs. Masham was against trying Hulse's assistance. In short, madly or wickedly, they have murdered[14] a man to whom nature would have allotted a far longer period, and had given a degree of abilities that were carrying that period to so great a height of lustre, as perhaps would have excelled most ministers, who in this country have owed their greatness to the greatness of their merit.

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[11] Thomas Winnington, Paymaster of the Forces. *Walpole.*

[12] Henrietta (d. 1761), daughter of Salway Winnington, of Stanford Court, Worcestershire; m. (1736) Hon. Samuel Masham (who succeeded as second Baron Masham, 1758).

Adieu! my dear Sir; excuse what I have written to indulge my own concern, in consideration of what I have written to give you joy.

P.S. Thank you for Mr. Oxenden; but don't put yourself to any great trouble, for I desired you before not to mind formal letters much, which I am obliged to give: I write to you separately, when I wish you to be particularly kind to my recommendations.

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[13] Noel Broxholme (not Bloxholme), d. 1748.

[14] There were several pamphlets published on this case, on both sides. *Walpole.*

216. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 16, 1746.

I have had nothing new to tell you since the victory, relative to it, but that it has entirely put an end to the Rebellion. The number slain is generally believed much greater than is given out. Old Tullybardine[1] has surrendered himself; the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino[2], and Ogilvie[3] are prisoners, and coming up to their trials. The Pretender is not openly taken, but many people think he is in their power; however, I dare say he will be allowed to escape; and some French ships are hovering about the coast to receive him. The Duke is not yet returned, but we have amply prepared for his reception, by settling on him immediately and for ever twenty-five thousand pounds a year, besides the fifteen which he is to have on the King's death. It was imagined that the Prince would have opposed this, on the reflection that fifteen thousand was thought enough for him, though heir of the Crown, and abounding in issue: but he has wisely *reflected forwards*, and likes the precedent, as it will be easy to find victories in his sons to reward, when once they have a precedent to fight with.

You must live upon domestic news, for our foreign is exceedingly unwholesome. Antwerp is gone, and Bathiani with the allied army retired under the cannon of Breda;

Letter 216.—[1] Elder brother of the Duke of Athol; he was outlawed for the former rebellion. *Walpole.*

[2] Arthur Elphinstone (1688–1746), sixth Baron Balmerino. He was convicted of high treason, and was beheaded on Tower Hill on August 18, 1746.

[3] This was a mistake; it was not Lord Ogilvie, but Lord Cromarty. *Walpole.*

the junction of the Hanoverians cut off, and that of the Saxons put off. We are now, I suppose, at the eve of a bad peace; though, as Cape Breton must be a condition, I don't know who will dare to part with it. Little Æolus (the Duke of Bedford) says they shall not have it, that they shall have Woburn[4] as soon—and I suppose they will! much such positive *Patriot* politics have brought on all this ruin upon us! All Flanders is gone, and all our money, and half our men, and half our navy, because we would have *no search*[5]. Well! but we ought to think on what we have got too!—we have got Admiral Vernon's head on our signs, and we are going to have Mr. Pitt at the head of our affairs. Do you remember the physician in Molière, who wishes the man dead that he may have the greater honour from recovering him? Mr. Pitt is Paymaster; Sir W. Yonge, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; Mr. Fox, Secretary at War; Mr. Arundel, Treasurer of the Chambers (in the room of Sir John Cotton, who is turned out); Mr. Campbell[6] (one of my father's Admiralty) and Mr. Legge in the Treasury, and Lord Duncannon succeeds Legge in the Admiralty.

Your two last were of April 19th and 26th. I wrote one to Mr. Chute, inclosed to you, with farther particulars of the battle; and I hope you received it. I am entirely against your sending my eagle while there is any danger. Adieu! my dear child! I wrote to-day, merely because I had not written very lately; but you see I had little to say.

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[4] The seat of the Duke of Bedford. *Walpole.*

[5] The persistent denial (by the 'Patriots') of the Spanish 'Right of Search' was one of the principal causes of the war with Spain.

[6] John Campbell, M.P. for Pembrokeshire.

217. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Arlington Street, May 22, 1746.

After all your goodness to me, don't be angry that I am glad I am got into *brave old* London again: though my cats don't purr like Goldwin, yet one of them has as good a heart as old Reynolds, and the tranquillity of my own closet makes me some amends for the loss of the library and *toute la belle compagnie célestine.* I don't know whether that expression will do for the azure ceilings; but I found it at my fingers' ends, and so it slipped through my pen. We called at Langley[1], but did not like it, nor the Grecian temple at all; it is by no means *gracious.*

I forgot to take your last orders about your poultry; the partlets have not laid since I went, for little chanticleer

> Is true to love, and all for recreation,
> And does not mind the work of propagation.

But I trust you will come yourself in a few days, and then you may settle their route.

I am got deep into the *Sidney Papers*[2]: there are old wills full of bequeathed *owches* and *goblets with fair enamel,* that will delight you; and there is a little pamphlet of Sir Philip Sidney's in defence of his uncle Leicester, that gives me a much better opinion of his parts than his dolorous *Arcadia,* though it almost recommended him to the crown of Poland; at least I have never been able to discover what other so great merit he had. In this little tract he is very vehement in clearing up the honour of his lineage: I don't think he could have been warmer about his family, if he had been of the blood of the *Cues*[3]. I have diverted myself

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Letter 217.—[1] A seat of the Duke of Marlborough.

[2] *Letters and Memorials of State, written and collected by Sir Henry, Sir Philip and Sir Robert Sydney*; published by Arthur Collins, 1746.

[3] The Montagus, so called by George Montagu.

with reflecting how it would have entertained the town a few years ago, if my cousin Richard Hammond had wrote a treatise to clear up my father's pedigree, when the *Craftsman* used to treat him so roundly with being Nobody's son. Adieu! dear George! Yours ever,

THE GRANDSON OF NOBODY.

218. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, June 5, 1746.

You may perhaps fancy that you are very happy in the country, and that because you commend everything you see, you like everything: you may fancy that London is a desert, and *that grass now grows where Troy town stood*; but it does not, except just before my Lord Bath's door, whom nobody will visit. So far from being empty, and dull, and dusty, the town is full of people, full of water, for it has rained this week, and as gay as a new German Prince must make any place. Why, it rains princes: though some people are disappointed of the arrival of the Pretender, yet the Duke is just coming, and the Prince of Hesse come. He is tall, lusty, and handsome; extremely like Lord Elcho in person, and to Mr. Hussey[1], in what entitles him more to his freedom in Ireland, than the resemblance of the former does to Scotland. By seeing him with the Prince of Wales, people think he looks stupid; but I dare say in his own country he is reckoned very lively, for though he don't speak much, he opens his mouth very often. The King has given him a fine sword, and the Prince a ball. He dined with the former the first day, and since with the great officers. Monday he went to Ranelagh, and supped in the house; Tuesday at the Opera he sat with his court in the

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LETTER 218.—[1] Edward Hussey, afterwards Hussey Montagu (1720–1802), cr. (May 11, 1762) Baron Beaulieu of Beaulieu; cr. Earl of Beaulieu, 1784.

box on the stage, next the Prince, and went into theirs to see the last dance; and after it was over to the Venetian ambassadress, who is the only woman he has yet noticed; so he has not put off Lord Petersham's match at all. To-night there is a masquerade at Ranelagh for him, a play at Covent Garden on Monday, and a ridotto at the Haymarket; and then he is to go. His amours are generally very humble, and very frequent; for he does not much affect our daughter[2]. A little apt to be boisterous when he has drank. I have not heard, but I hope he was not rampant last night with Lady Middlesex or Charlotte Dives[3]! Men go to see him in the morning, before he goes to see the lions.

The talk of peace is blown over; nine or ten battalions were ordered for Flanders the day before yesterday, but they are again countermanded; and the operations of this campaign again likely to be confined within the precincts of Covent Garden, where the army-surgeons give constant attendance. Major Johnson[4] commands (I can't call it) the corps de *réserve* in Grosvenor Street. I wish you had seen the goddess of those purlieus[5] with him t'other night at Ranelagh; you would have swore it had been the divine Cucumber[6] in person.

The fame of the Violetta[7] increases daily; the sister-Countesses of Burlington and Thanet[8] exert all their stores of sullen partiality in competition for her: the former visits her, and is having her picture, and carries her to Chiswick; and she dines at Bedford House, and sups at Lady Cardigan's, and lies—indeed I have not heard where, but I know, not at Carlton House, where she is in great disgrace, for not going once or twice a week to take lessons of Denoyer[9], as he bid her: you know, that is politics in a court where dancing-masters are ministers.

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[2] His wife, the Princess Mary.

[3] Charlotte (d. 1773), daughter of John Dyve, Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales; m. (1761), as his second wife, Samuel Masham, second Baron Masham.

[4] James Johnston (d. 1797), of the Royal Dragoons; took part in the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy; commanded the Royals during the Seven Years' War and was wounded at the battle of Campen; General in the army; Colonel of the Inniskilling Dragoons; Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca, 1763–74. Johnston was a good swordsman and a duellist. He was exceedingly handsome, and his portrait was painted by Gainsborough at the latter's request. In later life he was a neighbour of Horace Walpole, who was on friendly terms with him and his wife (a daughter of the first Earl Delawarr).

[5] Lady Caroline Fitzroy.

[6] See p. 385, n. 15.

[7] Eva Maria Violette or Veigel (1724–1822), a dancer; the reputed daughter of a Viennese citizen; m. (1749) David Garrick.

[8] Lady Mary Savile, fourth daugh-

Adieu! dear George: my compliments to all at the farm. Your cocks and hens would write to the poultry, but they are dressing in haste for the masquerade: mind, I don't say that Ashton is doing anything like that; but he is putting on an odd sort of a black gown: but, as Di Bertie says on her message cards, *mum for that!* Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

219. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 6, 1746.

IT was a very unpleasant reason for my not hearing from you last post, that you was ill; but I have had a letter from you since of May 24th, that has made me easy again for your health: if you was not losing the good Chutes, I should have been quite satisfied; but that is a loss you will not easily repair, though I were to recommend you H.'s[1] every day. Sure you must have had flights of strange awkward animals, if you can be so taken with him! I shall begin to look about me, to see the merits of England: he was no curiosity here; and yet Heaven knows there are many better, with whom I hope I shall never be acquainted. As I have cautioned you more than once against minding

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ter of second Marquis of Halifax; m. (1722) Sackville Tufton, seventh Earl of Thanet; d. 1751.

[9] A French dancing-master, greatly in favour with the Prince of Wales.

LETTER 219.—[1] Mr. Hobart, afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire.

my recommendatory letters, (which one gives because one can't refuse them), unless I write to you separately, I have no scruple in giving them. You are extremely good to give so much credit to my bills at first sight; but don't put down H. to my account; I used to call him the *Clearcake*; fat, fair, sweet, and seen through in a moment. By what you tell me, I should conclude the Countess was not returning; for H. is not a morsel that she can afford to lose.

I am much obliged to you for the care you take in sending my eagle by my commodore-cousin[2], but I hope it will not be till after his expedition. I know the extent of his genius; he would hoist it overboard on the prospect of an engagement, and think he could buy me another at Hyde Park Corner[3] with the prize-money; like the Roman tar that told his crew, that if they broke the antique Corinthian statues, they should find new ones.

We have been making peace lately, but I think it is off again; there is come an unpleasant sort of a letter, transmitted from Van Hoey[4] at Paris; it talks something of rebels not to be treated as rebels, and of a Prince Charles that is somebody's cousin and friend—but as nobody knows anything of this—why, I know nothing of it neither[5]. There are battalions ordered for Flanders, and countermanded, and a few less ordered again: if I knew exactly what day this would reach you, I could tell you more certainly, because the determination for or against is only of every other day. The Duke is coming: I don't find it certain, however, that the Pretender is got off.

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[2] Hon. George Townshend.

[3] Then given over to stonemasons' yards.

[4] The Dutch Minister in Paris. *Walpole.*

[5] 'Le Duc d'York et M. d'O'Bryen me prièrent d'écrire à M. Van-Hoey, notre correspondant ordinaire avec le ministère britannique, pour qu'il représentât combien il serait dangereux de faire la guerre d'Écosse, une guerre de cruauté et de barbarie . . . Ma lettre, tournée avec politesse, avait produit un bon effet. Le bonhomme Van-Hoey, dans sa lettre d'accompagnement au duc de Newcastle, y ajouta une vraie paraphrase du *Pater noster* disant qu'il *fallait pardonner comme Dieu nous pardonnait* . . . A Londres il parut inouï que la France en guerre avec l'Angleterre se mêlât des affaires politiques de celle-ci, et demandât grâce pour ses rebelles . . . Le ministère britannique affecta la plus grande colère; il demanda la révocation de M. Van-Hoey, qui en fut quitte pour une lettre d'excuses au roi d'Angleterre.' (D'Argenson, *Mémoires*, ed. 1857, vol. iii. p. 73.)

We are in the height of festivities for the Serenity of Hesse, our son-in-law, who passes a few days here on his return to Germany. If you recollect Lord Elcho, you have a perfect idea of his person and parts. The great officers banquet him at dinner; in the evenings there are plays, operas, ridottos, and masquerades.

You ask me to pity you for losing the Chutes: indeed I do; and I pity them for losing you. They will often miss Florence, and its tranquillity and happy air. Adieu! Comfort yourself with what you do not lose.

220. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

MY DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, June 12, 1746.

Don't commend me: you don't know what hurt it will do me; you will make me a pains-taking man, and I had rather be dull without any trouble. From partiality to me you won't allow my letters to be letters. Jesus! it sounds as if I wrote them to be fine, and to have them printed, which might be very well for Mr. Pope, who having wrote pieces carefully, which ought to be laboured, could carry off the affectation of having studied things that have no excuse but their being wrote flying. Therefore if you have a mind I should write you news, don't make me think about it; I shall be so long turning my periods, that what I tell you will cease to be news.

The Prince of Hesse had a most ridiculous tumble t'other night at the Opera; they had not pegged up his box tight after the ridotto, and down he came on all four; George Selwyn says he carried it off with an *unembarrassed* countenance[1]. He was to go this morning; I don't know whether he is or not. The Duke is expected to-night by all the tallow candles and faggots in town.

Lady Caroline Fitzroy's match is settled to the content of all parties[2]; the Duke of Grafton gives them a thousand pound extraordinary to be off their living with him; they are taking Lady Abergavenny's house in Brook Street. The fairy Cucumber[3] houses all Lady Caroline's out-pensioners: Mr. Montgomery is now on half-pay with her. Her Major Johnson is chosen at White's, to the great terror of the society. When he was introduced, Sir Charles Williams presented Dick Edgecumbe to him, and said, 'I have three favours to beg of you for Mr. Edgecumbe: the first is that you would not lie with Mrs. Day[4]; the second, that you would not poison his cards; the third, that you would not kill him'; the fool answered gravely, 'Indeed I will not.'

The Good has borrowed old Bowman's house in Kent, and is retiring thither for six weeks: I tell her, she has lived so rakish a life, that she is obliged to go and take up.—I hope you don't know any more of it, and that Major Montagu is not to cross the country to her.

There—I think you can't commend me for this letter; it shall not even have the merit of being long. My compliments to all your contented family!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that Lord Lonsdale[5] had summoned the Peers to-day o address the King not to send

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LETTER 220.—[1] Probably an allusion to a ballad entitled *The Unembarrassed Countenance*, published shortly before (in April, 1746), and sometimes (but incorrectly) attributed to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

[2] She married Viscount Petersham on Aug. 11, 1746.

[3] See p. 385, n. 15.

[4] Anne Day, mistress of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Edgcumbe, after whose death she married Peter Fenouilhet, Exon of the Guard. Lord Edgcumbe appointed Horace Walpole one of her trustees.

[5] Henry Lowther, third Viscount Lonsdale (1694–1751).

the troops abroad in the present conjuncture. I hear he made a fine speech, and the Duke of Newcastle a very long one in answer, and then they rose without a division. Lord Baltimore is to bring the same motion into our House.

221. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Arlington Street, June 17, 1746.

I wrote to you on Friday night, as soon as I could after receiving your letter, with a list of the regiments to go abroad ; one of which, I hear since, is your brother's. I am extremely sorry it is his fortune, as I know the distress it will occasion in your family.

For the politics which you inquire after, and which may have given motion to this step, I can give you no satisfactory answer. I have heard that it is in consequence of an impertinent letter sent over by Van Hoey in favour of the rebels, though at the same time I hear we are making steps towards a peace ! There centre all my politics, all in peace ! Whatever your cousin[1] may think, I am neither busy about what does happen, nor making parties for what may. If he knew how happy I am, his intriguing nature would envy my tranquillity more than his suspicions can make him jealous of my practices.

My books, my *virtù*, and my other follies and amusements take up too much of my time to leave me much leisure to think of other people's affairs ; and of all affairs, those of the public are least my concern.

You will be sorry to hear of Augustus Townshend's[2] death. I lament it extremely, not much for his sake, for I did not honour him, but for his poor sister Molly's[3], whose

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Letter 221.—[1] The Earl of Halifax.

[2] He was in the service of the East India Company, and died at Batavia.

[3] Hon. Mary Townshend, afterwards married to General Cornwallis.

little heart, that is all tenderness, and gratitude, and friendship, will be broke with the shock. I really dread it, considering how delicate her health is. My Lady T. has a son with him. I went to tell it her. Instead of thinking of her child's distress, she kept me half an hour with a thousand histories of Lady Caroline Fitzroy and Major Johnson, and the new Paymaster's[4] *ménage*, and twenty other things, nothing to me, nor to her, if she could drop the idea of the Pay-Office. She said well to the Duchess of Bedford t'other day, who told her the Duke was wind-bound at Yarmouth: 'Lord,' says she, 'he will hate Norfolk as much as I do!'

The Serene Hessian is gone. Little Brook is to be an earl. I went to bespeak him a Lilliputian coronet at Chenevix's. Adieu! dear George,

Yours ever,

H. W.

222. To Horace Mann.

DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, June 20, 1746.

We are impatient for letters from Italy, to confirm the news of a victory over the French and Spaniards[1]. The time is critical, and every triumph or defeat material, as they may raise or fall the terms of peace. The wonderful letters of Van Hoey and M. d'Argenson[2], in favour of the rebels, but which, if the ministry have any spirit, must turn to their harm, you will see in all the papers. They have rather put off the negotiations, and caused the sending five thousand men this week to Flanders. The Duke is not yet returned from Scotland, nor is anything certainly known of the Pretender. I don't find any period fixed for the trial of the Lords; yet the Parliament sits on, doing nothing, few days having enough to make a House. Old Marquis Tullibardine, with another set of rebels are come, amongst whom is Lord Macleod[3], son of Lord Cromarty[4], already in the Tower. Lady Cromarty went down *incog.* to Woolwich to see her son pass by, without the power of speaking to him: I never heard a more melancholy instance of affection! Lord Elcho[5] has written from Paris to Lord Lincoln to solicit his pardon; but as he has distinguished himself beyond all the rebel commanders by brutality and insults and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is.

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[4] William Pitt.

LETTER 222.—[1] They were defeated by the Austrians near Placentia (June 17, N.S. 1746).

[2] René Louis (1694–1757), Marquis d'Argenson, Minister for Foreign Affairs (1744–47). He was brother of the Comte d'Argenson, formerly Secretary for War.

Jack Spencer[6], old Marlborough's grandson and heir, is just dead, at the age of six or seven and thirty, and in possession of near £30,000 a year, merely because he would not be abridged of those invaluable blessings of an English subject, brandy, small-beer, and tobacco.

Your last letter was of May 31st. Since you have effectually lost the good Chutes, I may be permitted to lay out all my impatience for seeing them. There are no endeavours I shall not use to show how much I love them for all their friendship to you. You are very kind in telling me how much I am honoured by their Highnesses of Modena; but how can I return it? would it be civil to send them a compliment through a letter of yours? Do what you think properest for me.

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[3] John Mackenzie (1727–1789), Lord Macleod, eldest son of third Earl of Cromarty. He was found guilty of high treason and sentenced to death, but subsequently (1748) fully pardoned. He entered the Swedish service and was created Count Cromarty. He afterwards served in the English army and became a Major-General in 1782.

[4] George Mackenzie (1703–1766), third Earl of Cromarty. He was found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to death, but was reprieved and received a conditional pardon in 1749. His wife was Isabel (d. 1769), daughter of Sir William Gordon, Bart., of Invergordon.

[5] Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss.

[6] Brother of Charles Spenser, Earl of Sunderland and Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*

I have nothing to say to Marquis Riccardi about his trumpery gems, but what I have already said; that nobody here will buy them together; that if he will think better, and let them be sold by auction, he may do it most advantageously, for, with all our distress, we have not at all lost the rage of expense: but that for sending them to Lisbon, I will by no means do it, as his impertinent sending them to me without my leave shall in no manner draw me into the risk of paying for them. That, in short, if he will send anybody to me with full authority to receive them, and to give me the most ample discharge for them, I will deliver them, and shall be happy so to get rid of them. There they lie in a corner of my closet, and will probably come to light at last with excellent antique mould about them! Adieu!

223. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, June 24, 1746.

You have got a very bad person to tell you news; for I hear nothing before all the world has talked it over, and done with it. Till twelve o'clock last night I knew nothing of all the kissing hands that had graced yesterday morning. Arundel, for Treasurer of the Chambers; Legge, and your friend Welsh Campbell[1], for the Treasury; Lord Duncannon for the Admiralty; and your cousin Halifax, who is succeeded by his predecessor in the Buckhounds, for Chief Justice in Eyre, in the room of Lord Jersey[2], who has a pension of twelve hundred a year in Ireland for thirty-one years.

They talk of new earls, Lord Chancellor, Lord Gower,

LETTER 223.—[1] John Campbell, M.P. for Pembrokeshire.

[2] William Villiers (circ. 1712–1769), third Earl of Jersey; Chief Justice in Eyre, 1740–46.

Lord Brook, and Lord Clinton; but I don't know that this will be, because it is not past.

Tidings are every minute expected of a great sea-fight; Martin is got between the coast and the French fleet, which has sailed from Brest. The victory in Italy is extremely big; but as none of my friends are aide-de-camps there, I know nothing of the particulars, except that the French and Spaniards have lost ten thousand men.

All the inns about town are crowded with rebel prisoners, and people are making parties of pleasure, which you know is the English genius, to hear their trials. The Scotch, which you know is the Scotch genius, are loud in censuring the Duke for his great severities in the Highlands.

The great business of the town is Jack Spencer's will, who has left Althrop and the Sunderland estate in reversion to Pitt; after more obligations and more pretended friendship for his brother, the Duke, than is conceivable. The Duke is in the utmost uneasiness about it, having left the drawing of the writings for the estate to his brother and his grandmother, and without having any idea that himself was cut out of the entail. An additional circumstance of iniquity is that he had given a bond for Mr. Spencer for four thousand pound, which now he must pay, and the will and the bond are dated within three days of one another.

I have heard nothing yet of Augustus Townshend's will: my Lady, who you know hated him, came from the Opera t'other night, and on pulling off her gloves, and finding her hands all black, said immediately,

My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Another good thing she said to the Duchess of Bedford, who told her the Duke was wind-bound at Yarmouth, 'Lord! he will hate Norfolk as much as I do.'

I wish, my dear George, you could meet with any man that could copy the Beauties in the Castle[3]: I did not care if it were even in Indian ink. Will you inquire? Eckardt has done your picture excellently well. What shall I do with the original? Leave it with him till you come?

Lord Bath and Lord Sandys have had their pockets picked at Cuper's Gardens[4]. I fancy it was no bad scene, the avarice and jealousy of their peeresses on their return.

A terrible *disgrazia* happened to Earl Cholmondeley t'other night at Ranelagh. You know all the history of his letters to borrow money to pay for damask for his fine room at Richmond. As he was going in, in the crowd, a woman offered him roses—'*Right damask*, my Lord!' He concluded she had been put upon it. I was told, apropos, a *bon-mot* on the scene in the opera, where there is a view of his new room, and the farmer comes dancing out and shaking his purse; somebody said, there was a tradesman had unexpectedly got his money.

I think I deal in *bon-mots* to-day. I'll tell you now another, but don't print my letter in a new edition of Joe Miller's jests. The Duke has given Brigadier Mordaunt[5] the Pretender's coach, on condition he rode up to London in it. 'That I will, Sir,' said he, 'and drive till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa Tree[6].'

Adieu! dear George,

Yours ever,

H. W.

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[3] Windsor Castle.

[4] At Lambeth.

[5] Afterwards Sir John Mordaunt, K.B.; d. 1780.

[6] A Tory chocolate house.

224. To George Montagu.

My dear George, Arlington Street, July 3, 1746.

I wish extremely to accept your invitation, but I can't bring myself to it. If I have the pleasure of meeting Lord North[1] oftener at your house next winter, I do not know but another summer I may have courage enough to make him a visit; but I have no notion of going to anybody's house, and have the servants look on the arms of the chaise to find out one's name, and learn one's face from the Saracen's head. You did not tell me how long you stayed at Wroxton, and so I direct this thither. I have wrote one to Windsor since you left it.

The new earls[2] have kissed hands, and kept their own titles. Dirty little Brook has taken no second title, to save three hundred pound, so, if ever he gets a little Brookling, it must be called Lord Grevil, and can never be called up to the House of Lords. The world reckon Earl Clinton obliged for his new honour to Lord Granville, though they made the Duke of Newcastle go in to ask it.

Yesterday Mr. Hussey's friends declared his marriage with her Grace of Manchester[3], and said he was gone down to Englefield Green to take possession. I own that circumstance makes it a little suspicious, for by what I saw of the palace there, and what one has heard of him, there is no room for even the material part of him.

I can tell you another wedding, more certain, and fifty times more extraordinary—it is Lord Coke with Lady Mary

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Letter 224.—[1] Francis North (1704–1790), seventh Baron North de Kirtling, cr. Earl of Guilford, 1752; Lord of the Bedchamber to Frederick Prince of Wales, 1730–51; Governor of George, Prince of Wales, 1750–51; Treasurer to Queen Charlotte, 1773.

[2] See the preceding letter.

[3] Isabella Montagu, eldest daughter and co-heir of second Duke of Montagu; m. 1. (1723) William Montagu, second Duke of Manchester; 2. (1743), Edward Hussey (afterwards Earl of Beaulieu), d. 1786.

Campbell[4], the Dowager of Argyll's youngest daughter. It is all agreed, and was negotiated by the Countess of Gower[5] and Leicester. I don't know why they skipped over Lady Betty[6], who, if there were any question of beauty, is, I think, as well as her sister. They drew the girl in to give her consent, when they first proposed it to her; but now *la Belle n'aime pas trop le Sieur Léandre.* She cries her red eyes to scarlet. He has made her four visits, and is so in love, that he writes to her every other day. 'Tis a strange match. After offering him to all the great lumps of gold in all the alleys of the City, they fish out a woman of quality at last with a mere twelve thousand pound. She objects his loving none of her sex but the four queens in a pack of cards, but he promises to abandon White's and both clubs for her sake. Apropos to White's and cards, Dick Edgecumbe is shut up with the itch. The ungenerous world ascribe it to Mrs. Day: but he denies it; owning, however, that he is very well contented to have it, as nobody will venture on her. Don't you like being pleased to have the itch, as a new way to keep one's mistress to one's self?

You will be in town to be sure for the eight-and-twentieth. London will be as full as at a coronation. The whole form is settled for the trials, and they are actually building scaffolds in Westminster Hall.

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[4] Fifth daughter and co-heir of second Duke of Argyll; m. (1747) Edward Coke, Viscount Coke (d. 1753), from whom she was separated. She subsequently became attached to Edward, Duke of York (brother of George III), and wished to have it believed that she had been secretly married to him. For many years Lady Mary Coke was on very friendly terms with Horace Walpole. His novel, *The Castle of Otranto*, was dedicated to her, and he corresponded with her at intervals. Their friendship cooled after the marriage of Walpole's niece, Lady Waldegrave, to the Duke of Gloucester—a royal marriage which was peculiarly distasteful to Lady Mary. In later life she became markedly eccentric. She died in 1811. Part of her *Journal* has been privately printed.

[5] Lady Mary Tufton (d. 1785), fourth daughter and co-heir of sixth Earl of Thanet; m. 1. (1718) Antony Grey, Earl of Harold (eldest son of first Duke of Kent, whom he predeceased); 2. (1736) John Leveson-Gower, second Baron (afterwards first Earl) Gower.

[6] Lady Elizabeth Campbell (d. 1799), fourth daughter and co-heir of second Duke of Argyll; m. Hon. James Stuart-Mackenzie, second son of second Earl of Bute (and brother of the minister).

I have not seen poor Miss Townshend[7] yet; she is in town, and better, but most unhappy. Adieu! dear George,

Yours ever,

H. W.

225. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 7, 1746.

I have been looking at the dates of my letters, and find that I have not written to you since the 20th of last month. As long as it seems, I am not in fault; I now write merely lest you should think me forgetful of you, and not because I have anything to say. Nothing great has happened; and for little politics, I live a good deal out of the way of them. I have no manner of connection with any ministry, or opposition to ministry; and their merits and their faults are equally a secret to me. The Parliament sitting so long has worn itself to a skeleton; and almost everybody takes the opportunity of shortening their stay in the country, which I believe in their hearts most are glad to do, by going down, and returning for the trials, which are to be on the 28th of this month. I am of the number; so don't expect to hear from me again till that æra.

The Duke is still in Scotland, doing his family the only service that has been done for them there since their accession. He daily picks up notable prisoners, and has lately taken Lord Lovat[1], and Murray the secretary[2]. There are flying reports of the boy being killed, but I think not certain enough for the father to faint away again[3]—I blame myself for speaking lightly of the old man's distress; but a swoon is so natural to his character, that one smiles at it at first, without considering when it proceeds from cowardice, and when from misery. I heard yesterday that we are to expect a battle in Flanders soon: I expect it with all the tranquillity that the love of one's country admits, when one's heart is entirely out of the question, as, thank God! mine is: not one of my friends will be in it. I wish it may be as magnificent a victory for us, as your *giornata di San Lazaro*!

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[7] See letter to Montagu of June 17, 1746.

Letter 225.—[1] He was found in a hollow tree, on an island in Loch Morar.

[2] John Murray, of Broughton (1718–1777), second son of Sir David Murray, of Stanhope, Peeblesshire (whom he succeeded in the baronetcy in 1777). He acted as secretary to Prince Charles throughout the campaign. On coming southward (after the battle of Culloden), he was taken prisoner at his brother-in-law's house in Peeblesshire, and brought to London, where he turned king's evidence. He was set at liberty in 1747.

I am in great pain for my eagle, now the Brest fleet is thought to be upon the coast of Spain: but what do you mean by him and his pedestal filling three cases? is he like the Irishman's bird, in two places at once?

Adieu! my dear child; don't believe my love for you in the least abridged, whenever my letters are scarce or short. I never loved you better, and never had less to say, both which I beg you will believe by my concluding. Yours, &c.

P.S. Since I finished my letter, we hear that the French and Spaniards have escaped from Placentia, not without some connivance of your hero-king[4]. Mons is taken[5].

226. To Henry Fox.

Dear Harry, Mistley, July 19, 1746.

When I left London, I piqued myself upon paying my court to Lady Caroline[1] by some present that should make her think me a reasonable creature, and capable of entertaining myself without music, which I don't love, and without seeing a thousand people for whom I don't care a straw; but having been so unfortunate as neither to kill a brace of partridges, nor hook a dish of whitings, I am reduced to flatter her in a way as extraordinary as the other of recommending one's self by being natural and unaffected, to a woman who has been bred up in the kingdom of Herveys, Diveses, and Queensburys. Lady Caroline will give me leave to wonder at her being so awkward as to like to hear Lady Emily[2] commended rather than herself; and even you, who are so fond of that uncouth sense of hers, may be amazed that she thinks her sister handsomer than herself: but since she is so ungenteel, and has so many of those strange properties called good qualities, which being out of fashion and out of character, I can't help reckoning a want of knowing the world, I have e'en humoured her in her own way, and said of her sister what, if she had been like other people, I should naturally have said of herself.

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[3] The Old Pretender had fainted on hearing a report of his son's death.

[4] Of Sardinia.

[5] Mons was taken by the French under the Prince de Conti on July 10 (N. S.), 1746.

Letter 226.—[1] Lady Caroline Fox, *née* Lennox.

I wish, my dear Harry, you loved Lady Emily as well as your wife does, and then I should have no excuses to make for sending you the enclosed lines[3], which I command Lady Caroline to like on pain of Dayrolles's[4] eternal displeasure, but as a fit of poetry is a distemper which I am never troubled with but in the country, you will have no reason to apprehend much trouble of this sort: the trees at Vauxhall and purling basons of goldfish never inspire me.

I can fairly say at least that Rigby makes me send you these verses, which I have compounded to do, upon condition he lets the names stand as they are; tho' he contended a great while for a set of beauties of his own, who he swears by God are handsomer than any one (except Lady Emily) that I have mentioned. But as neither Mr. Peachey[5] nor Mr. Briton[6] would reckon his ladies good company, I have fought them all off but Fanny Murray[7], for whose sake he insists the description of Flora shall at least be left doubtful by the letters F. M. in the margin, and may be wrote at length in the Covent Garden editions.

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[2] Lady Emily Lennox, afterwards Duchess of Leinster.

[3] Horace Walpole's poem *The Beauties, an Epistle to Mr. Eckardt the painter*, written in 1746. (*Works*, vol. i. p. 19.)

[4] Solomon Dayrolles (d. 1786), Master of the Revels, 1744; secretary to Lord Chesterfield during his embassy to the Hague (1745), and during his viceroyalty in Ireland; Usher of the Black Rod in Ireland, 1745; Minister at the Hague, 1747–51; Minister at Brussels, 1751–57. His success in life was chiefly owing to the fact that he was Chesterfield's godson. Horace Walpole describes him as a 'led captain to the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton.'

I have done with excuses, and give up any merit in the lines, and will only add that Lady Caroline must forgive any private partialities in the last line[8]. As to any omission of divinities, I can only say that I intended merely to mention those I think beauties, not all who are reckoned so by themselves or their court: I am no such Herculean labourer, as Tom Hervey says.

Adieu, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,
Horace Walpole.

227. To Henry Fox.

Dear Sir, Mistley, July 24, 1746.

You frighten me out of my wits, which is indeed a fair step towards making me in earnest a poet, a title I should dread more than that of Patriot, and which I should certainly get into no wills by[1]. I will be so honest as to own that

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[5] James Peachey (1723–1808), succeeded his elder brother as fourth Baronet, 1765; cr. Baron Selsey, 1794; Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, 1751; Master of the Robes, 1792–1808.

[6] Probably identical with the Mr. Breton mentioned in letter to Mann, Sept. 13, 1745.

[7] A woman of the town, afterwards married to David Ross, an actor.

[8] 'Which *Emily* might yield to *Evelyn's* eyes.' The beauty of Miss Evelyn is the subject of the concluding lines of the poem.

Letter 227.—[1] The old Duchess of Marlborough left £10,000 to the obliging things you say to me please me vastly. I find I have enough of the author in me to be extremely sensible to flattery, and were I far enough gone to publish a miscellany, there would certainly be one copy *to my honoured friend Henry Fox on his commending my verses.* But seriously, my dear Sir, you alarm me, with talking of making those I sent you public. I never thought poetry excusable but in the manner I sent you mine, just to divert anybody one loves for half an hour—and I know I must love anybody, to put myself so much in their power for their diversion. But to make anything one writes, especially poetry, public, is giving everybody leave under one's own hand to call one fool. You think me modest, but all my modesty is pride; while I am unknown, I am as great as my own imagination pleases to make me; the instant I get into that dreadful Court of Requests you talk of, I am as silly a fellow as Thomson or Glover,—you even reduce me to plead that foolish excuse against being published, which authors make to excuse themselves when they have published,—that their compositions were made in a hurry or extempore. Rigby will assure you that what I sent you was literally wrote in less than three hours; and, my dear Harry, I am not vain enough to think that I can write in three hours what would deserve to live three days. I will give you two more very material reasons for your suppressing my verses, and have done: one is, I don't care to make all the women in England my enemies, but sixteen, as their resentments would probably hurt me more than the gratitude of my goddesses would do me good, with all their charms; and the other reason is, that the conclusion of the poem is more particular than I would choose publicly to subscribe to.

I am content with your approbation and Lady Caroline's:

William Pitt (a prominent member of the 'Patriot' opposition), in recognition of his 'noble defence . . . of the laws of England.'

pray tell her the reason I said so little of Lady Emily in detail was what the critics, a set of gentlemen she is happily not acquainted with, say in excuse for the heroes of the epic poems, who are very little talked of in comparison with their rivals, but who are supposed to be celebrated enough, by surpassing those who are more amply commended; or you may tell her what will be more familiar to her than Homer and Virgil, that if I had said Mrs. Bethel[2] was the ugliest woman in the world, I should not have specified her nose, her mouth, or her complexion. For the last line on Lady Emily, which you don't understand, it only means that it is a pity she is not as like Venus in being a mother, as she is in the rest of her merits.

I beg your pardon for troubling you with a second letter so long, when I shall be in town the day after it, but I was so anxious about your talking of making my verses public, that I could not refrain a moment from begging you not. Rigby has left his kindest love for you: he is gone to a cricket-match, from which your letter has saved me. You have commended me so much, he begins to look on me in a higher light, and even deigns to treat my leisure as sacred.

I am, my dear Sir, and always shall be, if you will suppress my verses,

Your most obliged humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

228. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 1, 1746.

I AM this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three parts of Westminster Hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own House to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches *frequent and full!* The Chancellor[1] was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister[2] that is no peer, and constantly applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian[3] in weepers for his son[4] who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine

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[2] Probably Anne, daughter of Sir John Coke, of Bramhill, Essex; m. Hugh Bethel, of Rise, and Walton Abbey, Yorkshire.

LETTER 228.—[1] Sir Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

[2] Henry Pelham. *Walpole.*

[3] William Kerr (circ. 1690–1767), third Marquis of Lothian; Lord Clerk Register, 1739–56.

[4] Lord Robert Kerr.

person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy[5], with him in the Tower. But the instant she came to him, he stripped her and went to bed. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child and very handsome: so are their daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself.

When the trial began, the two Earls pleaded guilty; Balmerino not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the taking of the castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the King's counsel opened, and Serjeant

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[5] Margaret, daughter of Captain Chalmers; m. Arthur Elphinstone, sixth Baron Balmerino.

Skinner[6] pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable; and mentioned the Duke of Perth, 'who,' said he, 'I see by the papers is dead[7].' Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their House, and returning, demanded of the judges, whether one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord High Steward asked the Peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty! All said, 'guilty upon honour,' and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble. While the Lords were withdrawn, the Solicitor-General Murray (brother of the Pretender's minister[8]) officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him, how he could give the Lords so much trouble, when his solicitor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him? Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was? and being told, he said, 'Oh, Mr. Murray! I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother[9], was of great use to us at Perth.' Are not you charmed with this speech? how just it was! As he went away, he said, 'They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me: but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve.' The worst of his case is, that after the battle of Dunblain[10], having a company in the Duke of Argyll's regiment, he deserted with it to the rebels, and has since been pardoned. Lord Kilmarnock is a Presbyterian, with four earldoms[11] in him, but so poor since Lord Wilmington's stopping a pension that my father had given him, that he often wanted a dinner. Lord Cromartie was receiver of the rents of the King's second son in Scotland, which, it was understood, he should not account for; and by that means had six hundred a year from the Government: Lord Elibank[12], a very prating, impertinent Jacobite, was bound for him in nine thousand pounds, for which the Duke is determined to sue him.

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[6] Matthew Skinner (1689–1749), Recorder of Oxford, 1721–49; Chief Justice of Chester, 1738–49.

[7] He died (May 13, 1746) on board the frigate which was conveying him to France.

[8] Lord Dunbar. *Walpole.*

[9] Margery (d. 1746), daughter of David Scott, of Scotstarvet, Fife; m. (1688) David Murray, fifth Viscount Stormont.

[10] On Nov. 15, 1715.

When the Peers were going to vote, Lord Foley[13] withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray[14], as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Stair,—as, I believe, uncle to his great-grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, 'I am sorry I must say, *guilty upon my honour.*' Lord Stamford[15] would not answer to the name of *Henry*, having been christened *Harry*—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa, the father of my brother's concubine, an old Jew that kept a tavern; my brother, as Auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court; I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us?*' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband[16] vote, she said, 'I always knew *my* Lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour.*' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty,* was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show.

On Wednesday they were again brought to Westminster

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[11] Kilmarnock, Erroll, Callander, and Linlithgow.

[12] Patrick Murray (1703–1778), fifth Baron Elibank; served in the army. He is mentioned in *Royal and Noble Authors* as the author of some tracts.

[13] Thomas Foley (1703–1766), second Baron Foley.

[14] James Stuart (circ. 1708–1767), eighth Earl of Moray; his mother was sister of Lord Balmerino.

[15] Harry Grey (1715–1768), fourth Earl of Stamford.

[16] Charles Townshend (1700–1764), third Viscount Townshend.

Hall, to receive sentence; and being asked what they had to say, Lord Kilmarnock, with a fine voice, read a very fine speech, confessing the extent of his crime, but offering his principles as some alleviation, having his eldest son[17] (his second[18] unluckily was with him), in the Duke's army, *fighting for the liberties of his country at Culloden, where his unhappy father was in arms to destroy them.* He insisted much on his tenderness to the English prisoners, which some deny, and say that he was the man who proposed their being put to death, when General Stapleton urged that *he* was come to fight, and not to butcher; and that if they acted any such barbarity, he would leave them with all his men. He very artfully mentioned Van Hoey's letter, and said how much he should scorn to owe his life to such intercession. Lord Cromartie spoke much shorter, and so low, that he was not heard but by those who sat very near him; but they prefer his speech to the other. He mentioned his misfortune in having drawn in his eldest son, who is prisoner with him; and concluded with saying, 'If no part of this bitter cup must pass from me, not mine, O God, but Thy will be done!' If he had pleaded *not guilty*, there was ready to be produced against him a paper signed with his own hand, for putting the English prisoners to death.

Lord Leicester went up to the Duke of Newcastle, and said, 'I never heard so great an orator as Lord Kilmarnock! if I was your Grace, I would pardon him, and make him *Paymaster*[19].'

That morning a paper had been sent to the Lieutenant of the Tower for the prisoners; he gave it to Lord Cornwallis[20], the governor, who carried it to the House of Lords. It was a plea for the prisoners, objecting that the late Act for regulating the trials of rebels did not take place till after their crime was committed. The Lords very tenderly and rightly sent this plea to them, of which, as you have seen, the two Earls did not make use; but old Balmerino did, and demanded counsel on it. The High Steward, almost in a passion, told him, that when he had been offered counsel, he did not accept it. Do but think on the ridicule of sending them the plea, and then denying them counsel on it! The Duke of Newcastle, who never lets slip an opportunity of being absurd, took it up as a ministerial point, in defence of his creature the Chancellor; but Lord Granville moved, according to order, to adjourn to debate in the chamber of Parliament, where the Duke of Bedford and many others spoke warmly for their having counsel; and it was granted. I said *their*, because the plea would have saved them all, and affected nine rebels who had been hanged that very morning; particularly one Morgan[21], a poetical lawyer. Lord Balmerino asked for Forester and Wilbraham[22]; the latter a very able lawyer in the House of Commons, who, the Chancellor said privately, he was sure would as soon be hanged as plead such a cause. But he came as counsel to-day (the third day), when Lord Balmerino gave up his plea as invalid, and submitted, without any speech. The High Steward then made his, very long and very poor, with only one or two good passages; and then pronounced sentence!

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[17] James Boyd, afterwards Hay (1726–1778), Lord Boyd; on his father's death he succeeded to the family estates, but not to the earldom of Kilmarnock, which was attainted; succeeded his great-aunt as fifteenth Earl of Erroll, 1758; officiated as High Constable of Scotland at the Coronation of George III.

[18] Hon. Charles Boyd (d. 1782), who escaped to France.

[19] Alluding to Mr. Pitt, who had lately been preferred to that post, from the fear the ministry had of his abusive eloquence. *Walpole.*

Great intercession is made for the two earls: Duke Hamilton[23], who has never been at court, designs to kiss the King's hand, and ask Lord Kilmarnock's life. The King is much inclined to some mercy; but the Duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory, as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the City to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, 'Then let it be of the *Butchers!*' The Scotch and his Royal Highness are not at all guarded in their expressions of each other. When he went to Edinburgh, on his pursuit of the rebels, they would not admit his guards, alleging that it was contrary to their privileges; but they rode in, sword in hand; and the Duke, very justly incensed, refused to see any of the magistrates. He came with the utmost expedition to town, in order for Flanders; but found that the court of Vienna had already sent Prince Charles thither, without the least notification, at which both King and Duke are greatly offended. When the latter waited on his brother, the Prince carried him into a room that hangs over the wall of St. James's Park, and stood there with his arm about his neck, to charm the gazing mob.

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[20] Charles Cornwallis (1700–1762), fifth Baron and (1753) first Earl Cornwallis; Governor of the Tower of London, 1740–62.

[21] Thomas David Morgan, whose head was set up on Temple Bar.

[22] Randle Wilbraham, M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyne; Deputy Steward of the University of Oxford.

[23] James Hamilton (1724–1758), sixth Duke of Hamilton.

Murray, the Pretender's secretary, has made ample confessions: the Earl of Traquair[24] and Dr. Barry, a physician, are apprehended, and more warrants are out; so much for rebels! Your friend, Lord Sandwich, is instantly going ambassador to Holland, to pray the Dutch to build more ships. I have received yours of July 19th, but you see have no more room left, only to say, that I conceive a good idea of my eagle, though the seal is a bad one. Adieu!

P.S. I have not room to say anything to the Tesi till next post; but, unless she will sing gratis, would advise her to drop this thought.

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[24] Charles Stewart (d. 1764), fifth Earl of Traquair.

229. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Arlington Street, Aug. 2, 1746.

You have lost nothing by missing yesterday at the trials, but a little additional contempt for the High Steward; and even that is recoverable, as his long paltry speech is to be printed; for which, and for thanks for it, Lord Lincoln moved the House of Lords. Somebody said to Sir Charles Windham, 'Oh! you don't think Lord Hardwicke's speech good, because you have read Lord Cowper's[1].'—'No,' replied he; 'but I do think it tolerable, because I heard Serjeant Skinner's.' Poor brave old Balmerino retracted his plea, asked pardon, and desired the Lords to intercede for mercy. As he returned to the Tower, he stopped the coach at Charing Cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries. He says he is extremely afraid Lord Kilmarnock will not behave well. The Duke said publicly at his levee, that the latter proposed the murdering the English prisoners. His Highness was to have given Peggy Banks a ball last night; but was persuaded to defer it, as it would have rather looked like an insult on the prisoners, the very day their sentence was passed. George Selwyn says that he had begged Sir William Saunderson[2] to get him the Lord High Steward's wand, after it was broke, as a curiosity; but that he behaved so like an attorney the first day, and so like a pettifogger the second, that he would not take it to light his fire with: I don't believe my Lady Hardwicke is so high-minded.

Your cousin Sandwich is certainly going on embassy to Holland. I don't know whether it is to qualify him, by new dignity, for the head of the Admiralty, or whether (which is more agreeable to present policy) to satisfy him

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Letter 229.—[1] William Cowper (circ. 1665–1723), first Earl Cowper, who acted as High Steward at the trial of the rebel lords in 1716.

[2] Second Baronet, of Combe, Greenwich; Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod; d. 1754.

instead of it. I know when Lord Malton, who was a young earl, asked for the Garter, to stop his pretensions, they—made him a marquis[3]. When Lord Brook, who is likely to have ten sons, though he has none yet, asked to have his barony settled on his daughters, they refused him with an earldom; and they professed making Pitt Paymaster, in order to silence the avidity of his faction.

Dear George, I am afraid I shall not be in your neighbourhood, as I promised myself. Sir Charles Williams has let his house. I wish you would one day whisk over and look at Hurley House. The enclosed advertisement makes it sound pretty, though I am afraid too large for me. Do look at it impartially: don't be struck at first sight with any *brave old windows*; but be so good to inquire the rent, and if I can have it for a year, and with any furniture.

I have not had time to copy out the verses, but you shall have them soon. Adieu, with my compliments to your sisters,

Yours ever,
H. W.

230. To George Montagu.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, Aug. 5, 1746.

Though I can't this week accept your invitation, I can prove to you that I am most desirous of passing my time with you, and therefore *en attendant* Hurley House, if you can find me out any clean, little house in Windsor, ready furnished, that is not absolutely in the middle of the town, but near you, I shall be glad to take it for three or four months. I have been about Sir Robert Rich's, but they will only *sell* it.

I am as far from guessing why they send Sandwich in embassy, as you are; and, when I recollect of what various materials our late ambassadors have been composed, Lord Stair, Lord Granville, and Lord Chesterfield[1], I can only say, '*ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.*'

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[3] Of Rockingham.

Murray[2] has certainly been discovering, and warrants are out; but I don't yet know who are to be their prize. I begin to think that the ministry had really no intelligence till now. I before thought they had, but durst not use it. Apropos to *not daring*; I went t'other night to look at my poor favourite Chelsea[3], for the little mad Newcastle[4] is gone to be dipped in the sea. In one of the rooms is a bed for her Duke, and a press bed for his footman; for he never dares lie alone, and, till he was married, had always a servant set up with him.

Lady Cromartie presented her petition to the King last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. She swooned away as soon as he was gone. Lord Cornwallis told me that her lord weeps every time anything of his fate is mentioned to him. Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not winch, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders, and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till ———, and then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the gaoler, 'Take care, or you will break my shins with this damned axe.'

I must tell you a *bon-mot* of George Selwyn's at the trial. He saw Bethel's sharp visage looking wistfully at the rebel

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LETTER 230. — [1] These names have been erased in the MS., but can still be read.

[2] John Murray of Broughton.

[3] Where Sir Robert Walpole had had what was then a country house.

[4] Lady Henrietta Godolphin (d. 1776), eldest daughter and co-heir of second Earl of Godolphin; m. (1717) Thomas Pelham Holles, Duke of Newcastle.

lords; he said, 'What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned.' If you have a mind for a true foreign idea, one of the foreign ministers said at the trial to another, 'Vraiment cela est auguste.' 'Oui,' replied t'other, 'cela est auguste, cela est vrai, mais cela n'est pas royal!'

I am assured that the old Countess of Errol[5] made her son Lord Kilmarnock go into the Rebellion on pain of disinheriting him. I don't know whether I told you that the man at the tennis-court protests that he has known him dine with the man that sells pamphlets at Storey's Gate; 'and,' says he, 'he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner.' He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. Can one help pitying such distress? I am vastly softened, too, about old Balmerino's relapse, for his pardon was only granted him to engage his brother's[6] vote at the election of Scotch peers.

My Lord Chancellor has had a thousand pound in present for his High Stewardship, and has got the reversion of Clerk of the Crown (twelve hundred a year) for his second son[7]—what a long time it will be before his posterity are drove into rebellion for want, like Lord Kilmarnock!

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[5] Lady Mary Hay (d. 1758), eldest daughter of twelfth Earl of Erroll, succeeded her brother as *suo jure* Countess of Erroll, 1717; m. Hon. Alexander Falconer, brother of fifth Baron Falconer. She was not Lord Kilmarnock's mother, but his wife's aunt.

[6] John Elphinstone (1675–1746), fifth Baron Balmerino.

[7] Hon. Charles Yorke (1722–1770), second son of first Earl of Hardwicke; M.P. for Reigate; Solicitor-General, 1756; Attorney-General, 1761–63. In January, 1770, at the urgent request of George III, he accepted the office of Lord Chancellor in Lord North's administration, an office which he had twice refused at the bidding of his party. In consequence, it is supposed, of the bitter reproaches of his family and friends, he is said to have ended his own life three days after taking the oath as Lord Chancellor, and before the Great Seal had been affixed to the patent creating him Lord Morden.

The Duke gave his ball last night to Peggy Banks at Vauxhall. It was to pique my Lady Rochford, in return for the Prince of Hesse. I saw the company get into their barges at Whitehall Stairs, as I was going myself, and just then passed by two City Companies in their great barges, who had been a swan-hopping[8]. They laid by and played 'God save our noble King,' and altogether it was a mighty pretty show. When they came to Vauxhall, there were assembled about five-and-twenty hundred people, besides crowds without. They huzzaed, and surrounded him so, that he was forced to retreat into the ball-room. He was very near being drowned t'other night going from Ranelagh to Vauxhall by a politeness of Lord Cathcart's[9], who, stepping on the side of the boat to lend his arm, overset it, and both fell into the water up to their chins.

I have not yet got Sir Charles's ode; when I have, you shall see it—here are my own lines. Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

231. To George Montagu.

The Christopher—Lord! how great I used to think anybody just landed at the Christopher! But here are no boys for me to send for!

Here I am, like Noah, just returned into his old world again, with all sorts of queer feels about me.—By the way, the clock strikes the old cracked sound—I recollect so much, and remember so little, and want to play about, and am so afraid of my playfellows, and am ready to *shirk* Ashton, and can't help *making fun* of myself, and envy a *dame* over the way, that has just locked in her boarders, and is going to sit down in a little hot parlour to a very bad supper, so comfortably! and I could be so *jolly* a dog if I did not *fat*, which, by the way, is the first time the word was ever applicable to me. In short, I should be *out* of all *bounds* if I was to tell you half I feel, how young again I am one minute, and how old the next.—But do come and feel with me, when you will, to-morrow—for to-night I have so bad a bed that you will think I deserve to be *flogged*. Adieu! If I don't compose myself a little before Sunday morning, when Ashton is to preach[1], I shall certainly *be in a bill for laughing at church*; but how to help it, to see him in the pulpit, when the last time I saw him here, was standing up *funking* over against a conduct[2] to be catechized.

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[8] A corruption of 'swan-upping,' the 'taking-up,' in the month of August, of the young swans belonging to the City Companies on the Thames, for the purpose of marking them.

[9] Charles Schaw Cathcart (1721–1776), ninth Baron Cathcart; served in the army; severely wounded at the battle of Fontenoy, where he acted as A.D.C. to Duke of Cumberland; hostage in France, 1748–49; Lieutenant-General, 1760; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1768–71.

Letter 231.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1737. (See *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 23, 1899.)

Good night; yours, &c.,

HOR. WALPOLE.

232. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, Aug. 11, 1746.

I have seen Mr. Jordan, and have taken his house[1] at forty guineas a year, but I am to pay taxes. Shall I now accept your offer of being at the trouble of giving orders for the airing it? I have desired the landlord will order the key to be delivered to you, and Ashton will assist you. Furniture, I find, I have in abundance, which I shall send down immediately; but shall not be able to be at Windsor at the quivering dame's before to-morrow se'nnight, as the rebel lords are not to be executed till next Monday. I shall stay till that is over, though I don't believe I shall see it. Lord Cromartie is reprieved for a pardon. If wives and children become an argument for saving rebels, they will cease to be a reason against their going into rebellion. Lady Caroline Fitzroy's execution[2] is certainly to-night. I dare say she will follow Lord Balmerino's advice to Lord Kilmarnock, and not winch.

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[1] Thomas Ashton became a Fellow of Eton in 1745.

[2] Printed *conduit* in all previous editions. Conduct is 'still used as the name of the chaplains at Eton College.' (*N. E. D.*)

LETTER 232.—[1] Within the precincts of Windsor Castle.

Lord Sandwich has made Mr. Keith[3] his secretary. I don't believe the founder of your race, the great Quu, of Habiculeo, would have chosen his secretary from California.

I would willingly return the civilities and pasties you laid upon me at Windsor—do command me—in what can I serve you? Shall I get you an earldom? Don't think it will be any trouble; there is nothing easier or cheaper.—Lord Hobart and Lord Fitzwilliam are both to be earls to-morrow: the former, of Buckingham; the latter, by his already title—I suppose Lord Malton will be a duke—he has had no new peerage this fortnight. Adieu! my compliments to the virtuous ladies, Arabella and Hounsibella Quus.

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Here is an order for the key.

233. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 12, 1746.

To begin with the Tesi; she is mad if she desires to come hither. I hate long histories, and so will only tell you in a few words, that Lord Middlesex[1] took the opportunity of a rivalship between his own mistress, the Nardi, and the Violetta[2], the finest and most admired dancer in the world, to involve the whole *ménage* of the Opera in the quarrel, and has paid nobody; but, like a true Lord of the Treasury, has shut up his own exchequer. The principal man-dancer was arrested for debt; to the composer his Lordship gave a bad note, not payable in two years, besides amercing him entirely three hundred pounds, on pretence of his siding with the Violette. If the Tesi likes this account—*venga! venga!*

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[2] Her marriage.

[3] Robert Keith, fourth son of Colonel Keith, of Craig, Kincardineshire; Minister at Vienna, 1748–58; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1758–62; d. 1774.

Did I tell you that your friend Lord Sandwich was sent ambassador to Holland? He is: and that Lady Charlotte Fermor[3] was to be married to Mr. Finch[4], the Vice-Chamberlain? She is. Mr. Finch is a comely black widower, without children, and heir to his brother Winchelsea, who has no sons. The Countess-mother[5] has been in an embroil, (as we have often known her,) about carrying Miss Shelley, a bosom-friend, into the Peeresses' place at the trials. Lord Granville, who is extremely fond of Lady Charlotte, has given her all her sister's jewels, to the great discontent of his own daughters. She has five thousand pounds, and Mr. Finch settles fifteen thousand pounds more upon her. Now we are upon the chapter of marriages, Lord Petersham[6] was last night married to one of our first beauties, Lady Caroline Fitzroy[7]; and Lord Coke[8] is to have the youngest of the late Duke of Argyll's daughters[9], who is none of our beauties at all.

LETTER 233.—[1] Charles Sackville, eldest son of Lionel, Duke of Dorset, a Lord of the Treasury. *Walpole.*

[2] She was a German, and married Mr. Garrick, the celebrated actor. *Walpole.*

[3] Second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and sister of Lady Granville. *Walpole.*

[4] William Finch, brother of the Earl of Winchilsea, had been Ambassador in Holland. *Walpole.*

[5] Lady Pomfret.

[6] Son of the Earl of Harrington, Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

[7] Eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain. *Walpole.*

[8] Edward, only son of Thomas, Earl of Leicester. *Walpole.*

[9] Lady Mary Campbell.

Princess Louisa has already reached the object of her wish ever since she could speak, and is Queen of Denmark[10]. We have been a little lucky lately in the deaths of Kings, and promise ourselves great matters from the new monarch in Spain[11]. Princess Mary is coming over from Hesse to drink the Bath waters; that is the pretence for leaving her brutal husband, and for visiting the Duke and Princess Caroline, who love her extremely. She is of the softest, mildest temper in the world.

We know nothing certainly of the young Pretender, but that he is concealed in Scotland, and devoured with distempers: I really wonder how an Italian constitution can have supported such rigours! He has said, that 'he did not see what he had to be ashamed of; and that if he has lost one battle, he had gained two.' Old Lovat curses Cope and Hawley for the loss of those two, and says, if they had done their duty, he had never been in this scrape. Cope is actually going to be tried; but Hawley, who is fifty times more culpable, is saved by partiality: Cope miscarried by incapacity; Hawley, by insolence and carelessness.

Lord Cromartie is reprieved; the Prince asked his life, and his wife made great intercession, though when he was taken he was actually found in bed with Lady Sutherland. Duke Hamilton's intercession for Lord Kilmarnock has rather hurried him to the block: he and Lord Balmerino are to die next Monday. Lord Kilmarnock, with the greatest nobleness of soul, desired to have Lord Cromartie preferred to himself for pardon, if there could be but one saved; and Lord Balmerino laments that he himself and Lord Lovat were not taken at the same time; 'for then,' says he, 'we might have been sacrificed, and those other two brave men escaped.' Indeed Lord Cromartie does not much deserve the epithet; for he wept whenever his execution was mentioned. Balmerino is jolly with his pretty Peggy, . . .[12] There is a remarkable story of him at the battle of Dunblain, where the Duke of Argyll, his colonel, answered for him, on his being suspected. He behaved well; but as soon as we had gained the victory, went off with his troop to the Pretender; protesting that he had never feared death but that day, as he had been fighting against his conscience. Popularity has changed sides since the year '15, for now the City and the generality are very angry that so many rebels have been pardoned. Some of those taken at Carlisle dispersed papers at their execution, saying they forgave all men but three, the Elector of Hanover, the *pretended* Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Richmond, who signed the capitulation at Carlisle.

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[10] Her husband had just succeeded to the throne (as Frederick V) on the death of his father, Christian VI (1730-1746).

[11] Ferdinand VI (1746-1759), who succeeded his father Philip V.

Wish Mr. Hobart joy of his new lordship; his father took his seat to-day as Earl of Buckingham: Lord Fitzwilliam is made an English earl with him, by his old title. Lord Tankerville[13] goes governor to Jamaica[14]: a cruel method of recruiting a prodigal nobleman's broken fortune, by sending him to pillage a province! Adieu!

P.S. I have taken a pretty house at Windsor, and am going thither for the remainder of the summer.

234. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Arlington Street, Aug. 16, 1746.

I shall be with you on Tuesday night, and since you are so good as to be my Rowland White[1], must beg my apartment at the quivering dame's may be aired for me. My caravan sets out with all my household stuff on Monday; but I have heard nothing of your sister's hamper, nor do I know how to send the bantams by it, but will leave them here till I am more settled under the shade of my own mulberry-tree.

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[12] Passage omitted.

[13] Charles Bennett (1697–1753), second Earl of Tankerville.

[14] This did not happen. *Walpole.*

Letter 234.—[1] A steward and correspondent of Robert Sidney, first Earl of Leicester, of that family.

I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Traquair, Lord Cromartie and his son, and the Lord Provost[2] at their respective windows. The other two wretched Lords are in dismal towers, and they have stopped up one of old Balmerino's windows because he talked to the populace; and now he has only one, which looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, 'Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my Lady's stomach.' He has wrote a sensible letter to the Duke to beg his intercession, and the Duke has given it to the King; but gave a much colder answer to Duke Hamilton, who went to beg it for Lord Kilmarnock: he told him the affair was in the King's hands, and that he had nothing to do with it. Lord Kilmarnock, who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified. It will be difficult to make you believe to what heights of affectation or extravagance my Lady Townshend carries her passion for my Lord Kilmarnock, whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smit with his falling shoulders. She has been under his window; sends messages to him; has got his dog and his snuff-box; has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night, and then goes to Greenwich; forswears conversing with the

[2] Of Edinburgh.

bloody English, and has taken a French master. She insisted on Lord Hervey's promising her he would not sleep a whole night for my Lord Kilmarnock, 'and in return,' says she, 'never trust me more if I am not as yellow as a jonquil for him.' She said gravely t'other day, 'Since I saw my Lord Kilmarnock, I really think no more of Sir Harry Nisbett than if there was no such man in the world.' But of all her flights, yesterday was the strongest. George Selwyn dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so entirely serious as she pretends, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage; told him she now believed all his father and mother had said of him; and with a thousand other reproaches flung upstairs. George coolly took Mrs. Dorcas, her woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle: 'And pray, sir,' said Dorcas, 'do you think my Lady will be prevailed upon to let me go see this execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the Tower the night before.'—My Lady has quarrelled with Sir Charles Windham for calling the two Lords *malefactors.*—The idea seems to be general; for 'tis said Lord Cromartie is to be *transported*, which diverts me for the dignity of the peerage. The ministry really gave it as a reason against their casting lots for pardon, that it was below their dignity. I did not know but that might proceed from Balmerino's not being an earl; and therefore, now their hand is in, would have them make him one.

You will see in the papers the second great victory at Placentia[3]. There are papers pasted in several parts of the town, threatening your cousin Sandwich's head if he makes a dishonourable peace.

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[3] On Aug. 10 (N.S.) the Austrians under Marshal Botta defeated the French and Spaniards on the river Tidone. In consequence of this victory Placentia surrendered to the Austrians.

I will bring you down Sir Charles Williams's new Ode on the Manchester[4]. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

235. To Horace Mann.

Windsor, Aug. 21, 1746.

You will perceive by my date that I am got into a new scene, and that I am retired hither like an old summer dowager; only that I have no toad-eater to take the air with me in the back part of my lozenge-coach[1], and to be scolded. I have taken a small house here within the castle, and propose spending the greatest part of every week here till the Parliament meets; but my jaunts to town will prevent my news from being quite provincial and marvellous. Then I promise you, I will go to no races nor assemblies, nor make comments upon couples that come in chaises to the White Hart.

I came from town (for take notice, I put this place upon myself for the country) the day after the execution of the rebel lords: I was not at it, but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold: and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts.

Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster[2], the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat, turned up with red, (his rebellious regimentals,) a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold: the room forwards had benches for spectators, in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino: all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, 'My lord, I wish I could suffer for both!' He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, 'My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?' He replied, 'My Lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order.' Balmerino answered, 'It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us.'—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the Rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife[3], her mother[4], his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him.

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[4] The Duchess of Manchester.

LETTER 235.—[1] The arms of maiden ladies and widows are borne on a lozenge.

[2] Rev. James Foster (1697–1753), pastor of the independent church at Pinners' Hall.

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[3] Lady Anne Livingston, daughter and heir of fifth Earl of Linlithgow; m. William Boyd, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock; d. 1747.

[4] The Countess of Erroll is meant. See letter to Montagu of Aug. 5, 1746.

He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat, with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with sawdust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause.' He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, 'No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can.' Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder, to give him his perriwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, 'Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!'

My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, everybody is so bloody-minded, that they eat rebels! The Prince of Wales, whose intercession saved Lord Cromartie, says he did it in return for old Sir W.[5] (Lady Cromartie's father), coming down out of his death-bed to vote against my father in the Chippenham election. If his Royal Highness had not countenanced inveteracy like that of Sir Gordon, he would have no occasion to exert his gratitude now in favour of rebels. His brother has plucked a very useful feather out of the cap of the ministry, by forbidding any application for posts in the army to be made to anybody but himself: a resolution, I dare say, he will keep as strictly and minutely as he does the discipline and dress of the army. Adieu!

P.S. I have just received yours of Aug. 9th. You had not then heard of the second great battle of Placentia, which has already occasioned new instructions, or in effect, a recall being sent after Lord Sandwich[6].

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[5] Sir William Gordon.

236. To Horace Mann.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1746.

You have sent me Marquis Rinuncini with as much secrecy as if you had sent me a present. I was here: there came an exceedingly fair written and civil letter from you, dated last May: I comprehended by the formality of it, that it was written for the person who brought it, not for the person it was sent to. I have been to town on purpose to wait on him, and though you know he was not of my set, yet being of Florence, and recommended by you, and recollecting how you used to cuddle over a bit of politics with the old Marquis[1], I set myself to be wondrous civil to Marquis Folco; pray, *faites valoir ma politesse!* You have no occasion to let people know exactly the situation of my villa; but talk of my *standing in campagna*, and coming directly in *sedia di posta*, to *far mio dovere al Signor Marchesino.* I stayed literally an entire week with him, carried him to see palaces and Richmond Gardens and Park, and Chenevix's shop, and talked a great deal to him *alle conversazioni.* It is a wretched time for him; there is not a soul in town; no plays; and Ranelagh shut up. You may say I should have stayed longer with him, but I was obliged to return for fear of losing *my vintage.* I shall be in London again in a fortnight, and then I shall do more *mille gentilezze.* Seriously, I was glad to see him—after I had got over being sorry to see him, (for with all the goodness of one's *Soquxkin soqubut,* as the Japanese call the heart, you must own it is a little troublesome to be showing the tombs,) I asked him a thousand questions, rubbed up my old tarnished Italian, and inquired about fifty people that I had entirely forgot till his arrival. He told me some passages, that I don't forgive you for not mentioning; your *cicisbeatura*, Sir, with the Antinora[2]; and Manelli's[3] marriage and jealousy: who consoles my illustrious mistress[4]? Rinuncini has announced the future arrival of the Abbate Niccolini, the elder Pandolfini, and the younger Panciatici; these two last, you know, were friends of mine; I shall be extremely glad to see them.

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[6] He was engaged in negotiations with a view to a peace.

Letter 236.—[1] Marquis Rinuncini, the elder, had been envoy in England, and Prime Minister to John Gaston, the last Great Duke. *Walpole.*

Your two last were of Aug. 23rd and 30th. In the latter you talk of the execution of the rebel lords, but don't tell me whether you received my long history of their trials. Your Florentines guessed very rightly about my Lady O.'s reasons for not returning amongst you: she has picked up a Mr. Shirley[5], no great genius—but with all her affectation of parts, you know she never was delicate about the capacity of her lovers. This swain has so little pretensions to any kind of genius, that two years ago being to act in the Duke of Bedford's company[6], he kept back the play three weeks, because he could not get his part by heart, though it consisted but of seventeen lines and a half. With him she has retired to a villa near New Park, and lets her house in town.

Your last letter only mentions the progress of the King of Sardinia towards Genoa: but there is an account actually arrived of his being master of it. It is very big news, and I hope will make us look a little haughty again: we are giving ourselves airs, and sending a secret expedition against France: we don't indeed own that it is in favour of the Chevalier William Courtenay[7], who, you know, claims the crown of France, and whom King William threatened them to proclaim, when they proclaimed the Pretender; but I believe the Protestant Highlanders in the south of France are ready to join him the moment he lands. There is one Sir Watkyn Williams, a great Baron in Languedoc, and a Sir John Cotton, a Marquis of Dauphiné[8], who have engaged to raise a great number of men, on the first debarkation that we make.

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[2] Sister of Madame Grifoni. *Walpole.*

[3] Signor Ottavio Manelli had been cicisbeo of Madame Grifoni. *Walpole.*

[4] Madame Grifoni. *Walpole.*

[5] Sewallis Shirley, uncle of Earl Ferrers. *Walpole.*—Hon. Sewallis Shirley (1709–1765), fourteenth son of first Earl Ferrers; Comptroller of the Household to Queen Charlotte.

[6] The Duke of Bedford and his friends acted several plays at Woburn. *Walpole.*

I think it begins to be believed that the Pretender's son is got to France[9]: pray, if he passes through Florence, make it as agreeable to him as you can, and introduce him to all my acquaintance. I don't indeed know him myself, but he is a particular friend of my cousin Sir John Philipps[10], and of my sister-in-law Lady O., who will both take it extremely kindly—besides, do, for your own sake; you may make your peace with her this way; and if ever Lord Bath comes into power, she will secure your remaining at Florence. Adieu!

237. To Horace Mann.

Windsor, Oct. 2, 1746.

By your own loss you may measure my joy at the receipt of the dear Chutes[1]. I strolled to town one day last week, and there I found them! Poor creatures! there they were!

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[7] Sir William Courtenay, said to be the right heir of Louis le Gros. There is a notion that at the coronation of a new King of France, the Courtenays assert their pretensions, and that the King of France says to them, 'Après nous, vous.' *Walpole.*

[8] Two Jacobite knights of Wales and Cambridgeshire. *Walpole.*

[9] He landed at Roscoff, near Morlaix, on Sept. 29, 1746.

[10] Sir J. Phillips, of Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire; a noted Jacobite. He was first cousin of Catherine Shorter, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

Letter 237.—[1] John Chute and Francis Whitehed had been several years in Italy, chiefly at Florence. *Walpole.*

wondering at everything they saw, but with the difference from Englishmen that go abroad, of keeping their amazement to themselves. They will tell you of wild dukes in the playhouse, of streets dirtier than forests, and of women more uncouth than the streets. I found them extremely surprised at not finding any ready-furnished palace built round two courts. I do all I can to reconcile their country to them; though seriously they have no affectation, and have nothing particular in them, but that they have nothing particular: a fault which the climate and their neighbours will soon correct. You may imagine how we have talked you over, and how I have inquired after the state of your *wet-brown-paperhood.* Mr. Chute adores you: do you know, that as well as I love you, I never found all those charms in you that he does! I own this to you out of pure honesty, that you may love him as much as he deserves. I don't know how he will succeed here, but to me he has more wit than anybody I know[2]: he is altered, and I think, broken: Whitehed is grown leaner considerably, and is a very pretty gentleman. He did not reply to me as the Turcotti[3] did *bonnement* to you, when you told her she was a little thinner: do you remember how she puffed and chuckled, and said, 'And indeed I think you are too.' Mr. Whitehed was not so sensible of the blessing of decrease, as to conclude that it would be acceptable news even to shadows: he thinks me plumped out. I would fain have enticed them down hither, and promised we would live just as if we were at the King's Arms in *Via di Santo Spirito*[4]: but they were obliged to go

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[2] 'He [Horace Walpole] is full, I assure you, of your panegyric. Never anybody had half so much wit, as Mr. Chute (which is saying everything with him, you know) and Mr. Whd. is the finest young man that ever was imported.' (Gray to John Chute, Oct. 1746.)

[3] A fine singer. *Walpole.*

[4] Mr. Mann hired a large palace of the Manetti family at Florence in Via di Santo Spirito: foreign ministers in Italy affix large shields with the arms of their sovereign over their door. *Walpole.*

chez eux, not *pour se décrasser*, but *pour se crasser*. I shall introduce them *a tutte le mie conoscenze*, and shall try to make *questo paese* as agreeable to them as possible; except in one point, for I have sworn never to tell Mr. Chute a word of news, for then he will be writing it to you, and I shall have nothing to say. This is a lucky resolution for you, my dear child, for between two friends one generally hears nothing; the one concludes that the other has told all.

I have had two or three letters from you since I wrote. The young Pretender is generally believed to have got off the 16th of last month: if he were not, with the zeal of the Chutes, I believe they would go to Scotland to hunt him, and would be impatient to send a limb to Cardinal Acquaviva and Monsignor Piccolomini. I quite gain a winter with them, having had no expectation of them till spring. Adieu!

238. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

My dear Harry, Windsor still, Oct. 3, 1746.

You ask me if I am really grown a philosopher. Really I believe not; for I shall refer you to my practice rather than to my doctrine, and have really acquired what they only pretend to seek, content. So far, indeed, I was a philosopher even when I lived in town, for then I was content too; and all the difference I can conceive between those two opposite doctors was, that Aristippus loved London, and Diogenes Windsor: and if your master the Duke, whom I sincerely prefer to Alexander, and who certainly can intercept more sunshine[1], would but stand out of my way, which he is extremely in, while he lives in the Park here[2], I should love my little tub of forty pounds a year, more than my palace *dans la rue des ministres*, with

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Letter 238.—[1] He was very fat.

[2] He was Ranger of Windsor Forest and Great Park.

all my pictures and bronzes, which you ridiculously imagine I have encumbered myself with in my solitude. Solitude it is, as to the tub itself, for no soul lives in it with me; though I could easily give you room at the butt-end of it, and with vast pleasure; but George Montagu, who perhaps is a philosopher too, though I am sure not of Pythagoras's silent sect, lives but two barrels off; and Ashton, a Christian philosopher of our acquaintance, lives at the foot of that hill which you mention with a melancholy satisfaction that always attends the reflection. Apropos, here is an Ode on the very subject, which I desire you will please to like excessively[3]:

. . . .

You will immediately conclude, out of good breeding, that it is mine, and that it is charming. I shall be much obliged to you for the first thought, but desire you will retain only the second; for it is Mr. Gray's, and not

your humble servant's,

HOR. WALPOLE.

239. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 14, 1746.

YOU will have been alarmed with the news of another battle[1] lost in Flanders, where we have no Kings of Sardinia. We make light of it; do not allow it to be a battle, but call it 'the action near Liège.' Then we have whittled down our loss extremely, and will not allow a man more than three hundred and fifty English slain out of the four thousand. The whole of it, as it appears to me, is, that we gave up eight battalions to avoid fighting; as at New-

[3] Here follows in the original Mr. Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*. *Walpole.*

LETTER 239.—[1] On Oct. 11 (N. S.), 1746, the allied Austrians, English, and Hanoverians were defeated by the French under Marshal Saxe at Roucoux, near Liège.

market people pay their forfeit when they foresee they should lose the race; though, if the whole army had fought, and we had lost the day, one might have hoped to have come off for eight battalions. Then they tell you that the French had four-and-twenty-pounders, and that they must beat us by the superiority of their cannon; so that to me it is grown a paradox, to war with a nation who have a mathematical certainty of beating you; or else it is still a stranger paradox, why you cannot have as large cannon as the French. This loss was balanced by a pompous account of the triumphs of our invasion of Bretagne[2]; which, in plain terms, I think, is reduced to burning two or three villages and re-embarking: at least, two or three of the transports are returned with this history, and know not what is become of Lestock and the rest of the invasion. The young Pretender is landed in France, with thirty Scotch, but in such a wretched condition that his Highland Highness had no breeches.

I have received yours of the 27th of last month, with the capitulation of Genoa, and the kind conduct of the Austrians to us their allies, so extremely like their behaviour whenever they are fortunate. Pray, by the way, has there been any talk of my cousin[3], the Commodore, being blamable in letting slip some Spanish ships?—don't mention it as from me, but there are whispers of court-martial on him[4]. They are all the fashion now; if you miss a post to me, I will have you tried by a court-martial. Cope is come off most gloriously, his courage ascertained, and even his conduct, which everybody had given up, justified. Folkes and Lascelles, two of his generals, are come off too; but not so happily in the opinion of the world. Oglethorpe's sentence is not yet public, but it is believed not to be favourable. He was always a bully, and is now tried for cowardice. Some little dash of the same sort is likely to mingle with the judgement on *il furibondo* Matthews; though his party rises again a little, and Lestock's acquittal begins to pass for a party affair. In short, we are a wretched people, and have seen our best days!

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[2] The object of this expedition (commanded by General St. Clair and Admiral Lestock) was to surprise Port L'Orient. The result was exactly as stated above.

[3] George Townshend, eldest son of Charles, Lord Viscount Townshend, by Dorothy, his second wife, sister of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

[4] He had refrained from attacking a French squadron greatly larger than his own. He was tried by court-martial in Feb., 1747. The court pronounced his explanatory letters to be 'carelessly and negligently written,' and he was severely reprimanded.

I must have lost a letter, if you really told me of the sale[5] of the Duke of Modena's pictures, as you think you did; for when Mr. Chute told it me, it struck me as quite new. They are out of town, good souls; and I shall not see them this fortnight; for I am here only for two or three days, to inquire after the battle, in which not one of my friends were. Adieu!

240. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Windsor, Oct. 24, 1746.

Well, Harry, Scotland is the last place on earth I should have thought of for turning anybody poet: but I begin to forgive it half its treasons in favour of your verses, for I suppose you don't think I am the dupe of the Highland story that you tell me: the only use I shall make of it is to commend the lines to you, as if they really were a Scotchman's. There is a melancholy harmony in them that is charming, and a delicacy in the thoughts that no Scotchman is capable of, though a *Scotchwoman*[1] might inspire it. I beg,

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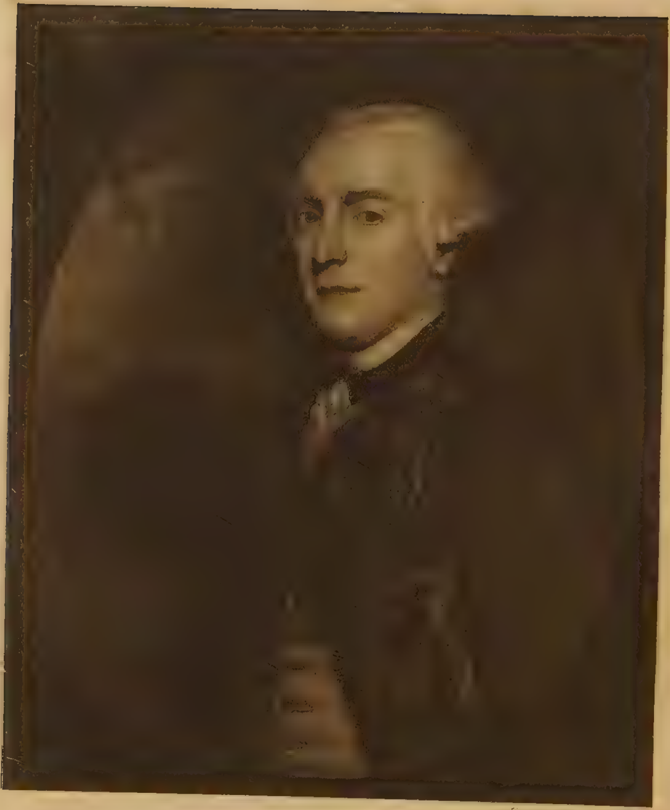
[5] To the King of Poland. *Walpole.*

Letter 240.—[1] Caroline, only daughter of General John Campbell of Mamore (afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll); m. 1. (1739), as his third wife, Charles Bruce, third Earl of Ailesbury (d. Feb. 1746); 2. (Dec. 1747) Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, second son of first Baron Conway. It is evident that Conway was paying



Walker & Cockerell ph. sc.

Hon. Henry Seymour Conway

from the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

both for Cynthia's sake and my own, that you would continue your *De Tristibus* till I have an opportunity of seeing your muse, and she of rewarding her: *Reprens ta musette, berger amoureux!* If Cynthia has ever travelled ten miles in fairy-land, she must be wondrous content with the person and qualifications of her knight, who in future story will be read of thus: Elmedorus was tall and perfectly well made, his face oval, and features regularly handsome, but not effeminate; his complexion sentimentally brown, with not much colour; his teeth fine, and forehead agreeably low, round which his black hair curled naturally and beautifully. His eyes were black too, but had nothing of fierce or insolent; on the contrary, a certain melancholy swimmingness, that described hopeless love rather than a natural amorous languish. His exploits in war, where he always fought by the side of the renowned Paladine William of England, have endeared his memory to all admirers of true chivalry, as the mournful elegies which he poured out among the desert rocks of Caledonia[2] in honour of the peerless lady and his heart's idol, the incomparable Cynthia, will for ever preserve his name in the flowery annals of poesy.

What a pity it is I was not born in the golden age of Louis the Fourteenth, when it was not only the fashion to write folios, but to read them too! or rather, it is a pity the same fashion don't subsist now, when one need not be at the trouble of invention, nor of turning the whole Roman history into romance for want of proper heroes. Your campaign in Scotland, rolled out and well be-epitheted, would make a pompous work, and make one's fortune;

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his addresses to his future wife, with whom he lived 'in the happiest union.' Lady Ailesbury's beauty, talents, and gentle disposition are mentioned by Horace Walpole (*Last Journals*, vol. i. pp. 407–8), with whom she was on very friendly terms, and whose occasional correspondent she became. She died in 1803.

[2] Mr. Conway was now in Scotland with the Duke of Cumberland, to whom he had been appointed Aide-de-Camp in the year 1743. *Walpole.*

at sixpence a number, one should have all the damsels within the liberties for subscribers: whereas now, if one has a mind to be read, one must write metaphysical poems in blank verse, which, though I own to be still easier, have not half the imagination of romances, and are dull without any agreeable absurdity. Only think of the gravity of this wise age, that have exploded *Cleopatra* and *Pharamond*[3], and approve *The Pleasures of the Imagination*[4], *The Art of Preserving Health*[5], and *Leonidas!* I beg the age's pardon: it has done approving these poems, and has forgot them.

Adieu! dear Harry. Thank you seriously for the poem. I am going to town for the birthday, and shall return hither till the Parliament meets; I suppose there is no doubt of our meeting then.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Now you are at Stirling, if you should meet with Drummond's[6] History of the five King Jameses, pray look it over. I have lately read it, and like it much. It is wrote in imitation of Livy; the style masculine, and the whole very sensible; only he ascribes the misfortunes of one reign to the then king's loving architecture and

In trim gardens taking pleasure.

241. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, Nov. 3, 1746.

Don't imagine I have already broke through all my wholesome resolutions and country schemes, and that I am given up, body and soul, to London for the winter. I shall be with you by the end of the week; but just now I am under the maidenhead-palpitation of an author. My epilogue[1] will, I believe, be spoke to-morrow night; and I flatter myself I shall have no faults to answer for but what are in it, for I have kept secret whose it is. It is now gone to be licensed; but as the Lord Chamberlain is mentioned, though rather to his honour, it is possible it may be refused, as they are apt to think at the office that the Duke of Grafton can't be mentioned but in ridicule.

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[3] Novels by La Calprenède.

[4] By Akenside.

[5] By John Armstrong, M.D. (1709–1779).

[6] William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585–1649).

Don't expect news, for I know no more than a newspaper. Ashton would have wrote if there were anything to tell you. Is it news that my Lord Rochford is an oaf? He has got a set of plate buttons for his birth-day clothes, with the Duke's head in every one.—Sure my good lady[2] carries her art too far to make him so great a dupe! How do all the comets? Has Miss Harriet found out any more ways at *solitaire?* Has Cloe left off evening prayer on account of the damp evenings? How is Miss Rice's cold and coachman? Is Miss Granville better? Has Mrs. Masham made a brave hand of this bad season, and lived upon carcasses like any vampire? Adieu! I am just going to see Mrs. Muscovy[3], and will be sure not to laugh if my old lady should talk of Mr. Draper's white skin, and tittle his bosom like Queen Bess[4].

LETTER 241.—[1] An epilogue to *Tamerlane* (formerly acted on Nov. 4 and 5, the anniversaries of the birth and landing of William III), referring to the suppression of the Rebellion; it was spoken by Mrs. Pritchard in the character of the Comic Muse.

[2] Lady Rochford was admired by the Duke of Cumberland.

[3] Hon. Mrs. George Boscawen.

[4] Scott quotes the following, from Melville's *Memoirs*, as a note to chap. xxxi of *Kenilworth*:—'I was required,' says Sir James, 'to stay till I had seen him made Earle of Leicester, and Baron of Denbigh, with great solemnity; herself (Elizabeth) helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting on his knees before her, keeping a great gravity and a discreet behaviour; but she could not refrain from putting her hand to his neck to kittle (i.e. tickle) him, smilingly, the French Ambassador and I standing beside her.'

242. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1746.

Mr. Chute and I agreed not to tell you of any new changes till we could tell you more of them, that you might not be 'put into a taking,' as you was last winter with the revolution of three days; but I think the present has ended with a single fit. Lord Harrington[1], quite on a sudden, resigned the seals; it is said, on some treatment not over gracious; but he is no such novice to be shocked with that, though I believe it has been rough ever since his resigning last year, which he did more boisterously than he is accustomed to behave to Majesty. Others talk of some quarrel with his brother Secretary[2], who, in complaisance, is all for drums and trumpets. Lord Chesterfield was immediately named successor; but the Duke of Newcastle has taken the Northern Province, as of more business, and consequently better suited *to his experience and abilities!* I flatter myself that this can no way affect you. Ireland is to be offered to Lord Harrington, or the Presidentship; and the Duke of Dorset, now President, is to have the other's refusal[3]. The King has endured a great deal with your old complaint; and I felt for him, recollecting all you underwent.

You will have seen in the papers all the histories of our glorious expeditions[4] and invasions of France, which have put Cressy and Agincourt out of all countenance. On the first view, indeed, one should think that our fleet had been to victual; for our chief prizes were cows and geese and turkeys. But I rather think that the whole was fitted out by the Royal Society, for they came back quite satisfied with

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Letter 242.—[1] William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

[2] The Duke of Newcastle. He kept the Southern Province until February, 1748.

[3] The Duke of Dorset remained President of the Council until 1751.

[4] The expedition to Quiberon. *Walpole.*

having *discovered* a fine bay! Would one believe, that in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-six, we should boast of *discovering* something on the coast of France, as if we had found out the north-east passage, or penetrated into some remote part of America? The Guards are come back too, who never went: in one single day they received four several different orders!

Matthews is broke at last. Nobody disputes the justice of the sentence; but the legality of it is not quite so authenticated. Besides some great errors in the forms, whenever the Admiralty perceived any of the court-martial inclined to favour him, they were constantly changed. Then, the expense has been enormous; two hundred thousand pounds! chiefly by employing young captains, instead of old half-pay officers; and by these means, double commissions. Then there has been a great fracas between the court-martial and Willes[5]. He, as Chief Justice, sent a summons, in the ordinary form of law, to Mayerne[6], to appear as an evidence in a trial where a captain[7] had prosecuted Sir Chaloner Ogle for horrid tyranny: the ingenious court-martial sat down and drew up articles of impeachment, like any House of Commons, against the Chief Justice, for stopping their proceedings! and the Admiralty, still more ingenious, had a mind to complain of him to the House! He was charmed to catch them at such absurdities—but I believe at last it is all compromised[8].

I have not heard from you for some time, but I don't pretend to complain: you have real occupation; my idleness is for its own sake. The Abbé Niccolini and Pandolfini are arrived; but I have not yet seen them. Rinuncini cannot bear England—and if the Chutes speak their mind, I believe they are not captivated yet with anything they have found: I am more and more with them: Mr. Whitehed is infinitely improved; and Mr. Chute has absolutely more wit, knowledge, and good nature, than, to their great surprise, ever met together in one man. He has a bigotry to you, that even astonishes me, who used to think that I was pretty well in for loving you; but he is very often ready to quarrel with me for not thinking you all pure gold. Adieu!

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[5] John Willes, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

[6] Rear-Admiral (afterwards Vice-Admiral) Perry Mayne (d. 1761), president of the courts-martial appointed to try Lestock and Mathews.

[7] Lieutenant George Frye of the Marines. He brought an action against Ogle for false imprisonment, and obtained a verdict for £800 damages.

[8] The members of the court-martial made an abject apology to Sir John Willes.

243. To Horace Mann.

Windsor, Nov. 12, 1746.

I am come hither, *per saldare*; but though the country is excellently convenient, from the idleness of it, for beginning a letter, yet it is not at all *commode* for finishing one: the same ingredients that fill a basket by the carrier, will not fill half a sheet of paper; I could send you a cheese, or a hare; but I have not a morsel of news. Mr. Chute threatened me to tell you the distress I was in last week, when I *starved* Niccolini and Pandolfini on a *fast-day*, when I had thought to banquet them sumptuously. I had luckily given a guinea for two pine-apples, which I knew they had never seen in Italy, and upon which they revenged themselves for all the meat that they dared not touch. Rinuncini could not come. How you mistook me, my dear child! I meant simply, that you had not mentioned his coming; very far from reproving you for giving him a letter. Don't I give letters for you every day to cubs, ten times *cubber* than Rinuncini? and don't you treat them as if all their names were Walpole? If you was to send me all the uncouth productions of Italy, do you think any of them would be so brutal as Sir William Maynard? I am exactly like you; I have no greater pleasure than to make them value your recommendation, by showing how much I value it. Besides, I love the Florentines for their own sakes, and to indemnify them, poor creatures! a little for the Richcourts, the Lorrainers, and the Austrians. I have received, *per mezzo di Pucci*[1], a letter from Marquis Riccardi, with orders to consign to the bearer all his treasure in my hands, which I shall do immediately with great satisfaction. There are four rings that I should be glad he would sell me; but they are such trifles, and he will set such a value on them the moment he knows I like them, that it is scarce worth while to make the proposal, because I would give but a little for them. However, you may hint what plague I have had with his *roba*, and that it will be a *gentilezza* to sell me these four dabs. One is a man's head, small, on cornelian, and intaglio; a fly, ditto; an Isis, cameo; and an inscription in Christian Latin: the last is literally not worth two sequins.

As to Mr. Townshend, I now know all the particulars, and that Lord Sandwich[2] was at the bottom of it. What an excellent heart his Lordship will have by the time he is threescore, if he sets out thus! the persecution[3] is on account of the poor boy's relation to my father; of whom the world may judge pretty clearly already, from the abilities and disinterestedness of such of his enemies as have succeeded; and from their virtue in taking any opportunity to persecute any of his relations; in which even the public interest of their country can weigh nothing, when clashing with their malice. The King of Sardinia has written the strongest letter imaginable to complain of the grievous prejudice the Admiralty has done his affairs by this step.

Don't scold me for not sending you those Lines[4] to

LETTER 243.—[1] Minister from the Grand Duke. *Walpole.*

[2] John Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty. *Walpole.*

[3] See note on letter to Mann, Oct. 14, 1746.

[4] *The Beauties*, an Epistle to

Eckardt; I never wrote anything that I esteemed less, or that was seen so incorrect; nor can I at all account for their having been so much liked, especially as the thoughts were so old and so common. I was hurt at their getting into print. I enclose you an epilogue[5] that I have written since, merely for a specimen of something more correct. You know, or have known, that *Tamerlane* is always acted on King William's birthday, with an occasional prologue; this was the epilogue to it, and succeeded to flatter me. Adieu!

244. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 5, 1746.

We are in such a newsless situation, that I have been some time too without writing to you; but I now answer one I received from you yesterday. You will excuse me, if I am not quite so transported as Mr. Chute is, at the extremity of Acquaviva[1]. I can't afford to hate people so much at such a distance: my aversions find employment within their own atmosphere.

Rinuncini returns to you this week, not at all contented with England: Niccolini is extremely, and turns his little talent to great account; there is nobody of his own standard but thinks him a great genius. The Chutes and I deal extremely together; but they abuse me, and tell me I am grown so *English!* lack-a-day! so I am; as folks that have been in the Inquisition, and did not choose to broil, come out excellent Catholics.

I have been unfortunate in my own family; my nephew, Captain Cholmondeley[2], has married a player's sister; and

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Eckardt, the painter; reprinted in Dodsley's *Miscellanies*. *Walpole.*

[5] On the suppression of the Rebellion. *Walpole.*

Letter 244.—[1] Cardinal Acquaviva, Protector of Spain, and a great promoter of the interests of the Pretender. *Walpole.*

[2] Robert, second son of George, Earl of Cholmondeley, married Mary,

I fear Lord Malpas[3] is on the brink of matrimony with another girl of no fortune. Here is a ruined family! their father totally undone, and all he has seized for debt!

The Duke is gone to Holland to settle the operations of the campaign, but returns before the opening of it. A great reformation has been made this week in the army; the horse are broke, and to be turned into dragoons, by which sixty thousand pounds a year will be saved. Whatever we do in Flanders, I think you need not fear any commotions here, where Jacobitism seems to have gasped its last. Mr. Radcliffe, the last Derwentwater's brother, is actually named to the gallows for Monday; but the imprudence of Lord Morton[4], who has drawn himself into the Bastile, makes it doubtful whether the execution will be so quick. The famous Orator Henley[5] is taken up for treasonable flippancies.

You know Lord Sandwich is minister at the Hague. Sir Charles Williams, who has resigned the Paymastership of the Marines, is talked of for going to Berlin, but it is not

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sister of Mrs. Margaret Woffington, the actress. He afterwards quitted the army and took orders. *Walpole*.

[3] George, eldest son of Lord Cholmondeley, married Miss Edwards. *Walpole*.—He married (Jan. 16, 1747) Hester (d. 1794), daughter of Sir Francis Edwardes, of Shrewsbury.

[4] James Douglas (1702–1768), fourteenth Earl of Morton; Lord Clerk Register, 1760–67; Trustee of the British Museum, and President of the Royal Society, 1764–68. 'L'arrestation de milord Morton et de sa femme fit beaucoup d'éclat. . . . Depuis un an, il voyageoit en France pour sa santé. Il étoit allé visiter les bords de la Loire, que les Anglois aiment beaucoup. Il avoit passé quelques jours au port de Lorient, et justement pendant ce temps l'escadre angloise y fit une descente et faillit s'en emparer. Les jacobites haïssoient beaucoup milord Morton, et prétendoient qu'on trouveroit chez lui des preuves d'espionnage et de trahison. Son passe-port étant expiré, je refusai de le renouveler. Il fut mis à la Bastille, et subit quelques interrogatoires; mais n'ayant reconnu rien de criminel dans sa conduite, nous prîmes le parti de l'indulgence. Il fut mis en liberté, et tous les prisonniers échangés sur la fin de l'année 1746.' (D'Argenson, *Mémoires*, ed. 1857, vol. iii. p. 74.)

[5] John Henley (1692–1756), an eccentric preacher. He was arrested on a charge of 'endeavouring to alienate the minds of his Majesty's subjects from their allegiance by his Sunday harangues at his Oratory Chapel.' He was admitted to bail, and never underwent a trial. (*D. N. B.*)

yet done. The Parliament has been most serene, but there is a storm in the air: the Prince waits for an opportunity of erecting his standard, and a disputed election[6] between him and the Grenvilles is likely very soon to furnish the occasion. We are to have another contest about Lord Bath's borough[7], which Mr. Chute's brother formerly lost, and which his colleague, Luke Robinson, has carried by a majority of three, though his competitor[8] is returned. Lord Bath wrote to a man for a list of all that would be against him: the man placed his own and his brother's names at the head of the list.

We have operas, but no company at them; the Prince and Lord Middlesex *impresarii.* Plays only are in fashion: at one house the best company that perhaps ever were together, Quin[9], Garrick, Mrs. Pritchard[10], and Mrs. Cibber[11]: at the other, Barry[12], a favourite young actor, and the Violette[13], whose dancing our friends don't like; I scold them, but all the answer is, 'Lord! you are so *English!*' If I do clap sometimes when they don't, I can fairly say with Œdipus,

> My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Adieu!

245. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Christmas Day, 1746.

We are in great expectation of farther news from Genoa, which the last accounts left in the greatest confusion, and

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[6] At Bridport; Captain Thomas Grenville was returned a member on Dec. 12, 1746.

[7] Heydon. *Walpole.*

[8] Samuel Gumley. In Feb. 1747, the return was amended, and Mr. Robinson was declared elected.

[9] James Quin (1693–1766), the wit and actor.

[10] Mrs. Hannah Pritchard, *née* Vaughan (1711–1768). She was Horace Walpole's neighbour at Twickenham at a later date.

[11] Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber, *née* Arne (1714–1766).

[12] Spranger Barry (1719–1777), a formidable rival of Garrick.

[13] A German, afterwards married to Garrick. *Walpole.*

I think absolutely in the hands of the Genoese; a circumstance that may chance to unravel all the fine schemes in Provence! Marshal Bathiani, at the Hague, treated this revolt as a trifle; but all the letters by last post make it a re-conquest[1]. The Dutch do all the Duke asks: we talk of an army of 140,000 men in Flanders next campaign. I don't know how the Prince of Orange[2] relishes his brother-in-law's dignities and success.

Old Lovat has been brought to the bar of the House of Lords: he is far from having those abilities for which he has been so cried up. He saw Mr. Pelham at a distance and called to him, and asked him if it were worth while to make all this fuss to take off a grey head fourscore years old? In his defence he complained of his estate being seized and kept from him. Lord Granville took up this complaint very strongly, and insisted on having it inquired into. Lord Bath went farther, and, as some people think, intended the Duke; but I believe he only aimed at the Duke of Newcastle, who was so alarmed with this motion, that he kept the House above a quarter of an hour in suspense, till he could send for Stone[3], and consult what he should do. They made a rule to order the old creature the profits of his estate till his conviction. He is to put in his answer the 13th of January.

Lord Lincoln is Cofferer at last, in the room of Waller[4], who is dismissed. Sir Charles Williams has kissed hands, and sets out for Dresden[5] in a month: he has hopes of Turin, but I think Villettes is firm. Don't mention this.

Did I ever talk to you of a Mr. Davis, a Norfolk gentle-

LETTER 245.—[1] The Genoese populace had risen and expelled the Austrians.

[2] William V (1711–1751), who married the eldest daughter of George II.

[3] Andrew Stone, Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle, and afterwards Sub-governor to George, Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

[4] Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield. *Walpole.*

[5] Where he had been appointed British minister.

man, who has taken to painting? He has copied the Dominichin, the third picture he ever copied in his life: how well, you may judge; for Mr. Chute, who, I believe you think, understands pictures if anybody does, happened to come in, just as Mr. Davis brought his copy hither. 'Here,' said I, 'Mr. Chute, here is your Dominichin come to town to be copied.' He literally did not know it; which made me very happy for Mr. Davis, who has given me this charming picture. Do but figure to yourself a man of fifty years old, who was scarce ever out of the county of Norfolk, but when his hounds led him; who never saw a tolerable picture till those at Houghton four years ago; who plays and composes as well as he paints, and who has no more of the Norfolk dialect than a Florentine! He is the most decent, sensible man you ever saw.

Rinuncini is gone: Niccolini sups continually with the Prince of Wales, and *learns the Constitution!* Pandolfini is put to bed, like children, to be out of the way. Adieu!

P.S. My Lady O., who has entirely settled her affairs with my brother, talks of going abroad again, not being able to live here on fifteen hundred pounds a year—many an old lady, and uglier too, lives very *comfortably* upon less. After I had writ this, your brother brought me another letter with a confirmation of all we had heard about Genoa. You may be easy about the change of provinces[6], which has not been made as was designed. *Ecco Monsù Chute.*

FROM MR. CHUTE.

Mr. Walpole gives me a side, and I catch hold of it to tell you that I parted this minute with your charming brother, who has been in council with me about your grand affair[7]: it is determined now to be presented to the King by way of memorial; and to-morrow we meet again to draw it up: Mr. Stone has graciously signified that this is a very proper opportunity: one should think he must know.

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[6] There had been some talk of the Duke of Newcastle's taking the Northern (instead of the Southern) Province as Secretary of State.

Oh! I must tell you: I was here last night, and saw my Lord Walpole[8] for the first time, but such a youth! I declare to you, I was quite astonished at his sense and cleverness; it is impossible to describe it; it was just what would have made you as happy to observe as it did me: he is not yet seventeen, and is to continue a year longer at Eton, upon his own desire. Alas! how few have I seen of my countrymen half so formed even at their return from their travels! I hope you will have him at Florence one day or other; he will pay you amply for the Pigwiggins, and ——

Mr. Walpole is quite right in all he tells you of the miracle worked by St. Davis, which certainly merits the credit of deceiving far better judges of painting than I; who am no judge of anything but you, whom I pretend to understand better than anybody living, and am, therefore, my dear sir, &c. &c. &c. J. C.

246. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1747.

The Prince has formally declared a new opposition, which is never to subside till he is King (*s'entend*, that he does not carry his point sooner). He began it pretty handsomely the other day with 143 to 184, which has frightened the ministry like a bomb. This new party wants nothing but heads; though not having any, to be sure the struggle is the fairer. Lord Baltimore[1] takes the lead; he is the best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge: but not capable of conducting a party. However, the next day, the Prince, to reward him, and to punish Lord Archibald Hamilton, who voted with the ministry, told Lord Baltimore that he would not give him the trouble of waiting any more as Lord of the Bedchamber, but would make him Cofferer. Lord B. thanked him, but desired that it might not be done in a way disagreeable to Lord Archibald, who was then Cofferer. The Prince sent for Lord Archibald, and told him he would either make him Comptroller, or give him a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year: the latter of which the old soul accepted, and went away content; but returned in an hour with a letter from his wife[2], to say, that as his Royal Highness was angry with her husband, it was not proper for either of them to take their pensions. It is excellent! When she was dismissed herself, she accepted the twelve hundred pounds, and now will not let her husband, though he had accepted. It must mortify the Prince wondrously to have four-and-twenty hundred pounds a year thrown back into an exchequer that never yet overflowed!

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[7] Of Mr. Mann's arrears. *Walpole.*

[8] George, only son of Robert, second Earl of Orford, whom he succeeded in the title. *Walpole.*

I am a little piqued at Marquis Riccardi's refusing me such a trifle as the four rings, after all the trouble I have had with his trumpery. However, I think I cannot help telling him, that Lord Carlisle and Lord Duncannon, who heard of his collection from Niccolini, have seen it, and are willing, at a reasonable price, to take it between them: if you let me know the lowest, and in money that I under-

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LETTER 246.—[1] Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, had been a Lord of the Admiralty, on the change of the ministry in 1742. He died soon after the Prince in 1751. *Walpole.*

[2] Jane, sister of the Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Lord Archibald Hamilton, great-uncle of Duke Hamilton; she had been Mistress of the Robes, &c. to the Princess of Wales, and the supposed mistress of the Prince. She died at Paris, in December, 1752. *Walpole.*

stand, not his equivocal pistoles, I will allow so much to Florence-civilities, as still to help him off with his goods, though he does not deserve it; as selling me four trifles could not have affected the general purchase. I pity your Princess Strozzi[3], but cannot possibly hunt after her chattels: Riccardi has cured me of Italian merchandise, by forcing it upon me.

Your account of your former friend's[4] neglect of you does not at all surprise me: there is an inveteracy, a darkness, a design and cunning in his character that stamp him for a very unamiable young man: it is uncommon for a heart to be so tainted so early. My cousin's[5] affair is entirely owing to him[6]; nor can I account for the pursuit of such unprovoked revenge.

I never heard of the advertisement that you mention to have received from Sir James Grey[7], nor believe it was ever in the House of Commons; I must have heard of it. I hear as little of Lady O., who never appears; nor do I know if she sees Niccolini: he lives much with Lady Pomfret (who has married her third daughter[8]), and a good deal with the Prince.

Adieu! I think I have answered your letter, and have nothing more to put into mine.

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[3] She had been robbed of some of the most valuable gems of the famous Strozzi collection. *Walpole.*

[4] Lord Sandwich.

[5] Hon. George Townshend.

[6] It appeared afterwards that the person here mentioned, after having behaved very bravely, gave so perplexed an account of his own conduct, that the Admiralty thought it necessary to have it examined; but the inquiry proved much to his honour. *Walpole.*

[7] 'Sir James Gray has sent me the copy of an advertisement, the publisher of which, he says, had been examined before the House of Commons, *Lost or mislaid an ivory table book*, containing various queries vastly strong.' (Letter of Sir H. Mann of Jan. 10th, 1747.) *Dover.*

[8] Lady Henrietta Fermor, second wife of Mr. Conyers. *Walpole.*—John Conyers, of Copthall, Essex. She died in 1793.

247. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1747.

Why, you do nothing but get fevers! I believe you try to dry your *wet-brown-paperness*, till you scorch it. Or do you play off fevers against the Princess's *coliques*? Remember, hers are only for the support of her dignity, and that is what I never allowed you to have: you must [1] have twenty unlawful children, and then be twenty years in devotion, and have twenty unchristian appetites and passions all the while, before you may think of getting into *a cradle* with *épuisements*, and have a Monsieur Forzoni [2] to burn the wings of boisterous gnats—pray be more robust—do you hear?

One would think you had been describing our Opera, not your own: we have just set out with one in what they call the French manner, but about as like it, as my Lady Pomfret's hash of plural persons and singular verbs or infinitive moods was to Italian. They sing to jigs, and dance to church music: Phaeton is run away with by horses that go a foot's-pace, like the Electress's [3] coach, with such long traces, that the postilion was in one street and the coachman in another,—then comes Jupiter with a farthing-candle to light a squib and a half, and that they call fireworks. Reginello, the first man, is so old and so tall, that he seems to have been growing ever since the invention of operas. The first woman has had her mouth let out to show a fine set of teeth, but it lets out too much bad voice at the same time. Lord Middlesex, for his great prudence in having provided such very tractable steeds to Prince Phaeton's car, is going to be Master of the Horse to the

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Letter 247.—[1] All the following paragraph alludes to Princess Craon. *Walpole.*

[2] Her gentleman usher. *Walpole.*

[3] The Electress Palatine Dowager, the last of the House of Medici; she lived at Florence. *Walpole.*

Prince of Wales; and for his excellent economy in never paying the performers, is likely to continue in the Treasury. The two courts growl again; and the old question of settling the 50,000*l.* a year, talked of. The Tories don't list kindly under this new opposition; though last week we had a warm day on a motion for inquiring into useless places and quarterings. Mr. Pitt was so well advised as to acquit my father pretty amply, in speaking of the Secret Committee. My uncle Horace thanked him in a speech, and my brother Ned has been to visit him—*Tant d'empressement,* I think, rather shows an eagerness to catch at any opportunity of paying court to him; for I do not see the so vast merit in owning now for his interest, what for his honour he should have owned five years ago. This motion was spirited up by Lord Bath, who is raving again, upon losing the borough of Heydon: from which last week we threw his brother-in-law Gumley, and instated Luke Robinson, the old sufferer for my father, and the colleague of Mr. Chute's brother; an incident that will not heighten your indifference, any more than it did mine.

Lord Kildare is married to the charming Lady Emily Lenox, who went the very next day to see her sister Lady Caroline Fox, to the great mortification of the haughty Duchess-mother. They have not given her a shilling, but the King endows her, by making Lord Kildare a Viscount Sterling[4]: and they talk of giving him a pinchbeck-dukedom too, to keep him always first peer of Ireland. Sir Everard Falkener is married to Miss Churchill, and my sister is brought to bed of a son.

Panciatici is arrived, extremely darkened in his person and enlivened in his manner. He was much in fashion at the Hague, but I don't know if he will succeed so well here:

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[4] He was created (Feb. 21, 1747) an English viscount by the title of Viscount Leinster of Taplow.

for in such great cities as this, you know people affect not to think themselves honoured by foreigners; and though we don't quite barbarize them as the French do, they are *toujours des étrangers*. Mr. Chute thinks we have to the full all the politeness that can make a nation brutes to the rest of the world. He had an excellent adventure the other day with Lord Holderness, whom he met at a party at Lady Betty Germain's, but who could not possibly fatigue himself to recollect that they had ever met before in their lives. Towards the end of dinner Lady Betty mentioned remembering a grandmother of Mr. Chute who was a peeress[5]: immediately the Earl grew as fond of him as if they had walked together at a coronation. He told me another good story last night of Lord Hervey[6], who was going with them from the Opera, and was so familiar as to beg they would not call him *my Lord* and *your Lordship*. The freedom proceeded; when, on a sudden, he turned to Mr. Whitehed, and with a distressed friendly voice, said, 'Now have you no peerage that can come to you by any woman?'

Adieu! my dear Sir; I have no news to tell you. Here is another letter of Niccolini that has lain in my standish this fortnight.

248. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 20, 1747.

I HAVE been living at old Lovat's trial, and was willing to have it over before I talked to you of it. It lasted seven days: the evidence was as strong as possible; and after all he had denounced, he made no defence. The Solicitor-

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[5] Hon. Dorothy North (d. 1698), daughter of third Baron North; m. 1. (1625), as his second wife, Richard Lennard, thirteenth Baron Dacre (d. 1630); 2. (1650) Chaloner Chute, of the Vine in Hampshire, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1658, and great-grandfather of John Chute.

[6] George, eldest son of John, Lord Hervey, and afterwards Earl of Bristol, and Minister at Turin and Madrid. *Walpole.*

General[1], who was one of the managers for the House of Commons, shone extremely; the Attorney-General[2], who is a much greater lawyer, is cold and tedious. The old creature's behaviour has been foolish, and at last indecent. I see little of parts in him, nor attribute much to that cunning for which he is so famous: it might catch wild Highlanders; but the art of dissimulation and flattery is so refined and improved, that it is of little use now where it is not very delicate. His character seems a mixture of tyranny and pride in his villainy. I must make you a little acquainted with him. In his own domain he governed despotically, either burning or plundering the lands and houses of his open enemies, or taking off his secret ones by the assistance of his cook, who was his poisoner in chief. He had two servants who married without his consent; he said, 'You shall have enough of each other,' and stowed them in a dungeon, that had been a well, for three weeks. When he came to the Tower, he told them, that if he were not so old and infirm, they would find it difficult to keep him there. They told him they had kept much younger: 'Yes,' said he, 'but they were inexperienced: they had not broke so many gaols as I have.' At his own house he used to say, that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows but it made his neck ache. His last art was to shift his treason upon his eldest son[3], whom he forced into the Rebellion. He told Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, 'We will hang my eldest son, and then my second[4] shall marry your niece.' He has a sort of ready humour at repartee, not very well adapted to his situation. One day that Williamson

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Letter 248.—[1] William Murray. *Walpole.*

[2] Sir Dudley Ryder; afterwards Lord Chief Justice. *Walpole.*

[3] Hon. Simon Fraser (1726–1782), Master of Lovat, who, but for the attainder, would have succeeded as twelfth Baron Lovat. He received a free pardon in 1750, and regained possession of his family estates in 1784. He served in the army; Major-General, 1771.

[4] Hon. Alexander Fraser (1729–1762).

complained that he could not sleep, he was so haunted with *rats*—he replied, 'What do you say, that you are so haunted with *Ratcliffes?*' The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said, 'You ugly old dog, don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?' He replied, 'You damned ugly old bitch, I believe I shall.' At his trial he affected great weakness and infirmities, but often broke out into passions; particularly at the first witness, who was his vassal: he asked him how he dared to come thither! the man replied, to satisfy his conscience. Murray, the Pretender's secretary, was the chief evidence, who, in the course of his information, mentioned Lord Traquair's having conversed with Lord Barrymore, Sir Watkyn Williams, and Sir John Cotton, on the Pretender's affairs, but that they were shy. He was proceeding to name others, but was stopped by Lord Talbot, and the Court acquiesced—I think very indecently. It is imagined the Duchess of Norfolk would have come next upon the stage. The two knights were present, as was Macleod, against whom a bitter letter from Lovat was read, accusing him of breach of faith; and afterwards Lovat summoned him to answer some questions he had to ask; but did not. It is much expected that Lord Traquair, who is a great coward, will give ample information of the whole plot. When Sir Everard Falkener had been examined[5] against Lovat, the Lord High Steward asked the latter if he had anything to say to Sir Everard? he replied, 'No; but that he was his humble servant, and wished him joy of his young wife.' The two last days he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh even at the sentence. He said to Lord Ilchester[6], who sat near the bar, 'Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie guère.' When he withdrew, he said, 'Adieu! my Lords, we shall never meet again in the same place.' He says he will be hanged; for that his neck is so short and bended, that he should be struck in the shoulders. I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle, but tyranny and villainy wound up by buffoonery took off all edge of concern. The foreigners were much struck; Niccolini seemed a great deal shocked, but he comforts himself with the knowledge he thinks he has gained of the English constitution.

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[5] He was Secretary to the Duke, whom he had attended into Scotland during the Rebellion. *Walpole.*

[6] Stephen Fox, afterwards Fox-Strangways (1704-1776), first Baron, afterwards first Earl, of Ilchester.

Don't thank Riccardi for me: I don't feel obliged for his immoderate demand, but expect very soon to return him his goods; for I have no notion that the two Lords, who are to see them next week, will rise near his price. We have nothing like news: all the world has been entirely taken up with the trial. Here is a letter from Mr. Whitehed to Lord Hobart. Mr. Chute would have written to-night, if I had not; but will next post. Adieu!

249. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 10, 1747.

I deferred writing to you as long as they deferred the execution of old Lovat, because I had a mind to send you some account of his death, as I had of his trial. He was beheaded yesterday, and died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity; his behaviour was natural and intrepid. He professed himself a Jansenist; made no speech, but sat down a little while in a chair on the scaffold, and talked to the people round him. He said, 'He was glad to suffer for his country, *dulce est pro patriâ mori*; that he did not know how, but he had always loved it, *nescio quâ natale solum, &c.*; that he had never swerved from his principles; that this was the character of his family, who had been gentlemen for five hundred years.' He laid down quietly, gave the sign soon, and was dispatched at a blow. I believe it will strike some terror into the Highlands, when they hear there is any power great enough to bring so potent a tyrant to the block. A scaffold fell down and killed several persons; one, a man that had rid post from Salisbury the day before to see the ceremony; and a woman was taken up dead with a live child in her arms. The body is sent into Scotland[1]: the day was cold, and before it set out, the coachman drove the hearse about the court, before my Lord Traquair's dungeon, which could be no agreeable sight: it might to Lord Cromartie, who is *above the chair*[2]. Mr. Chute was at the execution with the Italians, who were more entertained than shocked: Panciatici told me, 'It was a *triste spectacle, mais qu'il ne lassoit d'être beau.*' Niccolini has treasured it up among his insights into the English constitution. We have some chance of a peer's trial that has nothing to do with the Rebellion. A servant of a college has been killed at Oxford, and a verdict of wilful murder by persons unknown brought in by the coroner's inquest. These persons unknown are supposed to be Lord Abergavenny[3], Lord Charles Scot[4], and two more, who had played tricks with the poor fellow that night, while he was drunk, and the next morning he was found with his skull fractured, at the foot of the first Lord's staircase. One pities the poor boys, who undoubtedly did not foresee the melancholy event of their sport.

I shall not be able till next letter to tell you about Riccardi's gems: Lord Duncannon has been in the country;

LETTER 249.—[1] It was countermanded, and buried in the Tower. *Walpole.*

[2] He had been reprieved.

[3] George Nevill (1727–1785), fifteenth Baron, and afterwards first Earl, of Abergavenny.

[4] Second son of second Duke of Buccleuch, d. June 18, 1747.

but he and Lord Carlisle are to come to me next Sunday, and determine.

Mr. Chute gave you some account of the Independents[5]: the committee have made a foolish affair of it, and cannot furnish a report. Had it extended to three years ago, Lord Sandwich and Grenville[6] of the Admiralty would have made an admirable figure as dictators of some of the most Jacobite healths that ever were invented. Lord Doneraile, who is made Comptroller to the Prince, went to the committee (whither all members have a right to go, though not to vote, as it is select, not secret), and plagued Lyttelton to death, with pressing him to inquire into the healths of the year '43. The ministry are now trembling at home, with fear of losing the Scotch bills[7] for humbling the Highland chiefs: they have whittled them down almost to nothing, in complaisance to the Duke of Argyll; and at last he deserts them. Abroad they are in panics for Holland, where the French have at once besieged two towns[8], that must fall into their hands, though we have plumed ourselves so much on the Duke's being at the head of a hundred and fifteen thousand men.

There has been an excellent civil war in the house of Finch: our friend, Lady Charlotte[9], presented a daughter of John Finch[10] (him who was stabbed by Sally Salisbury[11]), his offspring by Mrs. Younger[12], whom he since married. The King, Prince, and Princess received her: her aunt, Lady Bel[13], forbad Lady Charlotte to present her to Princess Emily, whither, however, she carried her in defiance. Lady Bel called it publishing a bastard at Court, and would not present her—think on the poor girl! Lady Charlotte, with spirit, presented her herself. Mr. W. Finch stepped up to his other sister, the Marchioness of Rockingham[14], and whispered her with his composed civility, that he knew it was a plot of her and Lady Bel to make Lady Charlotte miscarry. The sable dame (who, it was said, is the blackest of the family, because she swept the chimney) replied, 'This is not a place to be indecent, and therefore I shall *only* tell you that you are a rascal and a villain, and that if ever you dare to put your head into my house, I will kick you downstairs myself.' *Politesse anglaise!* Lord Winchilsea (who, with his brother Edward, is embroiled with both sides) came in, and informed everybody of any circumstances that tended to make both parties in the wrong. I am impatient to hear how this operates between my Lady Pomfret and her friend, Lady Bel. Don't you remember how the Countess used to lug a half-length picture of the latter behind her post-chaise all over Italy, and have a new frame made for it in every town where she stopped? and have you forgot their correspondence, that poor Lady Charlotte was daily and hourly employed to transcribe into a great book, with the proper names in red ink? I have but just room to tell you that the King is perfectly well, and that the Pretender's son was sent from Spain as soon as he arrived there[15]. Thank you for the news of Mr. Townshend. Adieu!

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[5] An innkeeper in Piccadilly, who had been beaten by them, gave information against them for treasonable practices, and a Committee of the House of Commons, headed by Sir W. Yonge and Lord Coke, was appointed to inquire into the matter. *Walpole.*—They were the 'independent voters of Westminster.'

[6] George Grenville.

[7] Bills for the abolition of Heritable Jurisdictions in Scotland, for prohibiting the Highland dress, and for disarming the Highlanders, passed in 1747.

[8] Sluys and Sas van Ghent.

[9] Lady Charlotte Fermor, second daughter of Thomas Earl of Pomfret, and second wife of William Finch, Vice-Chamberlain to the King, formerly Ambassador in Holland, and brother of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea. *Walpole.*

[10] Hon. John Finch, fourth son of sixth Earl of Winchelsea; d. 1763.

[11] Sally Prydden, *alias* Salisbury, a woman of the town, who stabbed Mr. Finch (in 1722) in a bagnio near Covent Garden. She was tried and found guilty, and died in Newgate.

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[12] Mrs. Elizabeth Younger (d. 1762), an actress. Her daughter by Mr. Finch married John Mason, of Greenwich.

[13] Lady Isabella Finch, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses Emily and Caroline. *Walpole.*

[14] Lady Mary Finch (d. 1761), seventh daughter of sixth Earl of Winchelsea; m. (1716) Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Marquis of Rockingham.

250. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Dear Harry, Arlington Street, April 16, 1747.

We are all skyrockets and bonfires to-night for your last year's victory[1]; but if you have a mind to perpetuate yourselves in the calendar, you must take care to refresh your conquests. I was yesterday out of town, and the very signs as I passed through the villages made me make very quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity. I observed how the Duke's head had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon's, as his had left but few traces of the Duke of Ormond's[2]. I pondered these things in my heart, and said unto myself, Surely all glory is but a sign[3]!

You have heard that old Lovat's[4] tragedy is over: it has been succeeded by a little farce, containing the humours of the Duke of Newcastle and his man Stone. The first event was a squabble between his Grace and the Sheriff about holding up the head on the scaffold—a custom that has been disused, and which the Sheriff would not comply with, as he received no order in writing. Since that, the Duke has burst ten yards of breeches strings[5] about the body, which was to be sent into Scotland; but it seems it is customary for vast numbers to rise to attend the most trivial burial. The Duke, who is always at least as much frightened at doing right as at doing wrong, was three days before he got courage enough to order the burying in the Tower. I must tell you an excessive good story of George Selwyn: Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution, and asked him, how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off? 'Nay,' says he, 'if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again.' When he was at the undertaker's, as soon as they had stitched him together, and were going to put the body into the coffin, George, in my Lord Chancellor's voice, said, 'My Lord Lovat, your lordship may rise.' My Lady Townshend has picked up a little stable-boy in the Tower, which the warders have put upon her for a natural son of Lord Kilmarnock's, and taken him into her own house. You need not tell Mr. T.[6] this from me.

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[15] Charles Edward visited Madrid in March, 1747. He had an audience of the King, but was obliged to leave the city in a few hours without any definite promise of help.

Letter 250.—[1] The battle of Culloden. *Walpole.*

[2] James Butler (1665–1745), first Duke of Ormond, a Jacobite hero.

[3] Soon after Mr. Walpole published a paper in the *World* on this subject. *Walpole.*

[4] Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, beheaded on Tower Hill the 9th of April, 1747. *Walpole.*

[5] Alluding to a trick of the Duke of Newcastle's. *Walpole.*

We have had a great and fine day in the House on the second reading the bill for taking away the Heritable Jurisdictions in Scotland. Lyttleton[7] made the finest oration imaginable; the Solicitor-General[8], the new Advocate[9], and Hume Campbell[10], particularly the last, spoke excessively well for it, and Oswald[11] against it. The majority was 233 against 102. Pitt[12] was not there; the Duchess of Queensberry had ordered him to have the gout.

I will give you a commission once more, to tell Lord Bury[13] that he has quite dropped me: if I thought he would take me up again, I would write to him; a message would encourage me. Adieu!

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[6] Hon. George Townshend, her eldest son, at this time Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cumberland.

[7] Sir George, afterwards created Lord Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

[8] William Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield. *Walpole.*

[9] William Grant, Lord Advocate of Scotland. *Walpole.* — M.P. for Elgin Burghs; Lord of Session and Lord of Justiciary (when he took the title of Lord Prestongrange), 1754; d. 1764.

[10] Only brother to the Earl of Marchmont. *Walpole.*

[11] James Oswald, afterwards a Lord of Trade, and Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. *Walpole.*

[12] William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. *Walpole.*

[13] George Keppel, eldest son of William, Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title in 1755. He was now, together with Mr. Conway, Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

251. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1747.

IT is impossible for me to tell you more of the new Stadtholder[1] than you must have heard from all quarters. Hitherto his existence has been of no service to his country. Hulst, which we had heard was relieved, has surrendered. The Duke was in it privately, just before it was taken, with only two aide-de-camps, and has found means to withdraw our three regiments. We begin to own now that the French are superior: I never believed they were not, or that we had taken the field before them; for the moment we had taken it, we heard of Marshal Saxe having detached fifteen thousand men to form sieges. There is a print published in Holland of the devil weighing the Count de Saxe and Count Lowendahl[2] in a pair of scales, with this inscription:

Tous deux vaillants,	Tous deux galiards,	Tous deux sans foi.
Tous deux galants,	Tous deux paliards,	Tous deux sans loi.
Tous deux constants,	Tous deux bâtards,	Tous deux à moi.

We are taken up with the Scotch bills for weakening clanships and taking away heritable jurisdictions. I have left them sitting on it to-day, but was pleased with a period of Nugent. 'These jurisdictions are grievous, but nobody complains of them; therefore, what? therefore, they are

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LETTER 251.—[1] The Prince of Orange had just then been raised to that dignity in a tumultuary manner. *Walpole.*

[2] Ulric Frédéric Woldemar, Comte de Lowendahl; Maréchal de France 1747. His grandfather, the Count of Gildenloew, was natural son of Frederick III, King of Denmark.

excessively grievous.' We had a good-natured bill moved to-day by Sir William Yonge, to allow counsel to prisoners on impeachments for treason, as they have on indictments. It hurt everybody at old Lovat's trial, all guilty as he was, to see an old wretch worried by the first lawyers in England, without any assistance but his own unpractised defence. It had not the least opposition; yet this was a point struggled for in King William's reign, as a privilege and dignity inherent in the Commons, that the accused by them should have no assistance of counsel. How reasonable that men, chosen by their fellow-subjects for the defence of their fellow-subjects, should have rights detrimental to the good of the people whom they are to protect! Thank God! we are a better-natured age, and have relinquished this savage privilege with a good grace!

Lord Cowper[3] has resigned the Bedchamber, on the Beefeaters being given to Lord Falmouth. The latter, who is powerful in elections, insisted on having it: the other had nothing but a promise from the King, which the ministry had already twice forced him to break.

Mr. Fox gave a great ball last week at Holland House, which he has taken for a long term, and where he is making great improvements. It is a brave old house, and belonged to the gallant Earl of Holland[4], the lover of Charles the First's Queen. His motto has puzzled everybody; it is *Ditior est qui se.* I was allowed to hit off an interpretation, which yet one can hardly reconcile to his gallantry, nor can I decently repeat it to you. . . .[5] While I am writing, the Prince is going over the way to Lord Middlesex's, where there is a ball in mask to-night for the royal children.

The two Lords have seen and refused Marquis Riccardi's gems: I shall deliver them to Pucci; but am so simple (you will laugh at me) as to keep the four I liked: that is, I will submit to give him fifty pounds for them, if he will let me choose one ring more; for I will at least have it to call them at ten guineas a-piece. If he consents, I will remit the money to you, or pay it to Pucci, as he likes. If not, I return them with the rest of the cargo. I can choose no ring for which I would give five guineas.

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[3] William Clavering-Cowper (1709–1764), second Earl Cowper; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1733–47.

[4] Henry Rich (1590–1649), first Earl of Holland.

[5] Passage omitted.

I have received yours of April 25th, since I came home. You will scold me for being so careless about the Pretender's son; but I am determined not to take up his idea again, till he is at least on this side Derby. Do excuse me; but when he could not get to London, with all the advantages which the ministry had smoothed for him, how can he ever meet more concurring circumstances?

If my Lady's[6] return has no better foundation than Niccolini's authority, I assure you may believe as little of it as you please. If he knows no more of her than he does of everything else that he pretends to know, as I am persuaded he does not, knowledge cannot possibly be thinner spread. He has been a progress to add more matter to the mass that he already don't understand. Adieu!

252. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1747.

As you will receive the Gazette at the same time with this letter, I shall leave you to that for the particulars of the great naval victory that Anson has gained over the French off Cape Finisterre[1]. It is a very big event, and by far one of the most considerable that has happened during this war.

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[6] The Countess of Orford.

Letter 252.—[1] On May 3, 1747, Vice-Admiral Anson, with fourteen ships of the line, defeated the French fleet (inferior in numbers), under Admiral La Jonquière, off Cape Finisterre.

By it he has defeated two expeditions at once: for the fleet that he has demolished was to have split, part for the recovery of Cape Breton, part for the East Indies. He has always been most remarkably fortunate: Captain Grenville, the youngest of the brothers, was as unlucky; he was killed by the cannon that was fired as a signal for their striking[2]. He is extremely commended: I am not partial to the family; but it is but justice to mention, that when he took a great prize some time ago, after a thousand actions of generosity to his officers and crew, he cleared sixteen thousand pounds, of which he gave his sister ten. The King is in great spirits. The French fought exceedingly well.

I have no other event to tell you, but the promotion of a new brother of yours. I condole with you, for they have literally sent one Dayrolle resident to Holland, under Lord Sandwich,

——*Mimum partes tractare secundas.*

This curious minister has always been a led-captain to the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond; used to be sent to auctions for them, and to walk in the Park with their daughters, and once went dry-nurse to Holland with them. He has belonged, too, a good deal to my Lord Chesterfield, to whom, I believe, he owes this new honour; as he had before made him Black Rod in Ireland, and gave the ingenious reason, that he had a black face. I believe he has made him a minister, as one year, at Tunbridge, he had a mind to make a wit of Jacky Barnard, and had the impertinent vanity to imagine that his authority was sufficient. Dayrolle is a kind of cousin to him; Dayrolle's father was clerk to old Stanhope[3] at the Hague, who lay with his wife. A grave burgomaster reproved him for the scandal he gave. 'Why, what do I do?' 'You lie with another man's wife.' 'No, I don't: I lie with my own man's.' From thence sprung this goodly resident.

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[2] Thomas Grenville, youngest brother of Richard, Earl Temple. As soon as he was struck by the cannon-ball, he said, gallantly, 'Well, it is better to die thus, than to be tried by a court-martial!' *Walpole.*

[3] Hon. Alexander Stanhope (d. 1707), youngest son of first Earl of

Your brother has gone over the way with Mr. Whithed, to choose some of Lord Cholmondeley's pictures for his debt; they are all given up to the creditors, who yet scarce receive forty per cent. of their money.

It is wrong to send so short a letter as this so far, I know; but what can one do? After the first fine shower, I will send you a much longer. Adieu!

253. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1747.

DON'T be more frightened at hearing the Parliament is to be dissolved in a fortnight, than you are obliged to be as a good minister. Since this Parliament has not brought over the Pretender, I trust the death of it will not. You will want to know the reason of this sudden step: several are given, as the impossibility of making either peace or war, till they are secure of a new majority: but I believe the true motive is to disappoint the Prince, who was not ready with his elections. In general, people seem to like the measure, except the Speaker, who is very pompous about it, and speaks constitutional paragraphs. There are rumours of changes to attend its exit. People imagine Lord Chesterfield is to quit[1], but I know no other grounds for this belief, than that they conclude the Duke of Newcastle must be jealous of him by this time. Lord Sandwich is looked upon as his successor, whenever it shall happen. He is

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Chesterfield, father of first Earl Stanhope, and sometime Envoy to the States General.

LETTER 253.—[1] He was Secretary of State for the North, and remained so until Feb. 1748.

now here, to look after his Huntingdonshire boroughs. We talk nothing but elections—however, it is better than talking them for a year together. Mine for Callington (for I would not come in for Lynn, which I have left to Prince Pigwiggin[2]) is so easy, that I shall have no trouble, not even the dignity of being carried in triumph, like the lost sheep, on a porter's shoulders: but may retire to a little new farm that I have taken just out of Twickenham[3]. The house is so small, that I can send it you in a letter to look at: the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and being situated on a hill descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colours for becoming the view. This little rural *bijou* was Mrs. Chenevix's, the toy-woman *à la mode*, who in every dry season is to furnish me with the best rain-water from Paris, and now and then with some Dresden china cows, who are to figure like wooden classics in a library: so I shall grow as much a shepherd as any swain in the *Astræa*[4].

Admiral Anson is made a baron, and Admiral Warren[5] Knight of the Bath—so is Niccolini to be—when the King dies[6]. His Majesty and his son were last night at the masquerade at Ranelagh, where there was so little company, that I was afraid they would be forced to walk about together.

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[2] Eldest son of Horatio Walpole, brother of Sir R. Walpole. *Walpole.*

[3] This is the first mention of the house afterwards so famous as Strawberry Hill. 'It was built by the Earl of Bradford's coachman, and was called by the common people, *Chopp'd-Straw-Hall*, they supposing, that by feeding his lord's horses with chopped straw, he had saved money enough to build his house; but the piece of ground on which it stands is called in all the old leases, *Strawberry-Hill-Shot*, from whence it takes its name. . . . Mr. Walpole took the remainder of Mrs. Chenevix's lease in May, 1747, and the next year bought it by Act of Parliament, it being the property of three minors of the name of Mortimer.' (Horace Walpole, *Description of Strawberry Hill*, *Works*, vol. ii. p. 393.)

[4] The *Astrée*, a pastoral romance by Honoré d'Urfé.

[5] Admiral Sir Peter Warren, K.B. (1703–1752), M.P. for Westminster from July 1, 1747, till his death. He commanded the fleet at the capture of Cape Breton (1745), and was second in command in the action off Cape Finisterre.

[6] He was a favourite of the Prince of Wales.

I have been desired to write to you for two scagliuola tables; will you get them? I will thank you, and pay you too.

You will hardly believe that I intend to send you this for a letter, but I do. Mr. Chute said he would write to you to-day, so mine goes as page to his. Adieu!

254. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Twickenham, June 8, 1747.

You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop[1], and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

> A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
> And little finches wave their wings in gold[2].

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than

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Letter 254.—[1] A famous toy-shop *Walpole.*

[2] 'A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.'
Pope, *Epistle to Addison*, l. 29.

I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves: up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville *predecessed* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.

You will think I have removed my philosophy from Windsor with my tea-things hither; for I am writing to you in all this tranquillity, while a Parliament is bursting about my ears. You know it is going to be dissolved: I am told, you are taken care of, though I don't know where, nor whether anybody that chooses you will quarrel with me because he does choose you, as that little bug the Marquis of Rockingham did[3]; one of the calamities of my life which I have bore as abominably well as I do most about which I don't care. They say the Prince has taken up two hundred thousand pounds, to carry elections which he won't carry:—he had much better have saved it to buy the Parliament after it is chosen. A new set of peers are in embryo, to add more dignity to the silence of the House of Lords.

I make no remarks on your campaign[4], because, as you say, you do nothing at all; which, though very proper nutriment for a thinking head, does not do quite so well to write upon. If any one of you can but contrive to be shot upon your post, it is all we desire, shall look upon it as a great curiosity, and will take care to set up a monument to the person so slain; as we are doing by vote to Captain

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[3] Conway's return for Higham Ferrers (in Northamptonshire), for which he sat from 1741 to 1747, was probably owing to the influence of the Marquis of Rockingham.

[4] Mr. Conway was in Flanders with William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

Cornewall[5], who was killed at the beginning of the action in the Mediterranean four years ago. In the present dearth of glory, he is canonized; though, poor man! he had been tried twice the year before for cowardice.

I could tell you much election news, none else; though not being thoroughly attentive to so important a subject, as to be sure one ought to be, I might now and then mistake, and give you a candidate for Durham in place of one for Southampton, or name the returning officer instead of the candidate. In general, I believe, it is much as usual—those sold in detail that afterwards will be sold in the representation—the ministers bribing Jacobites to choose friends of their own—the name of well-wishers to the present establishment, and Patriots, outbidding ministers that they may make the better market of their own patriotism:—in short, all England, under some name or other, is just now to be bought and sold; though, whenever we become posterity and forefathers, we shall be in high repute for wisdom and virtue. My great-great-grandchildren will figure me with a white beard down to my girdle; and Mr. Pitt's will believe him unspotted enough to have walked over nine hundred hot ploughshares, without hurting the sole of his foot. How merry my ghost will be, and shake its ears to hear itself quoted as a person of consummate prudence! Adieu, dear Harry!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

255. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 26, 1747.

YOU can have no idea of the emptiness of London, and of the tumult everywhere else. To-day many elections begin.

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[5] Captain James Cornewall (1699–1744), son of Henry Cornewall, of Moccas, Herefordshire; killed in command of the *Marlborough* in the action off Toulon, Feb. 11, 1744.

The sums of money disbursed within this month would give anybody a very faint idea of the poverty of this undone country! I think the expense and contest is greater now we are said to be all of a mind, than when parties ran highest. Indeed, I ascribe part of the solitude in town to privilege being at an end[1]; though many of us can afford to bribe so high, it is not so easy to pay debts. Here am I, as Lord Cornbury[2] says, sitting for a borough, while everybody else stands for one. He diverted me extremely the other day with the application of a story to the King's Speech. It says, the reason for dissolving the Parliament is its being so near dissolution: Lord Cornbury said it put him in mind of a gaoler in Oxfordshire who was remarkably humane to his prisoners; one day he said to one of them, 'My good friend, you know you are to be hanged on Friday se'nnight; I want extremely to go to London; would you be so kind as to be hanged next Friday?'

Pigwiggin is come over, more Pigwiggin than ever! He entertained me with the horrid ugly figures that he saw at the Prince of Orange's court; think of his saying *ugly figures!* He is to be chosen for Lynn, whither I would not go, because I must have gone; I go to Callington again, whither I don't go. My brother chooses Lord Luxborough[3] for Castle Rising. Would you know the connection? This Lord keeps Mrs. Horton the player: *we* keep Miss Norsa the player: Rich the harlequin is an intimate of all; and to cement the harlequinity, somebody's brother (excuse me if I am not perfect in such genealogy) is to marry the Jewess's sister. This *coup de théâtre* procured Knight his Irish coronet, and has now stuffed him into Castle Rising, about

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Letter 255.—[1] Members of Parliament were exempt from arrest for debt.

[2] Henry Hyde, only son of the last Earl of Clarendon. He died before his father. *Walpole.*

[3] Robert Knight, eldest son of the famous cashier of the S. S. Company. *Walpole.*—Cr. (1746) Baron Luxborough of Shannon; cr. Earl of Catherlough, 1763; d. 1772.

which my brother[4] had quarrelled with me, for not looking upon it as what he called a family borough. Excuse this ridiculous detail; it serves to introduce the account of the new peers, for Sir Jacob Bouverie[5], a considerable Jacobite, who is made Viscount Folkestone, bought his ermine at twelve thousand pounds a yard of the *Duchess of Kendal*[6] *d'aujourd'hui*. Sir Harry Liddel is Baron Ravensworth, and Duncombe Baron Feversham[7]; Archer[8] and Rolle[9] have only changed their Mr.-ships for Lordships. Lord Middlesex has lost one of his Lordships, that of the Treasury; is succeeded by the second Grenville[10], and he by Ellis at the Admiralty. Lord Ashburnham had made a magnificent summer suit to wait, but Lord Cowper at last does not resign the Bedchamber. I intend to laugh over this *disgrazia* with the Chuteheds, when they return triumphant from Hampshire, where Whitehed has no enemy[11]. Apropos to enemies! I believe the battle in Flanders is *compromised*, for one never hears of it.

The Duchess of Queensbury has at last been at court[12], a point she has been intriguing these two years. Nobody gave in to it. At last she snatched at the opportunity of her son[13] being obliged to the King for a regiment in the Dutch service, and would not let him go to thank, till they sent for her too. Niccolini, who is next to her in absurdity and importance, is gone electioneering with Dodington.

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[4] Hon. Edward Walpole.

[5] Sir Jacob Bouverie (d. 1761), second Baronet, cr. Viscount Folkestone.

[6] The Countess of Yarmouth.

[7] Antony Duncombe (circ. 1695–1763), first Baron Feversham.

[8] Thomas Archer (d. 1768), first Baron Archer.

[9] Henry Rolle (1708–1750), first Baron Rolle.

[10] George Grenville.

[11] Mr. Whitehead was candidate for Hampshire, and was returned as member on July 7, 1747.

[12] She was forbidden the court in 1729, in consequence of her indiscreet championship of the poet Gay, for whose printed sequel to the *Beggar's Opera* she had asked subscriptions in the drawing-room at St. James'.

[13] Henry Douglas (1722–1754), Earl of Drumlanrig, eldest son of third Duke of Queensberry, whom he predeceased. He was killed by the accidental explosion of a pistol while travelling shortly after his marriage with his parents and wife.

I expect Pucci every day to finish my trouble with Riccardi; I shall take any ring, though he has taken care I should not take another tolerable one. If you will pay him, which I fancy will be the shortest way to prevent any *friponnerie*, I will put the money into your brother's hands.

My eagle is arrived—my eagle *tout court*, for I hear nothing of the pedestal: the bird itself was sent home in a storeship; I was happy that they did not reserve the statue, and send its footstool. It is a glorious fowl! I admire it, and everybody admires it as much as it deserves. There never was so much spirit and fire preserved, with so much labour and finishing. It stands fronting the Vespasian: there are no two such morsels in England!

Have you a mind for an example of English *bizarrerie?* there is a Fleming here, who carves exquisitely in ivory, one Verskovis[14]; he has done much for me, and where I have recommended him; but he is starving, and returning to Rome, to carve for—the English, for whom, when he was there before, he could not work fast enough.

I know nothing, nor ever heard of the Mills's and Davisons[15]; and know less than nothing of whether they are employed from hence. There is nobody in town of whom to inquire; if there were, they would ask me for what borough these men were to stand, and wonder that I could name people from any other motive. Adieu!

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[14] James Francis Verskovis, mentioned in *Anecdotes of Painting* (ch. xxi).

[15] 'We have two English here whom I can't understand, Mr. Mills and Mr. Davison. The first introduced himself into the town with the title of Colonel in the Empress's service, and then concealed that title; he came from Vienna with strong recommendations from Mr. Toussaint, and they say he is to command a battalion of Marines lately raised here. He appears to have been much about London and knows everybody. He appears to be rich by the number of servants he keeps. Both he and Davison, who formerly travelled with Lord March, have made up laced uniforms, blue and red. The former speaks no language but English, and the latter very little French and Italian. They make continual jaunts to Leghorn and Pisa. Mr. Mills has lost one of his forefingers.' Mann to Walpole, June 6, 1747 (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 261).

256. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Arlington Street, July 2, 1747.

Though we have no great reason to triumph, as we have certainly been defeated, yet the French have as certainly bought their victory dear[1]: indeed, what would be very dear to us is not so much to them. However, their least loss is twelve thousand men; as our least loss is five thousand. The truth of the whole is, that the Duke was determined to fight at all events, which the French, who determined not to fight but at great odds, took advantage of. His Royal Highness's valour has shone extremely, but at the expense of his judgement. Harry Conway, whom nature always designed for a hero of romance, and who is *déplacé* in ordinary life, did wonders, but was overpowered and flung down, where one French hussar held him by the hair, while another was going to stab him: at that instant, an English serjeant with a soldier came up, and killed the latter, but was instantly killed himself; the soldier attacked the other, and Mr. Conway escaped, but was afterwards taken prisoner; is since released on parole, and may come home to console his fair widow[2], whose brother, Harry Campbell[3], is certainly killed, to the great concern of all widows who want consolation. The French have lost the Prince of Monaco[4], the Comte de Bavière, natural brother to the last Emperor, and many officers of great rank. The French King saw the

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Letter 256.—[1] On July 2, N. S., 1747, the allied English, Austrians, and Hanoverians, under the Duke of Cumberland, were defeated by the French under Marshal Saxe, at Laffeldt.

[2] The Countess of Ailesbury.

[3] Captain Henry Campbell, second son of Colonel John Campbell, of Mamore (afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll).

[4] A false report. Honoré, Prince of Monaco, survived until 1795.

whole through a spying-glass, from a Hampstead Hill, environed with twenty thousand men. Our Guards did shamefully, and many officers. The King had a line from Huske in Zealand on the Friday night, to tell him we were defeated; of his son not a word: judge of his anxiety till three o'clock on Saturday! Lord Sandwich had a letter in his pocket all the while, and kept it there, which said the Duke was well.

We flourish at sea, have taken great part of the Domingo fleet[5], and I suppose shall have more lords. The *Countess* touched twelve thousand for Sir Jacob Bouverie's coronet.

I know nothing of my own election, but suppose it is over; as little of Rigby's, and conclude it lost[6]. For franks, I suppose they don't begin till the whole is complete. My compliments to your brothers and sisters.

I am, dear George,
Yours most sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

257. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 3, 1747.

YOU would think it strange not to hear from me after a battle[1]; though the printed relation is so particular, that I could only repeat what that contains. The sum total is, that we would fight, which the French did not intend; we gave them, or did not take, the advantage of situation; they attacked: what part of our army was engaged did wonders, for the Dutch ran away, and we had contrived to post the Austrians in such a manner that they could not assist us: we were overpowered by numbers, though the centre was first broke by the retreating Dutch; and though we retired, we killed twelve thousand of the enemy, and lost six ourselves. The Duke was very near taken, having, through his short sight, mistaken a body of French for his own people. He behaved as bravely as usual; but his prowess is so well established, that it grows time for him to exert other qualities of a general.

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[5] On June 27 the *Kent* brought into Portsmouth Harbour fourteen merchant ships bound to France from San Domingo.

[6] Rigby was returned for Sudbury in Suffolk.

LETTER 257.—[1] The battle of Laffeldt. *Walpole.*

We shine at sea; two-and-forty sail of the Domingo fleet have fallen into our hands, and we expect more. The ministry are as successful in their elections: both Westminster and Middlesex have elected court candidates, and the City of London is taking the same step, the first time of many years that the two latter have been Whig; but the non-subscribing at the time of the Rebellion has been most successfully played off upon the Jacobites; of which stamp great part of England was till—the Pretender came. This would seem a paradox in any other country, but contradictions are here the only rule of action. Adieu!

258. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 28, 1747.

This is merely one of my letters of course, for I have nothing to tell you. You will hear that Bergen-op-zoom still holds out, and is the first place that has not said *yes*, the moment the French asked it the question[1]. The Prince of Waldeck has resigned, on some private disgust with the Duke. Mr. Chute received a letter from you yesterday, with the account of the deliverance of Genoa, which had reached us before, and had surprised nobody[2]. But when you wrote, you did not know of the great victory obtained by eleven battalions of Piemontese over six-and-forty of the French[3],

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Letter 258.—[1] Bergen-op-Zoom was taken on Sept. 16, 1747.

[2] The Austrians had raised the siege.

[3] On July 19, 1747, the French were repulsed with heavy loss by the Piedmontese in an attack on Exilles in Piedmont.

and of the lucky but brave death of their commander, the Chevalier de Belleisle[4]. He is a great loss to the French, none to Count Saxe; an irreparable one to his own brother, whom, by the force of his parts, he had pushed so high, at the same time always declining to raise himself, lest he should eclipse the Marshal, who seems now to have missed the ministry by his Italian scheme, as he did before by his ill success in Germany. We talk of nothing but peace: I hope we shall not make as bad an one as we have made a war, though one is the natural consequence of the other.

We have at last discovered the pedestal for my glorious eagle, at the bottom of the store-ship; but I shall not have it out of the Custom-house till the end of this week. The lower part of the eagle's beak has been broke off and lost. I wish you would have the head only of your *gesse* cast, and send it me, to have the original restored from it.

The commission for the scagliuola tables was given me without any dimensions; I suppose there is a common size. If the original friar[5] can make them, I shall be glad: if not, I fancy the person would not care to wait so long as you mention, for what would be less handsome than mine.

I am almost ashamed to send you this summer-letter; but nobody is in town; even election news are all over. Adieu!

259. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1747.

Your two last are of August 1st and 22nd. I fear my last to you was of July 28th. I have no excuse, but having nothing to tell you, and having been in the country. Berg-op-Zoom still holds out; the French have lost great numbers before it, though at first, at least, it was not at all well defended. Nothing else is talked of, and opinions differ so much about the event, that I don't pretend to guess what it will be. It appears now that if the Dutch had made but decent defences of all the other towns, France would have made but slow progress in the conquest of Flanders, and wanted many thousand men that now threaten Europe.

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[4] Louis Charles Armand Fouquet (1693–1747), Chevalier de Belleisle, brother of the Maréchal de Belleisle.

[5] Scagliola is a composition, which was made only at Florence by Father Hugford, an Irish friar. *Walpole.*—Ferdinando Enrico Hugford (1696–1771), a monk at Vallombrosa, who brought the art of scagliola to high perfection.

There are not ten people in London besides the Chuteheds and me; the White one[1] is going into Hampshire; I hope to have the other a little with me at Twickenham, whither I go to-morrow for the rest of the season.

I don't know what to say to you about Mr. Mill; I can learn nothing about him: my connections with anything ministerial are as little as possible; and were they bigger, the very commission, that you apprehend, would be a reason to make them keep it secret from you, on whose account alone they would know I inquired. I cannot bring myself to believe that he is employed from hence; and I am always so cautious of meddling about you, for fear of risking you in any light, that I am the unfittest person in the world to give you any satisfaction on this head: however, I shall continue to try.

I never heard anything so unreasonable as the Pope's request to that Cardinal Guadagni; but I suppose they will make him comply[2].

You will, I think, like Sir James Grey[3]; he is very civil and good-humoured, and sensible. Lord ——[4] is the two former; but alas! he is returned little wiser than he went.

Is there a bill of exchange sent to your brother? or may

Letter 259.—[1] Francis Whitehead.

[2] The Pope wished him to resign a piece of preferment in favour of the Cardinal of York.

[3] He had been appointed Minister at Venice.

[4] So in MS.

not I pay him without? it is fifty pounds and three zechins, is not it? Thank you.

Pandolfini is gone with Count Harrache; Panciatici goes next week: I believe he intended staying longer; but either the finances fail, or he does not know how to dispose of these two empty months alone; for Niccolini is gone with the Prince to Cliefden. I have a notion the latter would never leave England, if he could but bring himself to change his religion; or, which he would like as well, if he could persuade the Prince to change his. Good night!

260. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Arlington Street, Oct. 1, 1747.

I wish I could have answered your invitation from the Tigress's[1] with my own person, but it was impossible. I wish your farmer would answer invitations with the persons of more hens and fewer cocks; for I am raising a breed, and not recruits. The time before he sent two to one, and he has done so again. I had a letter from Mr. Conway, who is piteously going into prison again: our great Secretary has let the time slip for executing the cartel, and the French have reclaimed their prisoners. The Duke is coming back—I fear his candles are gone to bed to Admiral Vernon's! He has been ill; there are whisperings, as if his head had been more disordered than his body. Marshal Saxe sent him Cardinal Polignac's[2] *Anti-Lucretius*[3] to send to Lord Chesterfield.—If he won't let him be a general, at least 'tis hard to reduce him to a courier.

When I saw you at *Kyk in de Pot*[4], I forgot to tell you

Letter 260.—[1] Mrs. Henry Talbot, *née* Clopton. She was a cousin of Catherine, Lady Walpole. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 22, 1898.)

[2] Cardinal Melchior de Polignac (1661–1741).

[3] A Latin poem published in 1745 in two small volumes.

[4] Kyk in de Pot was an outlying fortification of Bergen-op-Zoom, whose prolonged resistance to the French was attracting general in-

that seven more volumes of the Journals are delivering: there's employment for Moreland. I go back to *Kyk in de Pot* to-morrow. Did you dislike it so much that you could not bring yourself to persuade your brother to try it with you for a day or two? I shall be there till the birthday, if you will come.

George Selwyn says, people send to Lord Pembroke to know how the bridge[5] rested. You know George never thinks but *à la tête tranchée:* he came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal. My compliments to your family.

I am, yours ever,
H. W.

261. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 2, 1747.

I am glad the Chuteheds are as idle as I am, for then you will believe it is nothing but idleness. I don't know that it is absolutely so; I rather flatter myself that it is want of materials that has made me silent, I fear, above these five weeks. Literally nothing has happened but the treachery at Bergen-op-Zoom[1], and of that all the world knows at least as much as I do. The Duke is coming home, and both armies are going into quarters, at least for the present: the French, I suppose, will be in motion again with the first frosts. Holland seems gone!—how long England will remain after it, Providence and the French must determine!

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terest at this time. By 'Kyk in de Pot' here Horace Walpole evidently means his residence at Strawberry Hill. (See *Athenæum*, March 11, 1899.)

[5] Lord Pembroke was greatly interested in Westminster Bridge, at this time in course of construction. One of the piers had settled some sixteen inches.

Letter 261.—[1] Its surrender was stated to be due to the treachery of its defenders.

This is too ample a subject to write but little upon, and too obvious to require much.

The Chuteheds have been extremely good, and visited and stayed with me at Twickenham—I am sorry I must, at your expense, be so happy. If I were to say all I think of Mr. Chute's immense honesty, his sense, his wit, his knowledge, and his humanity, you would think I was writing a dedication. I am happy in him: I don't make up to him for you, for he loves nothing a quarter so well; but I try to make him regret you less—do you forgive me? Now I am commending your friends, I reproach myself with never having told you how much I love your brother Gal[2]—you yourself have not more constant good-humour—indeed he has not such trials with illness as you have, you patient soul! but he is like you, and much to my fancy. Now I live a good deal at Twickenham I see more of him, and like to see more of him: you know I don't throw my liking about the street.

Your Opera must be fine, and that at Naples glorious: they say we are to have one, but I doubt it. Lady Middlesex is breeding—the child will be well-born; the Sackville is the worst blood it is supposed to swell with. Lord Holdernesse has lost his son[3]. Lady Charlotte Finch, when she saw company on her lying-in, had two toilets spread in her bedchamber with her own and Mr. Finch's dressing-plate. This was certainly a stroke of vulgarity that my Lady Pomfret copied from some *festino* in Italy.

Lord Bath and his Countess and his son have been making a tour: at Lord Leicester's[4] they forgot to give anything to the servants that showed the house; upon recollection—and deliberation, they sent back a man and horse six miles with—half a crown! What loads of money they are saving for the French!

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[2] Galfridus Mann, twin brother of Horace Mann. *Walpole.*

[3] George Darcy, Lord Darcy and Conyers, only son of fourth Earl of Holdernesse, died an infant on Sept. 27, 1747.

[4] At Holkham in Norfolk.

Adieu! my dear child—perhaps you don't know that I 'cast many a southern look[5]' towards Florence—I think within this half-year I have thought more of making you a visit, than in any half-year since I left you. I don't know whether the difficulties will ever be surmounted, but you cannot imagine how few they are; I scarce think they are in the plural number.

262. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Twickenham, Monday.

YOU are desired to have business to hinder you from going to Northampton, and you are desired to have none to hinder you from coming to Twickenham. The autumn is in great beauty; my Lord Radnor's baby-houses lay eggs every day, and promise new swarms; Mrs. Chandler treads, but don't lay; and the neighbouring dowagers order their visiting coaches before sunset—can you resist such a landscape? only send me a line that I may be sure to be ready for you, for I go to London now and then to buy coals.

I believe there cannot be a word of truth in Lord Granville's going to Berlin; by the clumsiness of the thought, I should take it for ministerial wit—and so, and so.

The Twickenham Alabouches say that Legge is to marry the eldest Pelhamine infanta[1]; he loves a minister's daughter[2] —I shall not wonder if he intends it, but can the parents?

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[5] Shakspeare, *Henry IV.*—'Cast many a northern look to see his father bring up his powers.' *Walpole.*

'Threw many a northward look to
see his father
Bring up his powers.'
2 *Henry IV*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

LETTER 262.—Wrongly placed in C. among letters of 1756.

[1] This did not happen.

[2] During the life of Sir Robert Walpole, Legge had wished to marry Lady Mary Walpole. See letter to Mann, Jan. 26, 1748.

Mr. Conway mentioned nothing to me but of the prisoners of the last battle[3], and I hope it extends no farther, but I vow I don't see why it should not. Adieu!

Yours, &c.,
H. W.

263. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 10, 1747.

I came to town but last week; but on looking over the dates of my letters, I find I am six weeks in arrear to you. This is a period that ought to make me blush, and beyond what I think I was ever guilty; but I have not had a tittle to tell you; that is, nothing little enough has happened, nor big enough, except Admiral Hawke's[1] great victory[2]; and for that I must have transcribed the gazettes.

The Parliament met this morning, the House extremely full, and many new faces. We have done nothing but choose a Speaker, and, in choosing him, flattered Mr. Onslow, who is re-chosen. In about ten days one shall be able to judge of the complexion of the winter; but there is not likely to be much opposition. The Duke was coming, but is gone back to Breda for a few days. When he does return, it will be only for three weeks. He is to watch the French and the negotiations for peace, which are to be opened—I believe not in earnest[3].

Whithed has made his entrance into Parliament; I don't expect he will like it. The first session is very tiresome with elections, and without opposition there will be little spirit.

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[3] The battle of Laffeld. See letter to Montagu, Oct. 1, 1747.

Letter 263.—[1] Rear-Admiral (afterwards Admiral) Edward Hawke (1710–1781), cr. Baron Hawke, 1776; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1766–71; Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, 1768.

[2] On Oct. 14, 1747, Admiral Hawke had totally defeated the French fleet off Rochelle.

[3] The Allies delayed the beginning of the negotiations in the hope that some military success might enable them to dictate terms to France.

Lady Middlesex has popped out her child before its time; it is put into spirits, and my Lord, very *loyally*, cries over it. Lady Gower carried a niece to Leicester Fields[4] the other day, to present her: the girl trembled—she pushed her: 'What are you so afraid of? Don't you see that musical clock? Can you be afraid of a man that has a musical clock?'

Don't call this a letter; I don't call it one; it only comes to make my letter's excuses. Adieu!

264. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 24, 1747.

YOU say so many kind things to me in your letter of Nov. 7th, on my talking of a journey to Florence, that I am sorry I mentioned it to you. I did it to show you that my silence is far from proceeding from any forgetfulness of you; and as I really think continually of such a journey, I name it now and then; though I don't find how to accomplish it. In short, my affairs are not so independent of everybody, but that they require my attending to them to make them go smoothly: and unless I could get them into another situation, it is not possible for me to leave them. Some part of my fortune is in my Lord O.'s[1] hands; and if I were out of the way of giving him trouble, he has not generosity enough to do anything that would be convenient to me. I will say no more on this subject, because it is not a pleasant one; nor would I have said this, but to convince you that I did not mention returning to Florence out of *gaieté de cœur.* I never was happy but there; have a million of times repented returning to England, where I never was happy, nor expect to be.

For Mr. Chute's silence, next to myself, I can answer for him: he always loves you, and I am persuaded wishes nothing more than himself at Florence. I did hint to him your kind thought about Venice, because, as I saw no daylight to it, it could not disappoint him; and because I knew how sensible he would be to this mark of your friendship. There is not a glimmering prospect of our sending a minister to Berlin; if we did, it would be a person of far greater consideration than Sir James Grey; and even if he went thither, there are no means of procuring his succession for Mr. Chute. My dear child, you know little of England, if you think such and so quiet merit as his likely to meet friends here. Great assurance or great quality are the only recommendations. My father was abused for employing low people with parts—that complaint is totally removed.

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[4] The Prince of Wales lived at Leicester House, in Leicester Fields.

LETTER 264.—[1] Horace Walpole's eldest brother, the Earl of Orford.

You reproach me with telling you nothing of Berg-op-Zoom: seriously, I know nothing but what was in the papers: and in general, on those great public events, I must transcribe the Gazette, if you will have me talk to you. You will have seen by the King's Speech that a congress is appointed at Aix-la-Chapelle, but nobody expects any effect from it. Except Mr. Pelham, the ministry in general are for the war; and, what is comical, the Prince and the opposition are so too. We have had but one division yet in the House, which was on the Duke of Newcastle's interfering in the Seaforth election. The numbers were, 247 for the court, against 96. But I think it very probable that, in a little time, a stronger opposition will be formed, for the Prince has got some new and very able speakers; particularly a young Mr. Potter[2], son of the last Archbishop[3], who promises very greatly; the world is already matching him against Mr. Pitt.

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[2] Thomas, son of Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, was appointed Secretary to the Princess of Wales, in which post he remained till the death of the Prince: he made two celebrated speeches on the Seaforth election, and on the contest between Aylesbury and Buckingham for the Summer Assizes; but did not long support the character here given of him. *Walpole.*—Paymaster-General, 1756; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1756; d. 1759.

[3] John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, d. 1747.

I sent Niccolini the letter; and here is another from him. I have not seen him this winter, nor heard of him: he is of very little consequence, when there is anything else that is.

I have lately had Lady Mary Wortley's Eclogues[4] published; but they don't please, though so excessively good. I say so confidently, for Mr. Chute agrees with me: he says, for the Epistle to Arthur Grey[5], scarce any woman could have written it, and no man; for a man who had had experience enough to paint such sentiments so well, would not have had warmth enough left. Do you know anything of Lady Mary? her adventurous son[6] is come into Parliament, but has not opened. Adieu! my dear child: *nous nous reverrons un jour!*

265. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 12, 1748.

I HAVE just received a letter from you of the 19th of last month, in which you tell me you was just going to complain of me, when you received one from me: I fear I am again as much to blame, as far as not having written; but if I had, it could only be to repeat what you say would be sufficient, but what I flatter myself I need not repeat. The town has been quite empty; and the Parliament, which met but yesterday, has been adjourned these three weeks. Except elections, and such tiresome squabbles, I don't believe it will produce anything: it is all harmony. From Holland we every day hear bad news, which, though we don't believe at the present, we agree it is always likely to be true by to-morrow. Yet, with no prospect of success, and scarce with a possibility of beginning another campaign, we are as martial as ever: I don't know whether it is because we think a bad peace worse than a bad war, or that we don't look upon misfortunes and defeats abroad as enough our own, and are willing to taste of both at home. We are in no present apprehension from domestic disturbances, nor, in my private opinion, do I believe the French will attempt us, till it is for themselves. They need not be at the trouble of sending us Stuarts; that ingenious house could not have done the work of France more effectually than the Pelhams and the Patriots have.

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[4] Some of these Eclogues had been printed long before: they were now published with other of her poems by Dodsley, in quarto, and soon after with others reprinted in his *Miscellany*. *Walpole.*

[5] *Epistle from Arthur Grey, the Footman, to Mrs. Murray*, mentioned by Lady Louisa Stuart in the *Introductory Anecdotes* prefixed to Lady Mary's *Correspondence.*

[6] Edward Wortley-Montagu, after a variety of adventures in various characters, was taken up at Paris with Mr. Taafe, another Member of Parliament, for cheating and robbing a Jew. *Walpole.* — Wortley-Montagu, who appears to have been more or less insane, was born in 1713, and spent the greater part of his life abroad. He was the first native of the United Kingdom to undergo inoculation for smallpox. After a chequered career, including various experiments in matrimony, and several changes of religion, he died at Pisa in 1776. He had at this time just entered Parliament as Member for Huntingdon.

I will tell you a secret: there is a transaction going on to send Sir Charles Williams to Turin; he has asked it, and it is pushed. In my private opinion, I don't believe Villettes[1] will be easily overpowered; though I wish it, from loving Sir Charles and from thinking meanly of the other; but talents are no passports. Sir Everard Falkener[2] is going to Berlin. General Sinclair[3] is presently to succeed Wentworth[4]: he is Scotchissime, in all the latitude of the word, and not very able; he made a poor business of it at Port l'Orient.

LETTER 265.—[1] Minister at Turin, afterwards in Switzerland. *Walpole.*

[2] He had been Ambassador at Constantinople: he was not sent to Berlin, but was Secretary to the Duke, and one of the General Postmasters. *Walpole.*

[3] General Hon. James Sinclair (d. 1762), second son of eighth Baron Sinclair. He was subsequently Minister at Vienna and at Turin.

[4] General Wentworth (lately deceased) held an appointment at the court of Turin.

Lord Coke[5] has demolished himself very fast; I mean his character: you know he was married but last spring; he is always drunk, has lost immense sums at play, and seldom goes home to his wife till eight in the morning. The world is vehement on her side; and not only her family, but his own, give him up. At present, matters are patching up by the mediation of my brother, but I think can never go on: she married him extremely against her will, and he is at least an out-pensioner of Bedlam: his mother's family[6] have many of them been mad.

I thank you, I have received the eagle's head: the bill is broken off individually in the same spot with the original; but, as the piece is not lost, I believe it will serve.

I should never have expected you to turn Lorrain[7]: is your Madame de Givrecourt[8] a successor[9] of my sister? I think you hint so. Where is the Princess, that you are so reduced? Adieu! my dear child. I don't say a kind word to you, because you seem to think it necessary, for assuring you of the impossibility of my ever forgetting, or loving you less.

266. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 26, 1748.

I have again talked over with our Chute the affair of Venice; but, besides seeing no practicability in it, we think you will not believe that Sir James Grey will be so simple as to leave Venice, whither with difficulty he obtained to be sent, when you hear that Mr. Legge[1] has actually kissed hands, and sets out on Friday for Berlin, as envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary. We thought Sir Everard Falkener sure; but this has come forth very unexpectedly. Legge is certainly a wiser choice; nobody has better parts; and if art and industry can obtain success, I know no one would use more: but I don't think that the King of Prussia, with half parts and much cunning, is so likely to be the dupe of more parts and as much cunning, as the people with whom Legge has so prosperously pushed his fortune. My father was fond of him to the greatest degree of partiality, till he endeavoured to have a nearer tie than flattery gave him, by trying to marry Lady Mary: after that my Lord could never bear his name. Since that, he has wriggled himself in with the Pelhams, by being the warmest friend and servant of their new allies, and is the first favourite of the little Duke of Bedford. Mr. Villiers[2] was desired to go to Berlin, but refused, and proposed himself for the Treasury, till they could find something else for him. They laughed at this; but he is as fit for one employment as the other. We have a stronger reason than any I have mentioned against going to Venice; which is, the excuse it might give to the Vine[3] to forget we were in being; an excuse which his hatred of our preferment would easily make him embrace, as more becoming a good Christian brother!

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[5] Edward, only son of Thomas, Earl of Leicester, married Mary, youngest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, from whom he was parted; he died in 1752. *Walpole.*

[6] She was a Tufton, daughter of sixth Earl of Thanet.

[7] The Emperor kept a Lorrain regiment at Florence; but there was little intercourse between the two nations. *Walpole.*

[8] Mann had written (Dec. 19, 1747) of 'a daughter of old Mme. Sarasin, whose wig you must remember. This newcomer is Comtesse Giovecourt [*sic*], a mighty good sort of woman, and extremely intimate with Richcourt.' (*Mann and Manners,* vol. i. p. 271.)

[9] With Count Richcourt. *Walpole.*

The ministry are triumphant in their Parliament: there

LETTER 266.—[1] Henry Legge, second son of the Earl of Dartmouth, was made Secretary of the Treasury by Sir Robert Walpole; and was afterwards Surveyor of the Roads, a Lord of the Admiralty, a Lord of the Treasury, Treasurer of the Navy, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had been bred to the sea, and was for a little time Minister at Berlin. *Walpole.*

[2] Thomas Villiers, brother of the Earl of Jersey, had been Minister at Dresden, and was afterwards a Lord of the Admiralty. *Walpole.*

[3] Antony Chute, of the Vine, in Hampshire, elder brother of J. Chute; died in 1754. *Walpole.*

have been great debates on the new taxes, but no division: the House is now sitting on the Wareham election, espousing George Pitt's uncle[4], one of the most active Jacobites, but of the coalition and in place, against Drax[5], a great favourite of the Prince, but who has already lost one question on this election by a hundred.

Admiral Vernon has just published a series of Letters to himself, among which are several of Lord Bath, written in the height of his opposition: there is one in particular, to congratulate Vernon on taking Portobello, wherein this great virtuous Patriot advises him *to do nothing more*, assuring him that his inactivity would all be imputed to my father. One does not hear that Lord Bath has called him to any account for this publication, though as villainous to these correspondents as one of them was in writing such a letter; or as the Admiral himself was, who used to betray all his instructions to this enemy of the government. Nobody can tell why he has published these letters now, unless to get money. What ample revenge every year gives my father against his Patriot enemies! Had he never deserved well himself, posterity must still have the greatest opinion of him, when they see on what rascal foundations were built all the pretences to virtue which were set up in opposition to him! Pulteney counselling the Admiral who was entrusted with the war not to pursue it, that its mismanagement might be imputed to the minister; the Admiral communicating his orders to such an enemy of his country! This enemy triumphant, seizing honours and employments for himself and friends, which he had so avowedly disclaimed; other friends, whom he had neglected, pursuing him for gratifying his ambition—accomplishing his ruin, and prostituting themselves even more than he had done! all of them blowing up a rebellion, by every art that could blacken the King in the eyes of the nation, and some of them promoting the trials and sitting in judgement on the wretches whom they had misled and deserted! How black a picture! what odious portraits, when time shall write the proper names under them!

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[4] John Pitt, one of the Lords of Trade. *Walpole.*

[5] Hen. Drax, the Prince's Secretary, died in 1755. *Walpole.*

As famous as you think your Mr. Mill[6], I can find nobody who ever heard his name. Projectors make little noise here; and even any one who only *has* made a noise, is forgotten as soon as out of sight. The knaves and fools of the day are too numerous to leave room to talk of yesterday. The pains that people, who have a mind to be named, are forced to take to be very particular, would convince you how difficult it is to make a lasting impression on such a town as this. Ministers, authors, wits, fools, Patriots, whores, scarce bear a second edition. Lord Bolingbroke, Sarah Malcolm[7], and old Marlborough, are never mentioned but by elderly folks to their grandchildren, who had never heard of them. What would last Pannoni's[8] a twelvemonth is forgotten here in twelve hours. Good night!

267. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 16, 1748.

I am going to tell you nothing but what Mr. Chute has told you already—that my Lord Chesterfield has resigned the seals[1], that the Duke of Newcastle has changed his province[2], and that the Duke of Bedford is the new Secretary of State. I think you need be under no apprehension from this change; I should be frightened enough if you had the least reason, but I am quite at ease. Lord Chesterfield, who I believe had no quarrel but with his partner, is gone to Bath; and his youngest brother, John Stanhope[3], comes into the Admiralty, where Sandwich is now First Lord. There seems to be some hitch in Legge's embassy; I believe we were overhasty. Proposals of peace were expected to be laid before Parliament, but that talk is vanished. The Duke of Newcastle, who is going greater lengths *in everything* for which he overturned Lord Granville, is all military; and makes more courts than one[4] by this disposition. The Duke goes to Holland this week, and I hear we are going to raise another million. There are prodigious discontents in the army: the town had got a list of a hundred and fifty officers who desired at once to resign, but I believe this was exaggerated. *We*[5] are great and very exact disciplinarians; our partialities are very strong, especially on the side of aversions, and none of these articles tally exactly with English tempers. Lord Robert Bertie[6] received a reprimand the other day by an aide-de-camp, for blowing his nose as he relieved the guard under a window[7]; where very exact notice is constantly taken of very small circumstances.

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[6] Mann (writing in Jan. 1748), mentioned him as 'the famous Mr. Mill, who is known, I am told, in England, by the name of Mill the Projector.'

[7] A washerwoman at the Temple, executed for three murders. *Walpole.* — Horace Walpole possessed Hogarth's portrait of her, painted the day before her execution in 1733.

[8] The coffee-house at Florence. *Walpole.*

Letter 267. — [1] As Secretary of State for the Northern Province.

[2] He changed the Southern Province for the Northern.

We divert ourselves extremely this winter; plays, balls, masquerades, and pharaoh are all in fashion. The Duchess of Bedford has given a great ball, to which the King came with thirty masks. The Duchess of Queensberry is to give him a masquerade. Operas are the only consumptive entertainment. There was a new comedy last Saturday, which succeeds, called *The Foundling*[8].' I like the old *Conscious Lovers*[9] better, and that not much. The story is the same, only that the Bevil of the new piece is in more hurry, and consequently more natural. It is extremely well acted by Garrick and Barry, Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Woffington. My sister was brought to bed last night of another boy. Sir C. Williams, I hear, grows more likely to go to Turin: you will have a more agreeable correspondent than your present voluminous brother[10]. Adieu!

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[3] Hon. John Stanhope (1705–1748), third son of third Earl of Chesterfield; sometime Secretary to the Embassy at the Hague, and M.P. for Nottingham and Derby; Lord of the Admiralty, 1748.

[4] i.e. to the King and the Duke of Cumberland, who were also 'all military.'

[5] The Duke of Cumberland.

[6] Third son of first Duke of Ancaster; Lord of the Bedchamber; M.P. for Whitchurch; Colonel of the second troop of Guards and General in the army (1777); d. 1782. 'On May 20th, 1756, he was on board the *Ramillies* (then intending to join his regiment in Minorca) with Admiral Byng, in the engagement with the French fleet off that island, and gave a very clear and candid evidence in behalf of the Admiral at his trial in January following.' (Collins, *Peerage*, ed. 1812, vol. ii. p. 22.)

[7] The Duke's. *Walpole.*

268. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 11, 1748.

I HAVE had nothing lately to tell you but illnesses and distempers: there is what they call a miliary fever raging, which has taken off a great many people. It was scarce known till within these seven or eight years, but apparently increases every spring and autumn. They don't know how to treat it, but think they have discovered that bleeding is bad for it. The young Duke of Bridgewater[1] is dead of it. The Marquis of Powis[2] is dead too, I don't know of what; but though a Roman Catholic, he has left his whole fortune to Lord Herbert[3], the next male of his family, but a very distant relation. It is twelve thousand pounds a year, with a very rich mine upon it; there is a debt, but the money and personal estate will pay it. After Lord Herbert and his brother[4], who are both unmarried, the estate is to go to the daughter[5] of Lord Waldegrave's sister[6], by her first husband, who was the Marquis's brother[7] . . .

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[8] By Edward Moor. *Walpole.*

[9] By Richard Steele, produced at Drury Lane in 1722.

[10] Mr. Villettes. *Walpole.*

LETTER 268.—[1] John Egerton (1727–1748), second Duke of Bridgewater.

[2] William Herbert (circ. 1698–1748), third Marquis of Powis.

[3] Henry Arthur Herbert, Lord Herbert, afterwards created Earl of Powis, married the young lady on whom the estate was entailed: his brother died unmarried. *Walpole.*

In defiance of all these deaths, we are all diversions; Lady Dalkeith[8] and a company of Scotch nobility have formed a theatre, and have acted *The Revenge* several times; I can't say excellently: the Prince and Princess were at it last night. The Duchess of Queensberry gives a masquerade to-night, in hopes of drawing the King to it: but he will not go. I do; but must own it is wondrous foolish to dress one's self out in a becoming dress *in cold blood.* There has been a new comedy, called *The Foundling*; far from good, but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil, and with sticking plaisters for *Bubby's* fair hair; but it did not come to action. Garrick was impertinent, and the pretty men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right.

I must now notify to you the approaching espousals of the most illustrious Prince Pigwiggin[9] with Lady Rachel Cavendish, third daughter of the Duke of Devonshire: the victim does not dislike it! my uncle makes great settlements; and the Duke is to get a peerage for Pigwiggin, upon the foot that the father cannot be spared out of the House of Commons! Can you bear this old buffoon making himself of consequence, and imitating my father!

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[4] Richard Herbert (d. 1754), second son of Francis Herbert, of Oakley Park, Montgomeryshire.

[5] Barbara, posthumous daughter and heiress of Lord Edward Herbert (only brother to third Marquis of Powis); m. (1751) Henry Arthur Herbert, first Earl of Powis (n. c.); d. 1786.

[6] Lady Henrietta Waldegrave (d. 1753), only daughter of first Earl Waldegrave; m. 1. (1734) Lord Edward Herbert; 2. (1739) John Beard, actor and vocalist.

[7] Here follows a passage obliterated in the original.

[8] Caroline, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, married the eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, who dying before his father, she afterwards married Charles Townshend, second son of the Lord Viscount Townshend. *Walpole.* — She was created Baroness Greenwich (her father, who died without male issue, having been Duke of Argyll and Greenwich) in 1767, and died in 1794.

[9] Horatio Walpole, eldest son of Horatio Walpole, brother of Sir Robert. *Walpole.*

The Princess of Orange[10] has got a son[11], and we have taken a convoy that was going to Berg-op-Zoom; two trifling occurrences that are most pompously exaggerated, when the whole of both is, that the Dutch, who before sold themselves to France, will now grow excellent patriots when they have a master entailed upon them[12]; and we shall run ourselves more into danger, on having got an advantage which the French don't feel.

Violent animosities are sprung up in the House of Commons upon a sort of private affair between the Chief Justice Willes and the Grenvilles, who have engaged the ministry in an extraordinary step, of fixing the assizes at Buckingham by Act of Parliament in their favour. We have had three long days upon it in our House, and it is not yet over; but though they will carry it both there and in the Lords, it is by a far smaller majority than any they have had in this Parliament. The other day, Dr. Lee and Mr. Potter had made two very strong speeches against Mr. Pelham on this subject; he rose with the greatest emotion, fell into the most ridiculous passion, was near crying, and not knowing how to return it on the two, fell upon the Chief Justice (who was not present), and accused him of ingratitude. The eldest Willes[13] got up extremely moved, but with great propriety and cleverness told Mr. Pelham 'that his father had no obligation to any man now in the ministry; that he had been obliged to one of the greatest ministers that ever was[14], who is now no more; that the person who accused his father of ingratitude was now leagued with the very men who had ruined that minister, to whom he (Mr. Pelham) owed his advancement, and without whom he would have been nothing!' This was daggers! not a word of reply.

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[10] Anne, Princess Royal (d. 1759), eldest daughter of George II; m. (1734) William Charles Henry, Prince of Orange (afterwards Stadtholder).

[11] Prince William, who succeeded his father as Stadtholder in 1751. He was deprived of his dominions in 1795, and died in 1806.

[12] The office of Stadtholder had recently been declared hereditary.

[13] John Willes (d. 1784), M.P. for Banbury.

I had begun my letter before the masquerade, but had not time to finish it: there were not above one hundred persons; the dresses pretty; the Duchess as mad as you remember her. She had stuck up orders about dancing, as you see at public bowling-greens; turned half the company out at twelve; kept those she liked to supper; and, in short, contrived to do an agreeable thing in the rudest manner imaginable; besides having dressed her husband in Scotch plaid, which just now is one of the things in the world that is reckoned most offensive; but you know we are all mad, so good night!

269. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 29, 1748.

I know I have not writ to you the Lord knows when, but I waited for something to tell you, and I have now what there was not much reason to expect. The preliminaries to the Peace[1] are actually signed by the English, Dutch, and French: the Queen[2], who would remain the only sufferer, though vastly less than she could expect, protests against this treaty, and the Sardinian Minister has refused to sign too, till farther orders. Spain is not mentioned, but France answers for them, and that they shall give us a new assiento[3]. The armistice is for six weeks, with an exception to Maestricht[4]; upon which the Duke sent Lord George Sackville[5] to Marshal Saxe, to tell him that, as they are so near being friends, he shall not endeavour to raise the siege and spill more blood, but hopes the Marshal will give the garrison good terms, as they have behaved so bravely. The conditions settled are a general restitution on all sides, as Modena to its Duke, Flanders to the Queen, the Dutch towns to the Dutch, Cape Breton to France, and Final to the Genoese; but the Sardinian to have the cessions made to him[6] by the Queen, who, you see, is to be made observe the Treaty of Worms, though we do not. Parma and Placentia are to be given to Don Philip[7]; Dunkirk to remain as it is, on the land-side; but to be *Utrecht'd* again to the sea[8]. The Pretender to be renounced with all his descendants, male and female, even in stronger terms than by the Quadruple Alliance[9]; and the cessation of arms to take place in all other parts of the world, as in the year 1712. The contracting powers agree to think of means of making the other powers come into this treaty, in case they refuse.

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[14] Sir Robert Walpole.

Letter 269.—[1] Of Aix-la-Chapelle. The Peace was concluded on Oct. 18, 1748.

[2] Of Hungary.

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[3] The Assiento Treaty (1713) secured to the English the monopoly of the slave-trade to the Spanish colonies. It was now revived for four years.

[4] The French forces were now concentrated before Maestricht, which surrendered on May 7, 1748.

[5] Lord George Sackville (1716–1785), third son of first Duke of Dorset; M.P. for Dover. He took the name of Germain (1770) on succeeding to Lady Betty Germain's estate of Drayton, and was created Viscount Sackville in 1782. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1751–56; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1765–66; Lord of Trade, 1775–79; Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1775–82. He entered the army in 1737; was present at the battle of Fontenoy (1743), where he was wounded; became a Major-General in 1755; was second in command of the expedition which landed in Cancale Bay in 1757; was appointed in 1758 Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. By his failure to order the advance of the English cavalry at the battle of Minden (1759), he incurred the censure of Prince Ferdinand, and was shortly afterwards dismissed from the army. His alleged cowardice was publicly execrated; he was tried by court-martial in 1760, and pronounced unfit for the King's service. In 1762 he returned to active political life, and subsequently held high office. His reputation was to a great extent rehabilitated by his conduct in a duel with Governor Johnstone (1770). He was a good speaker, and an active politician, and one of the most vigorous advocates of severity towards the revolted colonists. The authorship of the *Letters of Junius* has been attributed to him.

[6] In Italy.

[7] Second son of Philip V of Spain, by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese.

[8] The destruction of the fortifications of Dunkirk towards the sea was one of the conditions of the Treaty of Utrecht (1713).

This is the substance; and wonderful it is what can make the French give us such terms, or why they have lost so much blood and treasure to so little purpose! for they have destroyed very little of the fortifications in Flanders. Monsieur de St. Séverin[10] told Lord Sandwich, that he had full powers to sign now, but that the same courier that should carry our refusal, was to call at Namur and Bergen-op-Zoom, where are mines under all the works, which were immediately to be blown up. There is no accounting for this, but from the King's aversion to go to the army, and to Marshal Saxe's fear of losing his power with the loss of a battle. He told Count Flemming, the Saxon minister, who asked him if the French were in earnest in their offer of peace, 'Il est vrai, nous demandons la paix comme des lâches, et ne pouvons pas l'obtenir.'

Stocks rise; the ministry are in high spirits, and *peu s'en faut* but we shall admire this peace as our own doing! I believe two reasons that greatly advanced it are, the King's wanting to go to Hanover, and the Duke's wanting to go into a salivation.

We had last night the most magnificent masquerade that ever was seen: it was by subscription at the Haymarket: everybody who subscribed five guineas had four tickets. There were about seven hundred people, all in chosen and very fine dresses. The supper was in two rooms, besides those for the King and Prince, who, with the foreign ministers, had tickets given them.

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[9] Formed in 1718, between England, France, Austria, and Holland, for the maintenance of the Treaty of Utrecht.

[10] The French plenipotentiary.

You don't tell me whether the seal of which you sent me the impression, is to be sold: I think it fine, but not equal to the price which you say was paid for it. What is it? Homer or Pindar?

I am very miserable at the little prospect you have of success in your own affair: I think the person[11] you employed has used you scandalously. I would have you write to my uncle; but my applying to him would be very far from doing you service. Poor Mr. Chute has got so bad a cold that he could not go last night to the masquerade. Adieu! my dear child! there is nothing well that I don't wish you, but my wishes are very ineffectual!

270. To George Montagu.

May 18, 1748.

Here I am with the poor Chutehed, who has put on a shoe but to-day for the first time. He sits at the receipt of custom, and one passes most part of the day here; the other part I have the misfortune to pass *en* Pigwiggin. The ceremony of dining[1] is not over yet: I cannot say that either the Prince or the Princess look the comelier for what has happened. The town says, my Lady Anson[2] has no chance for looking different from what she did before she was married: and they have a story of a gentleman going to the Chancellor to assure him, that if he gave his daughter to the Admiral, he would be obliged hereafter to pronounce a sentence of dissolution of the marriage. The Chancellor replied, that his daughter had been taught to think of the union of the soul, not of the body: the gentleman then made the same confidence to the Chancelloress[3], and received much such an answer: that her daughter had been bred to submit herself to the will of God. I don't at all give you all this for true; but there is an ugly circumstance in his Voyages[4] of his not having the curiosity to see a beautiful captive, that he took on board a Spanish ship. There is no record of Scipio's having been in Doctors' Commons. I have been reading these Voyages, and find them very silly and contradictory. He sets out with telling you, that he had no soldiers sent with him but old invalids without legs or arms; and then in the middle of the book there is a whole chapter to tell you what they would have done if they had set out two months sooner, and that was no less than conquering Peru and Mexico with this disabled army. At the end there is an account of the neglect he received from the Viceroy of Canton, till he and forty of his sailors put out a great fire in that city, which the Chinese and five hundred firemen could not do, which he says proceeded from their awkwardness; a new character of the Chinese! He was then admitted to an audience, and found two hundred men at the gate of the city, and ten thousand in the square before the palace, all new dressed for the purpose. This is about as true as his predecessor Gulliver p——g out the fire at Lilliput. The King is still wind-bound[5]; the fashionable *bon-mot* is, that the Duke of Newcastle has tied a stone about his neck and sent him to sea. The City grows furious about the Peace; there is one or two very uncouth Hanover articles, besides a persuasion of a pension to the Pretender, which is so very ignominious, that I don't know how to persuade myself it is true. The Duke of Argyll has made them give him three places for life of a thousand and twelve hundred a year for three of his court, to compensate for their making a man President of the Session[6] against his inclination. The Princess of Wales has got a confirmed jaundice, but they reckon her much better. Sir Harry Calthrop is gone mad: he walked down Pall Mall t'other day with his red ribbon tied about his hair; said he was going to the King, and would not submit to be blooded till they told him the King commanded it.

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[11] Mr. Stone. *Walpole.*

Letter 270.—Not among Kimbolton MSS.

[1] These dinners were given to celebrate the marriage of Horatio Walpole, junior (Horace Walpole's first cousin), to Lady Rachel Cavendish.

[2] Hon. Elizabeth Yorke (d. 1760), eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; m. (April 28, 1748) George Anson, first Baron Anson.

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[3] Margaret Cocks (widow of John Lygon), m. (1719) Philip Yorke (afterwards first Earl of Hardwicke and Lord Chancellor); d. 1761.

[4] Anson's *Voyage round the World*, compiled under his direction by the Rev. Richard Walter (chaplain of Anson's ship the *Centurion*), was first published in 1748.

[5] The King (who was on his way to Hanover) was detained at Harwich by contrary winds from May 15–19.

I went yesterday to see Marshal Wade's house[7], which is selling by auction: it is worse contrived on the inside than is conceivable, all to humour the beauty of the front. My Lord Chesterfield said, that to be sure he could not live in it, but intended to take the house over against it to look at it. It is literally true, that all the direction he gave my Lord Burlington was to have a place for a large cartoon of Rubens[8] that he had bought in Flanders; but my Lord found it necessary to have so many correspondent doors, that there was no room at last for the picture; and the Marshal was forced to sell the picture to my father: it is now at Houghton.

As Windsor is so charming, and particularly, as you have got so agreeable a new neighbour at Frogmore, to be sure you cannot wish to have the prohibition taken off of your coming to Strawberry Hill. However, as I am an admirable Christian, and as I think you seem to repent of your errors, I will give you leave to be so happy as to come to me when you like, though I would advise it to be after you have been at Roel[9], which you would not be able to

[6] Robert Dundas of Arniston (1685–1753), Lord President of the Court of Session, 1748–53.

[7] He died on Feb. 14, 1748.

[8] Meleager and Atalanta; it was hung in the gallery at Houghton.

[9] A house of Montagu's in Gloucestershire.

bear after my paradise. I have told you a vast deal of something or other, which you will scarce be able to read; for now Mr. Chute has the gout, he keeps himself very low and lives upon very thin ink. My compliments to all your people. Yours ever.

271. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, May 26, 1748.

GOOD b'ye to you! I am going to my Roel too. I was there yesterday to dine, and it looked so delightful, think what you will, that I shall go there to-morrow to settle, and shall leave this odious town to the whores, and the Regency, and the dowagers; to my Lady Townshend, who is not going to Windsor, to old Cobham, who is not going out of the world yet, and to the Duchess of Richmond, who does not go out with her twenty-fifth pregnancy: I shall leave too, more disagreeable Ranelagh, which is so crowded, that going there t'other night in a string of coaches we had a stop of six-and-thirty minutes. Princess Emily, finding no marriage articles for her settled at the congress, has at last determined to be old and ugly, and out of danger, and accordingly has ventured to Ranelagh, to the great improvement of the pleasures of the place. The Prince has given a silver cup to be rowed for, which carried everybody upon the Thames, and afterwards there was a great ball at Carleton House. There have two good events happened at that court: the town was alarmed t'other morning by the firing of guns, which proved to be only from a large merchantman come into the river. The City construed them into the King's return, and the Peace broke; but Chancellor Bootle and the Bishop of Oxford[1], who loves a labour next to promoting the cause of it, concluded the

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LETTER 271.—[1] Thomas Secker.

Princess was brought to bed, and went to court upon it. Bootle, finding her dressed, said, 'I have always heard, Madam, that women *in your country* have very easy labours, but I could not have believed it was so well as I see.' The other story is of Prince Edward. The King, before he went away, sent Stainberg to examine the Prince's children in their learning. The Baron told Prince Edward, that he should tell the King what great proficiency his Highness had made in his Latin, but that he wished he would be a little more perfect in his German grammar, and that it would be of signal use to him. The child squinted at him, and said, 'German grammar! why any dull child can learn that.'—There, I have told you Royalties enough!

My Pigwiggin dinners are all over, for which I truly say grace. I have had difficulties to keep my countenance at the wonderful clumsiness and uncouth nicknames that the Duke has for all his offspring: Mrs. Hopeful, Mrs. Tiddle, Guts and Gundy, Puss, Cat and Toe, sound so strange in the middle of a most formal banquet! The day the Peace was signed, his Grace could find nobody to communicate joy with him: he drove home, and bawled out of the chariot to Lady Rachael, 'Cat! Cat!' She ran down, staring over the balustrade; he cried 'Cat! Cat! the Peace is made, and you must be very glad, for I am very glad.'

I send you the only new pamphlet worth reading, and this is more the matter than the manner. My compliments to all your tribe. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. The divine Ashton has got an ague, which he says prevents his coming amongst us.

272. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 7, 1748.

Don't reproach me in your own mind for not writing, but reproach the world for doing nothing; for making peace as slowly as they made war. When anybody commits an event, I am ready enough to tell it you; but I have always declared against inventing news; when I do, I will set up a newspaper.

The Duke of Newcastle is not gone; he has kissed hands, and talks of going this week: the time presses, and he has not above three days left to fall dangerously ill. There are a thousand wagers laid against his going: he has hired a transport, for the yacht is not big enough to convey all the tables and chairs and conveniences that he trails along with him, and which he seems to think don't grow out of England. I don't know how he proposes to lug them through Holland and Germany, though any objections that the map can make to his progress don't count, for he is literally so ignorant, that when one goes to take leave of him, he asks your commands into *the north*, concluding that Hanover is north of Great Britain, because it is in the Northern Province, which he has just taken: you will scarce believe this, but upon my honour it is true.

The preliminaries wait the accession of Spain, before they can ripen into peace. Niccolini goes to Aix-la-Chapelle, and will be much disappointed if his advice is not asked there: he talks of being at Florence in October.

Sir William Stanhope has just given a great ball to Lady Caroline Petersham, to whom he takes extremely, since his daughter[1] married herself to Mr. Ellis; and as the Peter-

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Letter 272.—[1] Elizabeth (d. 1761), only daughter and heiress of Hon. Sir William Stanhope; m. (1747) Welbore Ellis (afterwards Lord Mendip).

shams are relations, they propose to be his heirs. The Chuteheds agreed with me, that the house, which is most magnificently furnished, all the ornaments designed by Kent, and the whole *festino*, put us more in mind of Florence, than anything we had seen here. There were silver pharaoh and whisk for the ladies that did not dance, deep basset and quinze for the men; the supper very fine.

I am now returning to my villa, where I have been making some alterations: you shall hear from me from *Strawberry Hill*, which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house; so pray, never call it Twickenham again. I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England. I sigh after Florence, and wind up all my prospects with the thought of returning there. I have days when I even set about contriving a scheme for going to you, and though I don't love to put you upon expecting me, I cannot help telling you, that I wish more than ever to be with you again. I can truly say, that I never was happy but at Florence, and you must allow that it is very natural to wish to be happy once more. Adieu!

273. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY, Strawberry Hill, June 27, 1748.

I have full as little matter for writing as you can find in a camp. I don't call myself farmer or country gentleman; for though I have all the ingredients to compose those characters, yet, like the ten pieces of card in the trick you found out, I don't know how to put them together. But, in short, planting and fowls and cows and sheep are my whole business, and as little amusing to relate to anybody else as the events of a still-born campaign.

LETTER 273.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

If I write to anybody, I am forced to live upon what news I hoarded before I came out of town; and the first article of that, as I believe it is in everybody's gazette, must be about my Lord Coke. They say, that since he has been at Sunning Hill with Lady Mary, she has made him a declaration in form, that she hates him, that she always did, and that she always will. This seems to have been a very unnecessary notification. However, as you know his part is to be extremely in love, he is very miserable upon it; and relating his woes at White's, probably at seven in the morning, he was advised to put an end to all this history and shoot himself—an advice they would not have given him if he were not insolvent. He has promised to consider of it.

The night before I left London, I called at the Duchess of Richmond's, who has stayed at home with the apprehension of a miscarriage. The porter told me there was no Drawing-room till Thursday. In short, he did tell me what amounted to as much, that her Grace did not see company till Thursday, and then she should see everybody: no excuse, that she was gone out or not well. I did not stay till Thursday to kiss hands, but went away to Vauxhall: as I was coming out, I was overtaken by a great light, and retired under the trees of Marble Hall to see what it should be. There came a long procession of Prince Lobkowitz's footmen in very rich new liveries, the two last bearing torches; and after them the Prince himself, in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold buttonholes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat fringed, leading Madame l'Ambassadrice de Venise in a green sack with a straw hat, attended by my Lady Tyrawley[1], Wall[2] the private Spanish agent, the two Miss Molyneux's, and some other men. They went into one of the Prince of Wales's barges, had another barge filled with violins and hautboys, and an open boat with drums and trumpets. This was one of the *fêtes des adieux*. The nymph weeps all the morning and says she is sure she shall be poisoned by her husband's relations when she returns, for her behaviour with this Prince.

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[1] Hon. Mary Stewart (d. 1769), daughter of second Viscount Mountjoy; m. James O'Hara, second Baron Tyrawley.

[2] Lieutenant-General Richard Wall (1694–1778), an Irishman, who entered the Spanish service in 1718. He was Spanish Ambassador in

I have no other news, but that Mr. Fitzpatrick[3] has married his Sukey Young, and is very impatient to have the Duchess of Bedford come to town to visit her new relation[4].

Is not my Lady Ailesbury weary of her travels? Pray make her my compliments,—unless she has made you any such declaration as Lady Mary Coke's. I am delighted with your description of the bed-chamber of the House of Orange, as I did not see it; but the sight itself must have been very odious, as the hero and heroine are so extremely ugly. I shall give it my Lady Townshend as a new topic of matrimonial satire.

Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary have been with me two or three days, and are now gone to Sunning. I only tell you this, to hint that my house will hold a married pair: indeed, it is not quite large enough for people who lie, like the patriarchs, with their whole genealogy and men-servants, and maid-servants, and oxes, and asses, in the same chamber with them. Adieu! do let this be the last letter, and come home.

Yours ever,
H. W.

London, 1748–52, and was recalled to take the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, which he held till 1764. He was much liked in England.

[3] Probably Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick, second son of first Baron Gowran. According to Collins's *Peerage* (ed. 1812, vol. viii. p. 308) he married 'Anne, daughter of Mr. Usher, of London.'

[4] Mr. Fitzpatrick's brother, Lord Gowran (afterwards first Earl of Upper Ossory), married the Hon. Evelyn Leveson-Gower, sister of the Duchess of Bedford.

274. To Horace Mann.

Mistley, July 14, 1748.

I would by no means resent your silence while you was at Pisa, if it were not very convenient; but I cannot resist the opportunity of taking it ill, when it serves to excuse my being much more to blame; and therefore, pray mind, I am very angry, and have not written, because you had quite left me off—and if I say nothing from hence[1], do not imagine it is because I am at a gentleman's house whom you don't know, and threescore miles from London, and because I have been but three days in London for above this month: I could say a great deal if I pleased, but I am very angry, and will not. I know several pieces of politics from Ipswich that would let you into the whole secret of the Peace; and a quarrel at Dedham assembly, that is capable of involving all Europe in a new war—nay, I know what Admiral Vernon[2] knows of what you say has happened in the West Indies, and of which nobody else in England knows a word—but please to remember that you have been at the baths, and don't deserve that I should tell you a tittle—nor will I. In revenge, I will tell you something that happened to me four months ago, and which I would not tell you now, if I had not forgot to tell it you when it happened—nay, I don't tell it you now for yourself, only that you may tell it the Princess[3]: I truly and seriously this winter won and was paid a *milleleva* at pharaoh; literally received a thousand and twenty-three sixpences for one: an event that never happened in the annals of pharaoh, but to Charles II's Queen Dowager, as the Princess herself

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Letter 274.—[1] Mistley, near Manningtree, in Essex, the seat of Richard Rigby, Esq. *Walpole.*

[2] He lived near Ipswich. *Walpole.*

[3] The Princess Craon.

informed me: ever since I have treated myself as Queen Dowager, and have some thoughts of being drawn so.

There are no good anecdotes yet arrived of the Duke of Newcastle's travels, except that at a review which the Duke made for him, as he passed through the army, he hurried about with his glass up to his eye, crying, 'Finest troops! finest troops! greatest general!' then broke through the ranks when he spied any Sussex man, kissed him in all his accoutrements,—'my dear Tom such an one!' chattered of Lewes races; then back to the Duke with 'Finest troops! greatest general!'—and in short was a much better show than any review. The Duke is expected over immediately; I don't know if to stay, or why he comes—I mean, I do know, but am angry, and will not tell.

I have seen Sir James Grey, who speaks of you with great affection, and recommends himself extremely to me by it, when I am not angry with you; but I cannot possibly be reconciled till I have finished this letter, for I have nothing but this quarrel to talk of, and I think I have worn that out—so adieu! you odious, shocking, abominable monster!

275. To George Montagu.

Mistley, July 14, 1748.

I came hither yesterday, having staid but three days in London, which is a desert; but in those three days, and from all those Nobodies, I heard the history of Lord Coke three thousand different ways. I expect next winter to hear of no Whigs and Jacobites, no courtiers and Patriots, but of the Cokes and the Campbells—I do assure you, the violence is incredible with which this affair is talked over—as the Irish mobs used to cry, Butleraboo and Crumaboo, you will see the women in the assemblies will be holloaing Campbellaboo!—But with the leave of their violence, I think the whole affair of sending Harry Ballenden first to bully Coke, and then to murder him, is a very shocking story, and so bad that I will not believe Lady Mary's family could go so far as to let her into the secret of an intention to pistol her husband. I heard the relation in an admirable way at first, from my Lady Suffolk[1], who is one of the ringleaders of the Campbellaboos, and, indeed, a woful story she made of it for poor Coke, interlarding it every minute with very villainous epithets bestowed on his lordship by Noll Bluff, and when she had run over her string of rascal, scoundrel, &c., she would stop and say, *Lady Dorothy*[2], *do I tell your story right; for you know I am very deaf, and perhaps did not hear it exactly.* I have compiled all that is allowed on both sides, and it is very certain, for Coke's honour, that his refusing to fight was till he could settle the affair of his debts. But two or three wicked

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Letter 275.—[1] Henrietta Hobart (1681–1767), daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, fourth Baronet, of Blickling, Norfolk; m. 1. (1706) Hon. Charles Howard, afterwards ninth Earl of Suffolk (d. 1733); 2. Hon. George Berkeley (d. 1747), youngest son of second Earl of Berkeley. She was Bedchamber-woman to Caroline of Anspach, both as Princess of Wales and as Queen, and on her first husband's becoming Earl of Suffolk (1731) she became Groom of the Stole to the Queen. She was for many years the mistress of George II, but had practically no political influence, owing to the superior abilities of the Queen, whose sneers and slights increased the difficulties of her position. In 1733 a bequest from her father enabled her to retire from court to her villa, Marble Hill at Twickenham, which she had built in 1724. In later life she became almost stone deaf, but her accurate memory rendered her society peculiarly acceptable to Horace Walpole, who frequently resorted to her for information to supplement his own knowledge of transactions at the courts of George I and II, great part of which was afterwards embodied in his *Reminiscences.* He was a frequent visitor at Marble Hill, and wrote to Lady Suffolk at intervals during his absence from home. She was not, apparently, clever, but was distinguished by tact and good sense, and was greatly esteemed by the most eminent men of her day. Pope and Peterborough celebrated her in verse (the former in the well-known lines, *On a certain Lady at Court*). Pope, with Bathurst, laid out the grounds at Marble Hill, while the house was designed by Lords Pembroke and Burlington.

[2] Lady Dorothy Hobart (d. 1798), only surviving daughter of first Earl of Buckinghamshire, and niece of Lady Suffolk; m. (1752) Charles Hotham, who afterwards succeeded as eighth Baronet, and took the name of Thompson after that of Hotham.

circumstances on t'other side, never to be got over, are Ballenden's stepping close up to him after Coke had fired his last pistol, and saying, *You little dog, now I will be the death of you,* and firing, but the pistol missed—and what confirms the intention of these words is, its having come out that the Duke of Argyll[3] knew that Coke, on having been told that his Grace complained of his usage of Lady Mary, replied very well, *Does he talk! Why, it is impossible I should use my wife worse than he did his.* When Harry Ballenden left Coke on the road from Sunning the day before the duel, he crossed over to the Duke, which his Grace flatly denied, but Lord Gower proved it to his face. I have no doubt but a man who would dispatch his wife, would have no scruple at the assassination of a person that should reproach him with it.

I don't like your not wanting me at the Tygers[4]; I think I shall scarce go if you don't, unless the Duchess of Queensberry drives me from Strawberry Hill, as is very probable, for t'other night we met her coming from making me a visit. She had been upstairs, and wrote a card that began—*She has been to see Mr. W.* I have another distress; my brother Ned's eldest girl[5] is come to Mrs. Scott, the painter's[6] wife at next door. The child is in a consumption; and seeing her so ill lodged, I could not help offering her my house, for I can't be angry when I see people unhappy. I found afterwards that my brother had intended to borrow it while I am here—I can conceive forgiveness; I can conceive using people ill—but how does one feel to use anybody very ill without provocation, and then ask favours of them?—Well, he must think of that—I shall be glad if I can save the poor girl's life.

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[3] The Duke of Argyll was uncle to Lady Mary Coke.

[4] Henry Talbot. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 22, 1898.)

[5] Laura Walpole, afterwards Mrs. Keppel.

[6] Samuel Scott, marine painter (d. 1772), sometimes called the 'English Canaletto.'

My compliments to all your house. I have not got the fish, for t'other brother has sent me word they must not be disturbed—stuff—he will borrow my house next.

Yours ever,
H. W.

I had almost forgot to tell you a pleasant bit. I had been to visit the Vere Beauclercs, at Hanworth[7], and had pried about for a portrait of the black grandmother, but to no purpose. As to old Chambers's[8] black leg, I did not expect to find him stepping it forth like the King of Clubs. I went another evening with Mrs. Leneve; Lady Vere then carried us into all the lodging rooms; over one private bed-chamber chimney, what did I view but the most deplorable sooty gentlewoman that was ever beheld. I immediately guessed that this was the black house-maid flattered, for it was not absolutely negro. I asked, Mrs. Leneve hemmed and coughed, and was ready to die—Lady Vere answered, 'It was her grandmother's picture, *a Portuguese*, that her grandfather had married at Fort St. George—a very bad likeness.'—Adieu! Rigby sends you a great many compliments. We call his black nothing but the Portuguese.

276. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Mistley, July 25, 1748.

I have wished you with me extremely; you would have liked what I have seen. I have been to make a visit of two or three days to Nugent[1], and was carried to see the last remains of the glory of the old Aubrey de Veres, Earls of Oxford. They were once masters of almost this entire county, but quite reduced even before the extinction of their house; the last Earl's[2] son died at a miserable cottage, that I was shown at a distance; and I think another of the sisters, besides Lady Mary Vere, was forced to live upon her beauty.

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[7] Near Hounslow in Middlesex.

[8] Thomas Chamber, of Hanworth, Middlesex, father of Lady Vere Beauclerc.

Letter 276.—[1] At Gosfield, in Essex.

Henningham Castle[3], where Harry the Seventh was so sumptuously banqueted[4], and imposed that villainous fine for his entertainment, is now shrunk to one vast ruinous tower, that stands on a spacious mount raised on a high hill with a large fossé. It commands a fine prospect, and belongs to Mr. Ashurt, a rich citizen, who has built a trumpery new house close to it. In the parish church is a fine square monument of black marble of one of the Earls, and there are three more tombs of the family at Earl's Colne, some miles from the castle. I could see but little of them, as it was very late, except that one of the Countesses has a head-dress exactly like the description of Mount Parnassus, with two tops. I suppose you have heard much of Gosfield, Nugent's seat. It is extremely in fashion, but did not answer to me, though there are fine things about it; but being situated in a country that is quite blocked up with hills upon hills, and even too much wood, it has not an inch of prospect. The park is to be sixteen hundred acres, and is bounded with a wood of five miles round; and the lake, which is very beautiful, is of seventy acres, directly in a line with the house, at the bottom of a fine lawn, and broke with very pretty groves, that fall down a slope into it. The house is vast, built round a very old court that has never been fine; the old windows and gateway left, and the old gallery, which is a bad narrow room, and hung with all the late Patriots[5], but so ill done, that they look like caricatures done to expose them, since they have so much disgraced the virtues they pretended to. The rest of the house is all modernized, but in patches, and in the bad taste that came between the charming venerable Gothic and pure architecture. There is a great deal and plenty of good furniture, but no one room very fine; no tolerable pictures. Her[6] dressing-room is very pretty, and furnished with white damask, china, japan, loads of easy-chairs, bad pictures, and some pretty enamels. But what charmed me more than all I had seen, is the library chimney, which has existed from the foundation of the house; over it is an alto-relievo in wood, far from being ill done, of the battle of Bosworth Field. It is all white, except the helmets and trappings, which are gilt, and the shields, which are properly blazoned with the arms of all the chiefs engaged. You would adore it. We passed our time very agreeably; both Nugent and his wife are very good-humoured, and easy in their house to a degree. There was nobody else but the Marquis of Tweedale who indeed did not enliven us; his new Marchioness[7], who is infinitely good-humoured and good company, and sung a thousand French songs mighty prettily; a sister of Nugent's, who does not figure; and a Mrs. Eliot[8] (sister to Mrs. Nugent), who crossed over and figured in with Nugent: I mean she has turned Catholic, as he has Protestant. She has built herself a very pretty small house in the park, and is only a daily visitor. Nugent was extremely communicative of his own labours; repeated us an ode of ten thousand stanzas to abuse Messieurs de la galerie, and read me a whole tragedy, which has really a great many pretty things in it; not indeed equal to his glorious Ode[9] on religion and liberty, but with many of those absurdities which are so blended with his parts. One thing indeed he communicated to me for which I abominated him . . .[10] I agree extremely that the woman is shocking and a great fool, but when she has given him above an hundred thousand pound, from her son, I cannot away with his infidelity to her, and was very far from admiring him for it. We were overturned coming back, but, thank you, we were not at all hurt, and have been to-day to see a large house and a pretty park belonging to a Mr. Williams; it is to be sold.

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[2] Aubrey de Vere (1626–1703), eleventh Earl of Oxford. His only son (Charles de Vere) died in infancy.

[3] Now Castle Hedingham, just off the road between Halstead and Haverhill, in Essex. The owner's name was not Ashurt, but Ashurst.

[4] By John de Vere (1443–1513), fourth Earl of Oxford, who was fined 15,000 marks by Henry VII for having exceeded the legal number of livery servants when he received that sovereign at Castle Hedingham.

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[5] The members of the 'Patriot Opposition' to Sir Robert Walpole—the 'Messieurs de la galerie' mentioned lower down.

[6] Mrs. Nugent.

[7] Daughter of Earl Granville.

[8] Elizabeth, second daughter and co-heir of James Craggs the elder; m. 1. Edward Eliot, of Port Eliot; 2. (1749) Hon. John Hamilton (d. 1755), second son of seventh Earl of Abercorn, by whom she was the mother of the first Marquis of Abercorn.

You have seen in the papers that Dr. Bloxholme[11] is dead. He cut his throat. They say he never has been easy since he so passively let Dr. Thompson murder Winnington. He always was nervous and vapoured; and so good-natured, that he left off his practice from not being able to bear seeing so many melancholy objects. I remember him with as much wit as ever I knew; there was a pretty correspondence of Latin odes that passed between him and Hedges[12].

You will be diverted to hear that the Duchess of Newcastle was received at Calais by Locheil's[13] regiment under arms, who did duty upon her himself while she staid. The Duke of Grafton is going to Scarborough; don't you love that endless backstairs policy?—and at his time of life! This fit of ill health is arrived on the Prince's going to shoot for a fortnight at Thetford, and his Grace is afraid of not being civil enough to him—or too civil.

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[9] His Ode to William Pulteney, beginning 'Remote from liberty and truth.'

[10] Passage omitted. By 'the woman' is meant Mrs. Nugent.

[11] Noel Broxholme, formerly physician to the Prince of Wales.

[12] Charles Hedges, formerly Secretary of State.

[13] Donald Cameron of Lochiel (d. 1748). He commanded the regiment of Albany in the French service.

Since I wrote my letter I have been fishing in Rapin[14] for any particulars relating to the Veres, and have already found that Robert de Vere[15], the great Duke of Ireland, and favourite of Richard the Second, is buried at Earl's Colne, and probably under one of the tombs I saw there; I long to be certain that the lady with the strange coiffure is Lancerona, the joiner's daughter, that he married after divorcing a princess of the blood[16] for her. I have found, too, that King Stephen's Queen[17] died at Henningham, a castle belonging to Alberic de Vere[18]: in short, I am just now Vere-mad, and extremely mortified to have Lancerona and Lady Vere Beauclerc's *Portuguese* grandmother blended with this brave old blood. Adieu! I go to town the day after to-morrow, and immediately from thence to Strawberry Hill. Yours ever.

277. To HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, ——.

I BEG you will let me know whether the Peace is arrived in Italy, or if you have heard anything of it; for in this part of the world nobody can tell what has become of it. They say, the Empress Queen has stopped it; that she will not take back the towns in Flanders, which she says she knows are very convenient for us, but of no kind of use to her, and that she chooses to keep what she has got in Italy. However, we are determined to have peace at any rate, and the conditions must jumble themselves together as they can. These are the politics of Twickenham, my metropolis; and, to tell you the truth, I believe pretty near as good as you can have anywhere.

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[14] Paul Rapin de Thoiras (1661–1725), whose *Histoire d'Angleterre* was translated into English by Nicholas Tindal.

[15] Robert de Vere (1362–1392), ninth Earl of Oxford, cr. Duke of Ireland, 1386.

[16] Robert de Vere married Philippa, daughter of Ingelram, Sire de Couci (sometime Earl of Bedford), by the Lady Isabella Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward III He is said to have divorced her in order to marry one Lancerona, who came from Bohemia in the suite of Anne, consort of Richard II.

[17] Matilda of Boulogne, d. May 3, 1152.

[18] Alberic or Aubrey de Vere, first Earl of Oxford, d. 1194.

LETTER 277.—Placed by C. before the previous letter. (See *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 23, 1899.)

As to my own history, the scene is at present a little gloomy: my Lord Orford is in an extreme bad state of health, not to say a dangerous state: my uncle is going off[1] in the same way my father did. I don't pretend to any great feelings of affection for two men because they are dying, for whom it is known I had little before, my brother especially having been as much my enemy as it was in his power to be; but I cannot with indifference see the family torn to pieces, and falling into such ruin as I foresee; for should my brother die soon, leaving so great a debt, so small an estate to pay it off, two great places[2] sinking, and a wild boy of nineteen to succeed, there would soon be an end of the glory of Houghton, which had my father proportioned more to his fortune, would probably have a longer duration. This is an unpleasant topic to you who feel for us—however, I should not talk of it to one who would not feel. Your brother Gal and I had a very grave conversation yesterday morning on this head; he thinks so like you, so reasonably and with so much good nature, that I seem to be only finishing a discourse that I have already had with you. As my fears about Houghton are great, I am a little pleased to have finished a slight memorial[3] of it, a description of the pictures, of which I have just printed an hundred, to give to particular people: I will send you one, and shall beg Dr. Cocchi to accept another.

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[1] Lord Orford survived until 1751, and Horace Walpole, senior, until 1757.

[2] Auditor of the Exchequer and Master of the Buckhounds. *Walpole.*

[3] *Aedes Walpolianae, or a description of the pictures at Houghton-hall, in Norfolk*, first printed in 1747, and again in 1752. *Walpole.*

If I could let myself wish to see you in England, it would be to see you here: the little improvements I am making have really turned Strawberry Hill into a charming villa: Mr. Chute, I hope, will tell you how pleasant it is: I mean literally tell you, for we have a glimmering of a *Venetian* prospect: he is just going from hence to town by water, down our *Brenta.*

You never say a word to me from the Princess, nor any of my old friends: I keep up our intimacy in my own mind; for I will not part with the idea of seeing Florence again. Whenever I am displeased here, the thoughts of that journey are my resource; just as cross devout people, when they have quarrelled with all the world, begin packing up for Paradise. Adieu!

278. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 11, 1748.

I AM arrived at great knowledge in the annals of the house of Vere, but though I have twisted and twined their genealogy and my own a thousand ways, I cannot discover, as I wished to do, that I am descended from them anyhow but from one of their Christian names; the name of *Horace* having travelled from them into Norfolk by the marriage of a daughter[1] of Horace, Lord Vere of Tilbury[2], with a Sir Roger Townshend, whose family baptized some of us with it. But I have made a really curious discovery; the lady with the strange head-dress at Earl's Colne, which I mentioned to you, is certainly Lancerona, *the Portuguese;* for I have found in Rapin, from one of the old chronicles, that

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LETTER 278.—[1] Mary, married (1) Sir Roger Townshend, first Baronet; (2) Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Westmoreland.

[2] Horace Vere (1565–1635), grandson of sixth Earl of Oxford, cr. Baron Vere of Tilbury, 1625. He was a distinguished soldier, and sometime Governor of Brill and Master of the Ordnance.

Anne of Bohemia, to whom she had been Maid of Honour, introduced the fashion of *piked horns*, or high heads, which is the very attire on this tomb, and ascertains it to belong to Robert de Vere, the great Earl of Oxford, made Duke of Ireland by Richard the Second, who, after the banishment of this minister, and his death at Louvain, occasioned by a boar at a great hunting match, caused the body to be brought over, would have the coffin opened once more to see his favourite, and attended it himself in high procession to its interment at Earl's Colne. I don't know whether the *Craftsman* some years ago would not have found out that we were descended from this Vere, at least from his name and ministry: my comfort is, that Lancerona was Earl Robert's *second* wife! But in this search I have crossed upon another descent, which I am taking great pains to verify (I don't mean a pun), and that is a probability of my being descended from Chaucer, whose daughter, the Lady Alice[3], before her espousals with Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury[4], and afterwards with William de la Pole, the great Duke of Suffolk[5] (another famous favourite!), was married to a Sir John Philips, who I hope to find was of Picton Castle, and had children by her; but I have not yet brought these matters to a consistency; Mr. Chute is persuaded I shall, for he says anybody with two or three hundred years of pedigree may find themselves descended from whom they please; and thank my stars and my good cousin, the present Sir J. Philipps, I have sufficient pedigree to work upon; for he drew us up one by which *Ego et rex meus* are derived hand in hand from Cadwallader, and the

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[3] Alice Chaucer was daughter of the poet's so-called son Thomas, and widow (at the time of her second marriage) of Sir John Philip, by whom she had no issue.

[4] Thomas de Montacute, fourth Earl of Salisbury, mortally wounded at the siege of Orléans in 1428.

[5] William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk, murdered in a boat off Dover in 1450. He was groundlessly supposed to be the favourite of Margaret of Anjou.

English Baronetage says from the Emperor Maximus (by the Philipps's, who are Welsh, *s'entend*). These Veres have thrown me into a deal of this old study; t'other night I was reading to Mrs. Leneve and Mrs. Pigot, who has been here a few days, the description in Hall's Chronicle of the meeting of Harry the Eighth and Francis the First, which is so delightfully painted in your Windsor. We came to a paragraph, which I must transcribe, for though it means nothing in the world, it is so ridiculously worded in the old English that it made us laugh for three days:

> And the wer twoo kynges serued with a banket, & after mirthe, had communicacion in the banket tyme, and there shewed the one the other their pleasure.

Would not one swear that old Hal showed all that is showed at the Tower?

I am now in the act of expecting the house of Pritchard[6], Dame Clive, and Mrs. Metheglin to dinner, but I promise you the Clive and I will not show one another our pleasure in the banket time or afterwards. In the evening we go to a play at Kingston, where the places are twopence a head. Our great company at Richmond and Twickenham has been torn to pieces by civil dissensions, but they continue acting. Mr. Lee[7], the ape of Garrick, not liking his part, refused to play it, and had the confidence to go into the pit as spectator. The actress, whose benefit was in agitation, made her complaints to the audience, who obliged him to mount the stage; but since that he is retired from the company. I am sorry he was such a coxcomb, for he was our best.

You say, why won't I go to Lady Mary's? I say, why won't you go to the Talbots'? Mary is busied about many things, is dancing the hays between three houses; but I will go with you for a day or two to the Talbots' if you like it, and you shall come hither to fetch me. I have been to see Mr. Hamilton's near Cobham[8], where he has really made a fine place out of a most cursed hill. Esher I have seen again twice, and prefer it to all villas, even to Southcote's[9]; Kent is Kentissime there. I have been laughing too at Claremont house; the gardens are improved since I saw them: do you know that the pine-apples are literally sent to Hanover by couriers? I am serious. Since the Duke of N. went, and upon the news of the Duke of Somerset's illness, he has transmitted his commands through the King, and by him through the Bedford to the University of Cambridge to forbid their electing anybody—but the most ridiculous person they could elect—his Grace of Newcastle. The Prince hearing this, has wrote to them, that having heard of his Majesty's commands, he should by no means oppose them. This is sensible; but how do the two secretaries answer such a violent act of authority? Nolkejumskoi[10] has let down his dignity and his discipline, and invites continually all officers that are members of Parliament. Dodington's sentence of expulsion is sealed; Lyttelton is to have his place[11] (the second time he has tripped up his heels); Lord Barrington is to go into the Treasury, and Dick Edgecumbe into the Admiralty. Rigby is gone from hence to Sir William Stanhope's, for the Aylesbury races, where the Grenvilles and their Peggy Banks design to appear and avow their triumph[12]. Gray has been here a few days, and is transported with your story of Madame Bentley's diving, and her white man, and in short with all your stories.—Room for cuckolds, here comes my company——

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[6] Mrs. Pritchard the actress and her son, who was treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre.

[7] Probably John Lee (d. 1781), afterwards a theatrical manager in Edinburgh.

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[8] Painshill, the seat of the Hon. Charles Hamilton.

[9] Woburn Farm, the seat of Philip Southcote.

[10] The Duke of Cumberland.

[11] This does not appear to have taken place.

[12] They had procured the removal of the assizes from Aylesbury to Buckingham.

Aug. 12.

I had not time to finish my letter last night, for we did not return from the dismal play, which was in a barn at Kingston, till twelve o'clock at night. Our dinner passed off very well; the Clive was very good company; you know how much she admires Ashton's preaching. She says she is always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons, but by the time that Thursday comes, all their effect is worn out. I never saw more proper decent behaviour than Mrs. Pritchard's, and I assure you even Mr. Treasurer Pritchard was far better than I expected. Adieu! Yours ever,

CHAUCERIDES.

279. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1748.

Whatever you may think, a campaign at Twickenham furnishes as little matter for a letter as an abortive one in Flanders. I can't say indeed that my generals wear black wigs, but they have long full-bottomed hoods which cover as little entertainment to the full.

There's General my Lady Castlecomer[1], and General my Lady Dowager Ferrers[2]! Why, do you think I can extract more out of them than you can out of Hawley or Honeywood? Your old women dress, go to the Duke's levee, see that the soldiers cock their hats right, sleep after dinner, and soak with their led-captains till bed-time, and tell a thousand lies of what they never did in their youth. Change hats for head-clothes, the rounds for visits, and led-captains for toad-eaters, and the life is the very same.

LETTER 279.—[1] Hon. Frances Pelham, daughter of first Lord Pelham, and sister of the Duke of Newcastle; m. (1717) Christopher Wandsford, second Viscount Castlecomer; d. 1756.

[2] Selina, daughter of George Finch, of London; m. (1699) Sir Robert Shirley, afterwards Viscount Tamworth and Earl Ferrers; d. 1762.

In short, these are the people I live in the midst of, though not with; and it is for want of more important histories that I have wrote to you so seldom; not, I give you my word, from the least negligence. My present and sole occupation is planting, in which I have made great progress, and talk very learnedly with the nurserymen, except that now and then a lettuce run to seed overturns all my botany, as I have more than once taken it for a curious West Indian flowering shrub. Then the deliberation with which trees grow, is extremely inconvenient to my natural impatience. I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip-roots. I have even begun a treatise or panegyric on the great discoveries made by posterity in all arts and sciences, wherein I shall particularly descant on the great and cheap convenience of making trout-rivers—one of the improvements which Mrs. Kerwood wondered Mr. Hedges would not make at his country-house, but which was not then quite so common as it will be. I shall talk of a secret for roasting a wild boar and a whole pack of hounds alive, without hurting them, so that the whole chase may be brought up to table; and for this secret, the Duke of Newcastle's grandson, if he can ever get a son, is to give a hundred thousand pounds. Then the delightfulness of having whole groves of humming-birds, tame tigers taught to fetch and carry, pocket spying-glasses to see all that is doing in China, with a thousand other toys, which we now look upon as impracticable, and which pert posterity would laugh in one's face for staring at, while they are offering rewards for perfecting discoveries, of the principles of which we have not the least conception! If ever this book should come forth, I must expect to have all the learned in arms against me, who measure all knowledge backward: some of them have discovered symptoms of all arts in Homer; and Pineda[3] had so much faith in the accomplishments of his ancestors, that he believed Adam understood all sciences but politics. But as these great champions for our forefathers are dead, and Boileau not alive to hitch me into a verse with Perrault[4], I am determined to admire the learning of posterity, especially being convinced that half our present knowledge sprung from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called so. I don't think I shall ever make any great discoveries myself, and therefore shall be content to propose them to my descendants, like my Lord Bacon, who, as Dr. Shaw[5] says very prettily in his preface to Boyle, 'had the art of inventing arts': or rather like a Marquis of Worcester[6], of whom I have seen a little book which he calls *A Century of Inventions*, where he has set down a hundred machines to do impossibilities with, and not a single direction how to make the machines themselves.

If I happen to be less punctual in my correspondence than I intend to be, you must conclude I am writing my book, which being designed for a panegyric, will cost me a great deal of trouble. The dedication, with your leave, shall be addressed to your son that is coming, or, with my Lady Ailesbury's leave, to your ninth son, who will be unborn nearer to the time I am writing of; always provided that she does not bring three at once, like my Lady Berkeley[7].

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[3] Pineda was a Spanish Jesuit, and a professor of theology. He died in 1637, after writing voluminous commentaries upon several books of the Holy Scriptures, besides an universal History of the Church. *Walpole.*

[4] Charles Perrault (1628–1703), upon whom Boileau wrote several epigrams.

[5] Peter Shaw (1694–1763), who edited the *Philosophical Works* (in three volumes 8vo, 1725) of Hon. Robert Boyle (1627–1691).

[6] Edward Somerset (1601–1667), second Marquis of Worcester and Earl of Glamorgan, of whom an account is given in *Royal and Noble Authors.*

[7] In July, 1748, Lady Berkeley gave

Well! I have here set you the example of writing nonsense when one has nothing to say, and shall take it ill if you don't keep up the correspondence on the same foot. Adieu!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

280. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday night, Sept. 3, 1748.

ALL my sins to Mrs. Talbot you are to expiate; I am here quite alone, and want nothing but your fetching, to go to her. I have been in town for a day, just to see Lord Bury, who is come over with the Duke; they return next Thursday. The Duke is fatter, and it is now not denied that he has entirely lost the sight of one eye. This did not surprise me so much as a *bon-mot* of his. Gumley[1], who you know is grown Methodist[2], came to tell him, that as he was on duty, a tree in Hyde Park, near the powder magazine, had been set on fire; the Duke replied, *he hoped it was not by the new light.* This nonsensical *new light* is extremely in fashion, and I shall not be surprised if we see a revival of all the folly and cant of the last age. Whitfield preaches continually at my Lady Huntingdon's[3], at Chelsea; my Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Bath, my Lady Townshend,

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birth to three daughters, who died shortly afterwards.

LETTER 280.—[1] Colonel Samuel Gumley, brother of the Countess of Bath.

[2] Charles Wesley lived latterly in a house (No. 1, Chesterfield Street, Marylebone) of which the lease was presented to him by Mrs. Gumley.

[3] Lady Selina Shirley (d. 1791), second daughter and co-heir of second Earl Ferrers; m. (1728) Theophilus Hastings, ninth Earl of Huntingdon (who died in 1746). She was the foundress of a sect of Methodists known as 'Lady Huntingdon's Connexion,' and of a training college for ministers at Trevecca in North Wales, which was transferred to Cheshunt in 1792. She received Whitefield at Chelsea on his return from America in this year (1748), and shortly afterwards appointed him her chaplain.

my Lady Thanet, and others, have been to hear him. What will you lay that, next winter, he is not run after, instead of Garrick?

I am just come from the play at Richmond, where I found the Duchess of Argyll and Lady Betty Campbell, and their court. We had a new actress, a Miss Clough; an extremely fine tall figure, and very handsome: she spoke very justly, and with spirit. Garrick is to produce her next winter; and a Miss Charlotte Ramsay[4], a poetess, and deplorable actress. Garrick, Barry, and some more of the players, were there to see these new comedians; it is to be their seminary.

Since I came home I have been disturbed with a strange, foolish woman, that lives at the great corner house yonder; she is an attorney's wife, and much given to her bottle. By the time she has finished that and daylight, she grows afraid of thieves, and makes the servants fire minute guns out of the garret windows. I remember persuading Mrs. Kerwood that there was a great smell of thieves, and this drunken dame seems literally to smell it. The divine Ashton, who I suppose you will have seen when you receive this, will give you an account of the astonishment we were in last night at hearing guns; I began to think that the Duke had brought some of his defeats from Flanders.

I am going to tell you a long story, but you will please to remember that I don't intend to tell it well; therefore, if you discover any beauties in the relation where I never intended them, don't conclude, as you did in your last, that I know they are there. If I had not a great command of my pen, and could not force it to write whatever nonsense I had heard last, you would be enough to pervert all one's letters, and put one upon keeping up one's character; but as I write merely to satisfy you, I shall take no care but not to write well: I hate letters that are called good letters.

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[4] Afterwards Mrs. Lennox. She wrote *The Female Quixote*, and other novels, besides plays and poems, and died in 1804.

You must know then, but did you know a young fellow that was called Handsome Tracy[5]? He was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty; they followed them; but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy.—(There are now three more guns gone off successively—she must be very drunk.) He followed to Whitehall gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them, he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him, and after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters; and in the last offered two hundred pounds a year to her, and a hundred a year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers—'Aye,' says she, 'but if I should, and should lose him by it.' However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing, she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street: the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May Fair[6]. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the King, but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did. The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her house; and the next day they went to their own palace. In two or three days the scene grew gloomy; and the husband coming home one night, swore he could bear it no longer—'Bear! bear what?'—'Why, to be teased by all my acquaintance for marrying a butterwoman's daughter. I am determined to go to France, and will leave you a handsome allowance.'—'Leave me! why you don't fancy you shall leave me? I will go with you.'—'What, you love me then?'—'No matter whether I love you or not, but you shan't go without me.' And they are gone!—If you know anybody that proposes marrying and travelling, I think they cannot do it in a more compendious method.

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[5] A man about town of whom nothing further appears to be known. He may be identical with the Beau Tracy who figures, under a feigned name, in a novel by the notorious Dr. Dodd, mentioned in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1777 (p. 339).

I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray: he is the worst company in the world—from a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily—all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable.

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[6] Mayfair Chapel, where four 'Fleet parsons' (deputies of Alexander Keith, the incumbent, then in prison) celebrated marriages without banns or licence. Tracy's marriage was performed by the Rev. Peter Symson, one of the above-mentioned deputies. It is recorded as follows in the register of St. George's Chapel, Mayfair (Harleian Society, p. 327), under date 1748:—

'Aug. 4. Robert Tracy, of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, B., and Susannah Owens, of St. Margaret's, Westm^{r}, S.' (See *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 5, 1896.)

There are still two months to London: if you could discover your own mind for any three or four days of that space, I will either go with you to the Tigers or be glad to see you here; but I positively will ask you neither one nor t'other any more. I have raised seven-and-twenty bantams from the patriarchs you sent me. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

281. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 18, 1748.

I have two letters of yours to account for, and nothing to plead but my old insolvency. Oh! yes, I have to scold you, which you find is an inexhaustible fund with me. You sent me your *démêlé*[1] with the whole city of Florence, and charged me to keep it secret—and the first person I saw was my Lord Hobart, who was full of the account he had received from you. You might as well have told a woman a bawdy secret, and expected to have it kept! but you may be very easy, for unless it reaches my Lady Pomfret or my Lady Orford, I dare say it will never get back to Florence; and for those two ladies, I don't think it likely that they should hear it, for the first is in a manner retired from the world, and the world is retired from the second. Now I have vented my anger, I am seriously sorry for you, to be exposed to the impertinence of those silly Florentine women: they deserve a worse term than silly, since they pretend to

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Letter 281.—[1] A Madame Ubaldini having raised a scandalous story of two persons whom she saw together in Mr. Mann's garden at one of his assemblies, and a scurrilous sonnet having been made upon the occasion, the Florentine ladies for some time pretended that it would hurt their characters to come any more to his assembly. *Walpole.*

any characters. . . .[2] How could you act with so much temper? If they had treated me in this manner, I should have avowed ten times more than they pretended you had done: but you are an absolute minister!

I am much obliged to Prince Beauvau for remembering me, and should be extremely pleased to show him all manner of attentions here: you know I profess great attachment to that family for their civilities to me. But how gracious the Princess[3] has been to you! I am quite jealous of her dining with you: I remember what a rout there was to get her for half of half a quarter of an hour to your assembly.

The Bishop of London[4] is dead; having, luckily for his family, as it proves, refused the archbishopric. We owe him the justice to say, that though he had broke with my father, he always expressed himself most handsomely about him, and without any resentment or ingratitude.

Your brothers are coming to dine with me; your brother Gal is extremely a favourite with me: I took to him for his resemblance to you, but am grown to love him upon his own fund.

The Peace is still in a cloud: according to custom, we have hurried on our complaisance before our new friends were at all ready with theirs. There was a great Regency[5] kept in town, to take off the prohibition of commerce with Spain: when they were met, somebody asked if Spain was ready to take off theirs?—'Oh, Lord! we never thought of that!' They sent for Wall[6], and asked him if his court would take the same step with us? He said, 'he believed they might, but he had no orders about it.' However, we proceeded, and hitherto are bit.

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[2] Passage omitted.

[3] Princess Craon.

[4] Dr. Edmund Gibson had been very intimate with Sir R. W., and was designed by him for Archbishop, after the death of Wake; but setting himself at the head of the clergy against the Quaker Bill, he broke with Sir Robert, and lost the Archbishoprick, which was given to Potter; but on his death, the succeeding ministry offered it to Dr. Gibson. *Walpole.*

[5] A meeting of the persons composing the Regency during the King's absence in Hanover. *Dover.*

[6] General Wall, the Spanish Ambassador. *Walpole.*

Adieu! by the first opportunity I shall send you the two books of Houghton, for yourself and Dr. Cocchi. My Lord Orford is much mended: my uncle has no prospect of ever removing from his couch.

282. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1748.

I shall write you a very short letter, for I don't know what business we have to be corresponding when we might be together. I really wish to see you, for you know I am convinced of what you say to me. It is few people I ask to come hither, and if possible, still fewer that I wish to see here. The disinterestedness of your friendship for me has always appeared, and is the only sort that for the future I will ever accept, and consequently I never expect any more friends—as to trying to make any by obligations, I have had such woful success, that, for fear of thinking still worse than I do of the world, I will never try more. But you are abominable to reproach me with not letting you go to Houghton: have not I offered a thousand times to carry you there? I mean, since it was my brother's: I did not expect to prevail with you before, for you are so unaccountable, that you not only will never do a dirty thing, but you won't even venture the appearance of it. I have often applied to you in my own mind a very pretty passage that I remember in a letter of Chillingworth[1]; *you would not do that for preferment that you would not do but for preferment.* You oblige me much in what you say about my nephews, and make me happy in the character you have heard of Lord Malpas; I am extremely inclined to believe he deserves

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Letter 282.—[1] William Chillingworth, theologian (1602–1644).

it. I am as sorry to hear what a companion Lord Walpole has got: there has been a good deal of noise about him, but I had laughed at it, having traced the worst reports to his gracious mother, who is now sacrificing the character of her son to her aversion for her husband. If we lived under the Jewish dispensation, how I should tremble at my brother's leaving no children by her, and its coming to my turn to raise him up issue!

Since I gave you the account of the Duchess of Ireland's *piked horns* among the tombs of the Veres, I have found a long account in Bayle of the friar, who, as I remember to have read somewhere, preached so vehemently against that fashion: it was called *Hennin*[2], and the monk's name was Thomas Conecte. He was afterwards burnt at Rome for censuring the lives of the clergy. As our histories say that Anne of Bohemia introduced the fashion here, it is probable that the French learnt it from us, and were either long before they caught it, or long in retaining the mode, for the Duke of Ireland died in 1389, and Conecte was burnt in 1434. There were, indeed, several years between his preaching down Hennins and his death, but probably not near five and forty years, and half that term was a long duration for so outrageous a fashion. But I have found a still more entertaining fashion in another place in Bayle, which was, the women wearing looking-glasses upon their bellies: I don't conceive for what use, unless it was in the days of the huge codpieces. Adieu! don't write any more, but come.

Yours ever,
H. W.

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[2] 'Cette singulière coiffure... affectait soit la forme d'un cornet revêtu de drap d'or, de velours, de satin, de perles, et surmonté de joyaux, d'où s'échappait un voile de mousseline légère, soit la figure de cornes couvertes également d'un voile. . . . Sous ces cornes ou *hennins* les cheveux étaient complètement cachés, et les femmes élégantes se faisaient épiler ou couper ras les quelques mèches qui eussent pu paraître sur le front ou aux tempes.' (Viollet-Le-Duc.)

283. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Dear Harry, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6, 1748.

I am sorry our wishes clash so much. Besides that I have no natural inclination for the Parliament, it will particularly disturb me now in the middle of all my planting; for which reason I have never inquired when it will meet, and cannot help you to guess—but I should think not hastily—for I believe the Peace, at least the evacuations[1], are not in so prosperous a way as to be ready to make any figure in the King's Speech. But I speak from a distance; it may all be very toward: our ministers enjoy the consciousness of their wisdom, as the good do of their virtue, and take no pains to make it shine before men. In the mean time, we have several collateral emoluments from the pacification: all our milliners, tailors, tavern-keepers, and young gentlemen are tiding to France for our improvement and luxury; and as I foresee we shall be told on their return that we have lived in a total state of blindness for these six years, and gone absolutely retrograde to all true taste in every particular, I have already begun to practise walking on my head, and doing everything the wrong way. Then Charles Frederick[2] has turned all his *virtù* into fireworks, and, by his influence at the Ordnance, has prepared such a spectacle for the proclamation of the Peace as is to surpass all its predecessors of bouncing memory. It is to open with a concert of fifteen

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Letter 283.—[1] In view of that article of the Peace which provided for the restitution of all conquests.

[2] Charles Frederick (1709–1785), afterwards K.B., third son of Sir Thomas Frederick, Knight, Governor of Fort St. George. He was Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and Clerk of the Deliveries in the Ordnance Office; M.P. for New Shoreham. He was a good draughtsman and a prominent member of the Antiquarian Society. Three volumes of drawings of tombs executed by him in conjunction with the antiquary Smart Letheuillier were in Horace Walpole's possession. 'As comptroller of the ordnance and fireworks, he directed the splendid exhibition in the Green Park on the peace in 1749. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1785, p. 1010).

hundred hands, and conclude with so many hundred thousand crackers all set to music, that all the men killed in the war are to be wakened with the crash, as if it was the day of judgement, and fall a-dancing, like the troops in the *Rehearsal.* I wish you could see him making squibs of his papillotes, and bronzed over with a patina of gunpowder, and talking himself still hoarser on the superiority that his firework will have over the Roman *naumachia.*

I am going to dinner with Lady Sophia Thomas[3] at Hampton Court, where I was to meet the Cardigans; but I this minute receive a message that the Duchess of Montagu[4] is extremely ill, which I am much concerned for on Lady Cardigan's[5] account, whom I grow every day more in love with; you may imagine, not her person, which is far from improved lately; but, since I have been here, I have lived much with them, and, as George Montagu[6] says, *in all my practice* I never met a better understanding, nor more really estimable qualities: such a dignity in her way of thinking; so little idea of anything mean or ridiculous, and such proper contempt for both! Adieu! I must go dress for dinner, and you perceive that I wish I had, but have nothing to tell you.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

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[3] Lady Sophia Keppel, only daughter of first Earl of Albemarle; m. General John Thomas, second son of Sir Edmund Thomas, second Baronet, of Wenvoe Castle, Glamorgan; d. 1773.

[4] She was mother to Lady Cardigan, and daughter to the great Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*—She died in 1751.

[5] Lady Mary Montagu, third daughter of John, Duke of Montagu, and wife of George Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, afterwards created Duke of Montagu. *Walpole.*

[6] Nephew to the Earl of Halifax, and elder brother of Colonel, afterwards Sir Charles Montagu, K.B. *Walpole.*

284. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1748.

You are very formal to send me a ceremonious letter of thanks; you see I am less punctilious, for having nothing to tell you, I did not answer your letter. I have been in the empty town for a day: Mrs. Muscovy and I cannot devise where you have planted jasmine; I am all plantation, and sprout away like any chaste nymph in the *Metamorphosis.*

They say the old monarch at Hanover has got a new mistress—I fear he ought to have got something else new first. Now I talk of getting, Mr. Fox has got the ten thousand pound prize; and the Violette, as it is said, Coventry for a husband. It is certain that at the fine masquerade he was following her, as she was under the Countess's arm, who, pulling off her glove, moved her wedding ring up and down her finger . . .[1] which it seems was to signify that no other terms would be accepted. It is the year of contraband marriages, though I do not find Fanny Murray's is certain. I liked her spirit in an instance I heard t'other night; she was complaining of want of money; Sir Richard Atkins[2] immediately gave her a twenty pound note; she said 'Damn your twenty pound, what does that signify!'—clapped it between two pieces of bread and butter, and eat it.—Adieu! nothing should make me leave off so shortly but that my gardener waits for me, and you must allow that he is to be preferred to all the world.

Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 284.—[1] Passage omitted.

[2] Sir Richard Atkins, sixth Baronet, d. 1756.

285. To HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1748.

I HAVE laughed heartily at your adventure of Milord Richard Onslow[1]; it is an admirable adventure! I am not sure that Riccardi's absurdity was not the best part of it. Where were the Rinuncinis, the Panciaticis, and Pandolfinis? were they as ignorant too? What a brave topic it would have been for Niccolini, if he had been returned, to display all his knowledge of England!

Your brothers are just returned from Houghton, where they found my brother extremely recovered: my uncle too, I hear, is better; but I think that an impossible recovery[2]. Lord Walpole is setting out on his travels: I shall be impatient to have him at Florence; I flatter myself you will like him: I, who am not troubled with partiality to my family, admire him much. Your brother has got the two books of Houghton[3], and will send them by the first opportunity: I am by no means satisfied with them; they are full of faults, and the two portraits[4] wretchedly unlike.

The Peace is signed between us, France, and Holland, but does not give the least joy; the stocks do not rise, and the merchants are unsatisfied; they say France will sacrifice us to Spain, which has not yet signed[5]: in short, there has not been the least symptom of public rejoicing; but the government is to give a magnificent firework.

I believe there are no news, but I am here all alone,

LETTER 285.—[1] One Daniel Bets, a Dutchman or Fleming, who called himself my Lord Richard Onslow, and pretended to be the Speaker's son, having forged letters of credit, and drawn money from several bankers, came to Florence, and was received as an Englishman of quality by Marquis Riccardi, who could not be convinced by Mr. Mann of the imposture till the adventurer ran away on foot to Rome in the night. *Walpole.*

[2] Yet he did in great measure recover by the use of soap and lime water. *Walpole.*

[3] The *Aedes Walpolianae.*

[4] Of Sir Robert and Lady Walpole.

[5] Spain signed on October 20.

planting. The Parliament does not meet till the 29th of next month: I shall go to town but two or three days before that. The Bishop of Salisbury[6], who refused Canterbury, accepts London, upon a near prospect of some fat fines. Old Tom Walker[7] is dead, and has left vast wealth and good places; but I have not heard where either are to go. Adieu! I am very paragraphical, and you see have nothing to say.

286. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1748.

Our King is returned and our Parliament met: we expected nothing but harmony and tranquillity, and love of the peace; but the very first day opened with a black cloud, that threatens a stormy session. To the great surprise of the ministry, the Tories appear in intimate league with the Prince's party, and both agreed in warm and passionate expressions on the treaty: we shall not have the discussion till after Christmas. My uncle, who is extremely mended by soap, and the hopes of a peerage, is come up, and the very first day broke out in a volley of treaties: though he is altered, you would be astonished at his spirits.

We talk much of the Chancellor's[1] resigning the seals, from weariness of the fatigue, and being made President of the Council, with other consequent changes, which I will write you if they happen; but as this has already been a discourse of six months, I don't give it you for certain.

Mr. Chute, to whom alone I communicated Niccolini's banishment, though it is now talked of from the Duke of Bedford's office, says 'he is sorry the Abbé is banished for the only thing which he ever saw to commend in him,—his abusing the Tuscan ministry.' I must tell you another admirable *bon mot* of Mr. Chute, now I am mentioning him. Passing by the door of Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams, he saw the motto which the undertakers had placed to her escutcheon, *Mors janua vitae*, he said 'it ought to have been *Mors aqua vitae*.'

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[6] Dr. Sherlock. *Walpole.*

[7] He was Surveyor of the Roads, had been a kind of toad-eater to Sir R. W. and Lord Godolphin, was a great frequenter of Newmarket, and a notorious usurer. *Walpole.*

Letter 286.—[1] Lord Hardwicke.

The burlettas are begun; I think, not decisively liked or condemned yet: their success is certainly not rapid, though Pertici is excessively admired. Garrick says he is the best comedian he ever saw: but the women are execrable, not a pleasing note amongst them. Lord Middlesex has stood a trial with Monticelli for arrears of salary, in Westminster Hall, and even let his own handwriting be proved against him! You may imagine he was cast. Hume Campbell, Lord Marchmont's brother, a favourite advocate, and whom the ministry have pensioned out of the opposition into silence, was his counsel, and protested, striking his breast, that he had never set his foot but once into an opera-house in his life. This affectation of British patriotism is excellently ridiculous in a man so known: I have often heard my father say, that of all the men he ever knew, Lord Marchmont and Hume Campbell were the most abandoned in their professions to him on their coming into the world: he was hindered from accepting their services by the present Duke of Argyll, of whose faction they were not. They then flung themselves into the opposition, where they both have made great figures, till the elder was shut out of Parliament by his father's death, and the younger, being very foolishly dismissed from being Solicitor to the Prince, in favour of Mr. Bathurst[2], accepted a pension from the court, and seldom comes into the House, and has lately taken to live on roots and to study astronomy. Lord Marchmont, you know, was one of Pope's heroes, had a place in Scotland on Lord Chesterfield's coming into the ministry, though he had not power to bring him into the sixteen; and was very near losing his place last winter, on being supposed the author of the famous apology[3] for Lord Chesterfield's resignation. This is the history of these Scotch brothers, which I have told you for want of news.

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[2] Hon. Henry Bathurst (1714–1794), second son of first Earl Bathurst, whom he succeeded in 1775; Solicitor to Prince of Wales, 1746; Attorney-General to the Princess Dowager of Wales, 1751–54; Commissioner of the Great Seal, 1770; Lord Chancellor, 1771–78; cr. (1771) Baron Apsley of Apsley; Lord President of the Council, 1779–82.

Two Oxford scholars[4] are condemned to two years' imprisonment for treason; and their Vice-Chancellor[5], for winking at it, is soon to be tried. What do you say to the young Pretender persisting to stay in France? It will not be easy to persuade me that it is without the approbation of that court. Adieu!

287. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 15, 1748.

I CONCLUDE your Italy talks of nothing but the young Pretender's imprisonment at Vincennes[1]. I don't know whether he be a Stuart, but I am sure by his extravagance he has proved himself of English extraction! What a mercy that we had not him here! with a temper so impetuous and obstinate, as to provoke a French government when in their power, what would he have done with an English government in his power? An account came yesterday that he, with his Sheridan[2] and a Mr. Stafford (who was a creature of my Lord Bath), are transmitted to Pont Beauvoisin[3], under a solemn promise never to return into France (I suppose, unless they send for him). It is said that a Mr. Dun, who married Alderman Parsons's eldest daughter, is in the Bastile for having struck the officer when the young man was arrested.

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[3] *An Apology for a late Resignation, in a Letter from an English Gentleman to his Friend at the Hague.* Horace Walpole, in his *Memoirs of George II*, states that it was 'supposed to be drawn up by Lord Marchmont under his [Lord Chesterfield's] direction and was very well written.' (Ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 44.)

[4] John Whitmore of Balliol, and James Dawes of St. Mary Hall. Their sentence was 'to be fined five nobles each, to suffer two years' imprisonment in the King's Bench prison, and to find two sureties for their good behaviour for seven years; themselves bound in £500 each, and their sureties in £250 each; and to walk immediately round Westminster Hall, with a libel affixed to their foreheads, denoting their crime and sentence; and to ask pardon of the several courts.' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1748, p. 522.)

[5] John Purnell, Warden of New College 1740–64. His trial, originally fixed for Feb. 6, 1749, appears to have been indefinitely postponed.

LETTER 287.—[1] On Dec. 11, Prince Charles Edward (who had refused to leave Paris in accordance with the conditions of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle) was seized and conveyed to Vincennes, where he was imprisoned for some days.

Old Somerset[4] is at last dead, and the Duke of Newcastle Chancellor of Cambridge, to his heart's content. Somerset tendered his pride even beyond his hate; for he has left the present Duke all the furniture of his palaces, and forbore to charge the estate, according to a power he had, with five-and-thirty thousand pounds. To his Duchess[5], who has endured such a long slavery with him, he has left nothing but one thousand pounds and a small farm, besides her jointure; giving the whole of his unsettled estate, which is about six thousand pounds a year, equally between his two daughters, and leaving them absolutely in their own powers now, though neither are of age; and to Lady Frances[6], the eldest, he has additionally given the fine house built by Inigo Jones, in Lincoln's Inn Fields (which he had bought of the Duke of Ancaster[7] for the Duchess), hoping that his daughter will let her mother live with her. To Sir Thomas Bootle he has given half a borough, and a whole one[8] to his grandson Sir Charles Windham[9], with an estate that cost him fourteen thousand pounds. To Mr. Obrien[10], Sir Charles Windham's brother, a single thousand; and to Miss Windham[11] an hundred a year, which he gave her annually at Christmas, and is just such a legacy as you would give to a housekeeper to prevent her from going to service again. She is to be married immediately to the second Grenville; they have waited for a larger legacy. The famous settlement[12] is found, which gives Sir Charles Windham about twelve thousand pounds a year of the Percy estate after the present Duke's death; the other five, with the barony of Percy, must go to Lady Betty Smithson[13]. I don't know whether you ever heard that, in Lord Granville's administration, he had prevailed with the King to grant the earldom of Northumberland to Sir Charles; Lord Hertford represented against it; at last the King said he would give it to whoever they would make it appear was to have the Percy estate; but old Somerset refused to let anybody see his writings, and so the affair dropped, everybody believing there was no such settlement.

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[2] Probably a son or relative of Thomas Sheridan, formerly the Prince's governor, who died at Rome in 1746.

[3] In Savoy.

[4] The sixth Duke, known as the 'Proud Duke.'

[5] Charlotte Finch, sister of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, second wife of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset; by whom she had two daughters, Lady Frances, married to the Marquis of Granby, and Lady Charlotte to Lord Guernsey, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesford. *Walpole.*

[6] Lady Frances Seymour, m. (1750) John Manners, Marquis of Granby, eldest son of third Duke of Rutland; d. 1760.

[7] Peregrine Bertie (circ. 1720–

John Stanhope of the Admiralty is dead, and Lord Chester-

1778), third Duke of Ancaster; Master of the Horse to Queen Charlotte, 1765.

[8] Midhurst in Sussex. *Dover.*

[9] Afterwards (1750) Earl of Egremont.

[10] Created (1756) Earl of Thomond.

[11] Elizabeth (d. 1769), daughter of Sir William Windham, third Baronet, m. (1749) Hon. George Grenville.

[12] The Duke's first wife was the heiress of the house of Northumberland: she made a settlement of her estate, in case her sons died without heirs-male, on the children of her daughters. Her eldest daughter, Catherine, married Sir William Windham, whose son, Sir Charles, by the death of Lord Beauchamp, only son of Algernon, Earl of Hertford, and afterwards Duke of Somerset, succeeded to the greatest part of the Percy estate, preferably to Elizabeth, daughter of the same Algernon, who was married to Sir Hugh Smithson. *Walpole.*

[13] Lady Elizabeth Seymour, only daughter of seventh Duke of Somerset; m. (1740) Sir Hugh Smithson, fourth Baronet (who was afterwards created Duke and Earl of Northumberland and took the name of Percy). She was Lady in Waiting to Queen Charlotte, 1761–75, and died in 1776.

field gets thirty thousand pounds for his life: I hear Mr. Villiers is most likely to succeed to that board. You know all the Stanhopes are a family *aux bons-mots:* I must tell you one of this John. He was sitting by an old Mr. Curzon[14], a nasty wretch, and very covetous: his nose wanted blowing, and continued to want it: at last Mr. Stanhope, with the greatest good-breeding, said, 'Indeed, Sir, if you don't wipe your nose, you will lose that drop.'. . .[15]

I am extremely pleased with Monsieur de Mirepoix's[16] being named for this embassy; and I beg you will desire Princesse Craon to recommend me to Madame[17], for I would be particularly acquainted with her as she is their daughter. Hogarth has run a great risk since the peace; he went to France, and was so imprudent as to be taking a sketch of the drawbridge at Calais. He was seized and carried to the governor, where he was forced to prove his vocation by producing several *caricatura*s of the French; particularly a scene[18] of the shore, with an immense piece of beef landing for the Lion d'Argent, the English inn at Calais, and several hungry friars following it. They were much diverted with his drawings, and dismissed him.

Mr. Chute lives at the Heralds' Office in your service, and yesterday got particularly acquainted with your great-great-grandmother. He says, by her character, she would be extremely shocked at your *wet-brown-paperness*, and that she was particularly famous for breaking her own pads. Adieu!

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[14] A son of Sir Nathaniel Curzon, second Baronet.

[15] Passage omitted.

[16] Charles Pierre Gaston François de Lévis (1699–1758), Marquis, afterwards Duc, de Mirepoix; Ambassador in London, 1749; Lieutenant-General of Languedoc, 1755; Maréchal de France, 1757.

[17] Anne Marguerite Gabrielle de Beauvau-Craon; m. (1739) Marquis, afterwards Duc, de Mirepoix. This was her second marriage, her first husband having been the Prince de Lixin, who was killed in a duel by the Duc de Richelieu. She was *Dame d'Honneur* to Queen Marie Leczinska, and took a prominent part in court intrigues. She paid great court to Madame de Pompadour, and countenanced Madame du Barri.

[18] He engraved and published it on his return. *Walpole.*—The print entitled 'The Roast Beef of Old England.'

288. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 26, 1748.

Did you ever know a more absolute country-gentleman? Here am I come down to what you call keep my Christmas! indeed it is not in all the forms; I have stuck no laurel and holly in my windows, I eat no turkey and chine, I have no tenants to invite, I have not brought a single soul with me. The weather is excessively stormy, but has been so warm, and so entirely free from frosts the whole winter, that not only several of my honeysuckles are come out, but I have literally a blossom upon a nectarine-tree, which I believe was never seen in this climate before on the 26th of December. I am extremely busy here planting; I have got four more acres, which makes my territory prodigious in a situation where land is so scarce, and villas as abundant as formerly at Tivoli and Baiæ. I have now about fourteen acres, and am making a terrace the whole breadth of my garden on the brow of a natural hill, with meadows at the foot, and commanding the river, the village, Richmond Hill, and the Park, and part of Kingston—but I hope never to show it you. What you hint at in your last, increase of character, I should be extremely against your stirring in now: the whole system of embassies is in confusion, and more candidates than employments. I would have yours pass, as it is, for settled. If you were to be talked of, especially for a higher character at Florence, one don't know whom the additional dignity might tempt. Hereafter, perhaps, it might be practicable for you, but I would by no means advise your soliciting it at present. Sir Charles Williams is the great obstacle to all arrangement: Mr. Fox makes a point of his going to Turin; the ministry, who do not love him, are not for his going anywhere. Mr. Villiers is talked of for Vienna, though just made a Lord of the

Admiralty. There were so many competitors, that at last Mr. Pelham said he would carry in two names to the King, and he should choose (a great indulgence!). Sir Peter Warren and Villiers were carried in; the King chose the latter. I believe there is a little of Lord Granville in this, and in a Mr. Hooper, who was turned out with the last ministry, and is now made a Commissioner of the Customs: the pretence is, to vacate a seat in Parliament for Sir Thomas Robinson, who is made a Lord of Trade; a scurvy reward after making the peace. Mr. Villiers, you know, has been much *gazetted*, and had his letters to the King of Prussia printed[1]; but he is a very silly fellow. I met him the other day at Lord Granville's, where, on the subject of a new play, he began to give the Earl an account of Coriolanus, with reflections on his history. Lord Granville at last grew impatient, and said, 'Well! well! it is an old story; it may not be true.' As we went out together, I said, 'I like the approach to this house[2].'—'Yes,' said Villiers, 'and I love to be in it; for I never come here but I hear something I did not know before.' Last year, I asked him to attend a controverted election in which I was interested; he told me he would with all his heart, but that he had resolved not to vote in elections for the first session, for that he owned he could not understand them—not understand them!

Lord St. John[3] is dead; he had a place in the Custom House of 1,200*l.* a year, which his father[4] had bought of the Duchess of Kendal for two lives, for 4,000*l.* Mr. Pelham has got it for Lord Lincoln and his child[5].

LETTER 288.—[1] He had been Minister in Berlin.

[2] Lord Granville's house in Arlington Street was the lowest on the Green Park side.

[3] John St. John (circ. 1695–1748), second Viscount St. John; Comptroller of the Customs of London, 1740. He was half-brother of Lord Bolingbroke.

[4] Henry St. John (1652–1742), first Viscount St. John.

[5] George Clinton, Lord Clinton, d. 1752.

I told you in my last a great deal about old Somerset's will: they have since found 150,000*l.* which goes, too, between the two daughters[6]. It had been feared that he would leave nothing to the youngest; two or three years ago, he waked after dinner and found himself upon the floor; she used to watch him, had left him, and he had fallen from his couch. He forbade everybody to speak to her; but yet to treat her with respect as his daughter. She went about the house for a year, without anybody daring openly to utter a syllable to her; and it was never known that he had forgiven her. His whole stupid life was a series of pride and tyranny.

There have been great contests in the Privy Council about the trial of the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford: the Duke of Bedford and Lord Gower pressed it extremely. The latter asked the Attorney-General[7] his opinion, who told him the evidence did not appear strong enough: Lord Gower said, 'Mr. Attorney, you seem to be very lukewarm for your party.' He replied, 'My lord, I never was lukewarm for my party, *nor ever was but of one party.*' There is a scheme for vesting in the King the nomination of the Chancellor of that University[8], who has much power—and much noise it would make! The Lord Chancellor is to be High Steward of Cambridge, in succession to the Duke of Newcastle.

The families of Devonshire and Chesterfield have received a great blow at Derby, where, on the death of John Stanhope, they set up another of the name. One Mr. Rivett, the Duke's chief friend and manager, stood himself, and carried it by a majority of seventy-one[9]. Lord Chesterfield had sent down credit for ten thousand pounds. The Cavendishes, however, are very happy, for Lady Hartington[10] has produced a son[11].

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[6] Lady Frances and Lady Charlotte Seymour, married respectively to the Marquis of Granby and Lord Guernsey (afterwards Earl of Aylesford).

[7] Sir Dudley Ryder. *Walpole.*

[8] In consequence of the Jacobite leanings of Oxford at that time.

[9] 'A very worthy gentleman, Capt. Thomas Stanhope, was recommended by the D. of Dev— and the Earl of Ch—, but the independent Whigs, without any dislike to either, resenting that some few had secretly under-

I asked a very intelligent person if there could be any foundation for the story of Niccolini's banishment taking its rise from complaints of our court: he answered very sensibly, that even if our court had complained, which was most unlikely, it was not at all probable that the court of Vienna would have paid any regard to it. There is another paragraph in your same letter in which I must set you right: you talk of the sudden change of my opinion about Lord Walpole: I never had but one opinion about him, and that was always most favourable: nor can I imagine what occasioned your mistake, unless my calling him *a wild boy*, where I talked of the consequences of his father's death. I meant nothing in the world by *wild*, but the thoughtlessness of a boy of nineteen, who comes to the possession of a peerage and an estate. My partiality, I am sure, could never let me say anything else of him.

Mr. Chute's sister is dead. When I came from town Mr. Whithed had heard nothing of her will: she had about four thousand pounds. The brother[12] is so capricious a monster, that we almost hope she has not given the whole to our friend.

You will be diverted with a story I am going to tell you; it is very long, and so is my letter already; but you perceive I am in the country and have nothing to hurry me. There is about town a Sir William Burdett, a man of a very good

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taken for his election, to preserve their liberties, set up their townsman Mr. Revett, who had 380 to 311.' (Letter from Derby, quoted in *Gent. Mag.* 1748, p. 573.)

[10] Lady Charlotte Boyle, second daughter of Richard, Earl of Burlington and Cork, and wife of William, Marquis of Hartington. *Walpole.*

[11] William Cavendish (1748–1811), styled Marquis of Hartington, 1755–64; succeeded his father as fifth Duke of Devonshire, 1764; K.G., 1782.

[12] Antony Chute.

family, but most infamous character. He formerly was at Paris with a Mrs. Penn, a Quaker's wife, whom he there bequeathed to the public, and was afterwards a sharper at Brussels, and lately came to England to discover a plot for poisoning the Prince of Orange, in which I believe he was poisoner, poison, and informer all himself. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's (a MS. of which I may one day or other give you an account), that the first baronet that will be hanged is this Sir William Burdett. About two months ago he met at St. James's a Lord Castledurrough[13], a young Irishman, and no genius as you will find, and entered into conversation with him: the Lord, seeing a gentleman, fine, polite, and acquainted with everybody, invited him to dinner for next day, and a Captain Rodney[14], a young seaman, who has made a fortune by very gallant behaviour during the war. At dinner it came out, that neither the Lord nor the Captain had ever been at any Pelham-levees. 'Good God!' said Sir William, 'that must not be so any longer; I beg I may carry you to both the Duke and Mr. Pelham: I flatter myself I am very well with both.' The appointment was made for the next Wednesday and Friday: in the mean time, he invited the two young men to dine with him the next day. When they came, he presented them to a lady, dressed foreign, as a princess of the house of Brandenburg: she had a toad-eater, and there was another man, who gave himself for a count. After dinner Sir William looked at his watch, and said, 'Jesus! it is not so late as I thought by an hour; Princess, will your Highness say how we shall divert ourselves till it is time to go to the play!' 'Oh!' said she, 'for my part you know I abominate everything but pharaoh.' 'I am very sorry, Madam,' replied he, very gravely, 'but I don't know whom your Highness will get to tally to you; you know I am ruined by dealing.' 'Oh!' says she, 'the Count will deal to us.' 'I would with all my soul,' said the Count, 'but I protest I have no money about me.' She insisted: at last the Count said, 'Since your Highness commands us peremptorily, I believe Sir William has four or five hundred pounds of mine, that I am to pay away in the City to-morrow; if he will be so good as to step to his bureau for that sum, I will make a bank of it.' Mr. Rodney owns he was a little astonished at seeing the Count shuffle with the faces of the cards upwards; but concluding that Sir William Burdett, at whose house he was, was a relation or particular friend of Lord Castledurrough, he was unwilling to affront my Lord. In short, my Lord and he lost about a hundred and fifty apiece, and it was settled that they should meet for payment the next morning at breakfast at Ranelagh. In the mean time Lord C. had the curiosity to inquire a little into the character of his new friend the baronet; and being *au fait*, he went up to him at Ranelagh and apostrophized him; 'Sir William, here is the sum I think I lost last night; since that I have heard that you are a professed pickpocket, and therefore desire to have no farther acquaintance with you.' Sir William bowed, took the money and no notice; but as they were going away, he followed Lord Castledurrough and said, 'Good God, my Lord, my equipage is not come; will you be so good as to set me down at Buckingham Gate?' and without staying for an answer, whipped into the chariot, and came to town with him. If you don't admire the coolness of this impudence,

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[13] Henry Flower, Lord Castledurrow, afterwards created Viscount Ashbrook.

[14] George Brydges Rodney (1718–1792), created a Baronet in 1764, and a peer (as Baron Rodney of Rodney Stoke, Somersetshire) in 1782; Admiral of the White, 1778; Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, 1781. His principal exploits were the destruction of the harbour of Havre, 1759; the capture of Martinique, 1762; the defeat of the Spanish fleet, and relief of Gibraltar, 1780; and the defeat of the French fleet under the Comte de Grasse, April 12, 1782. In command of the *Eagle*, Rodney had distinguished himself in Hawke's victory over the French on Oct. 14, 1747.

I shall wonder. Adieu! I have written till I can scarce write my name[15].

289. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1749.

I have been so shut up in the House of Commons for this last fortnight or three weeks, that I have not had time to write you a line: we have not had such a session since the famous beginning of last Parliament. I am come hither for a day or two of rest and air, and find the additional pleasure of great beauty in my improvements: I could talk to you through the whole sheet, and with much more satisfaction, upon this head; but I shall postpone my own amusement to yours, for I am sure you want much more to know what has been doing in Parliament than at Strawberry Hill. You will conclude that we have been fighting over the Peace; but we have not. It is laid before Parliament, but will not be taken up; the opposition foresee that a vote of approbation would pass, and therefore will not begin upon it, as they wish to reserve it for censure in the next reign—or perhaps the next reign does not care to censure now what he must hereafter maintain—and the ministry do not seem to think their treaty so perfect as not to be liable to blame, should it come to be canvassed. We have been then upon several other matters: but first I should tell you, that from the utmost tranquillity and impotence of a minority, there is at once started up so formidable an opposition as to divide 137 against 203. The minority is headed by the Prince, who has continued opposing, though very unsuccessfully, ever since the removal of Lord Granville, and the desertion of the Patriots. He stayed till the Pelhams had bought off every man of parts in his train, and then began to form his party. Lord Granville has never come into it, for fear of breaking with the King; and seems now to be patching up again with his old enemies. If Lord Bath has dealt with the Prince, it has been underhand. His ministry has had at the head of it poor Lord Baltimore, a very good-natured, weak, honest man; and Dr. Lee, a civilian, who was of Lord Granville's Admiralty, and is still much attached to him. He is a grave man, and a good speaker, but of no very bright parts, and from his way of life and profession, much ignorant of, and unfit for, a ministry. You will wonder what new resources the Prince has discovered—why, he has found them all in Lord Egmont, whom you have heard of under the name of Lord Perceval; but his father[1], an Irish Earl, is lately dead. As he is likely to make a very considerable figure in our history, I shall give you a more particular account of him. He has always earnestly studied our history and constitution and antiquities, with very ambitious views; and practised speaking early in the Irish Parliament. Indeed, this turn is his whole fund, for though he is between thirty and forty, he knows nothing of the world, and is always unpleasantly dragging the conversation to political dissertations. When very young, as he has told me himself, he dabbled in writing *Craftsmen* and party papers; but the first event that made him known, was his carrying the Westminster election at the end of my father's ministry, which he amply described in the history of his own family, a genealogical work called *The History of the House of Yvery*[2], a work which cost him three thousand pounds, as the Heralds informed Mr. Chute and me, when we went to their office on your business; and which was so ridiculous, that he has since tried to suppress all the copies. It concluded with the

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[15] N.B.—The letter which immediately followed this miscarried. *Walpole.*

Letter 289.—[1] John Perceval (1683–1748), first Earl of Egmont.

[2] The materials for this work were collected by the first Earl of Egmont with his son's assistance, and it was compiled by James Anderson and William Whiston.

description of the Westminster election, in these or some such words, 'And here let us leave this young nobleman struggling for the dying liberties of his country!' When the change in the ministry happened, and Lord Bath was so abused by the remnant of the Patriots, Lord Egmont published his celebrated pamphlet, called *Faction Detected*, a work which the Pitts and Lytteltons have never forgiven him; and which, though he continued voting and sometimes speaking with the Pelhams, made him quite unpopular during all the last Parliament. When the new elections approached, he stood on his own bottom at Weobly in Herefordshire; but his election being contested, he applied for Mr. Pelham's support, who carried it for him in the House of Commons. This will always be a material blot in his life: for he had no sooner secured his seat, than he openly attached himself to the Prince, and has since been made a Lord of his Bedchamber. At the opening of this session, he published an extreme good pamphlet, which has made infinite noise, called *An Examination of the Principles and Conduct of the two Brothers* (the Pelhams), and as Dr. Lee has been laid up with the gout, Egmont has taken the lead in the opposition, and has made as great a figure as perhaps was ever made in so short a time. He is very bold and resolved, master of vast knowledge, and speaks at once with fire and method. His words are not picked and chosen like Pitt's, but his language is useful, clear, and strong. He has already by his parts and resolution mastered his great unpopularity, so far as to be heard with the utmost attention, though I believe nobody had ever more various difficulties to combat. All the old corps hate him, on my father's and Mr. Pelham's account; the new part of the ministry on their own. The Tories have not quite forgiven his having left them in last Parliament: besides that, they are now governed by one Prowse, a cold plausible fellow, and a great well-wisher to Mr. Pelham. Lord Strange[3], a busy Lord of a party by himself, yet voting generally with the Tories, continually clashes with Lord Egmont; and besides all this, there is a faction in the Prince's family, headed by Nugent, who are for moderate measures.

Nugent is most affectedly an humble servant of Mr. Pelham, and seems only to have attached himself to the Prince, in order to make the better bargain with the ministry: he has great parts, but they never know how to disentangle themselves from bombast and absurdities. Besides these, there are two young men who make some figure in the rising opposition, Bathurst, Attorney to the Prince; and Potter, whom I believe you have had mentioned in my letters of last year; but he has a bad constitution, and is seldom able to be in town. Neither of these are in the scale of moderation.

The opposition set out this winter with trying to call for several negotiations during the war; but the great storm which has so much employed us of late, was stirred up by Colonel Lyttelton[4]; who, having been ill-treated by the Duke, has been dealing with the Prince. He discovered to the House some innovations in the Mutiny Bill[5], of which, though he could not make much, the opposition have, and fought the bill for a whole fortnight; during the course of which the world has got much light into many very arbitrary proceedings of the Commander-in-Chief[6], which have been the more believed too by the defection of my Lord Townshend's eldest son[7], who is one of his aide-de-camps. Though the ministry, by the weight of numbers, have carried their point in a great measure, yet you may be sure great heats have been raised; and those have been still more inflamed by a correspondent practice in a new Navy Bill[8], brought in by the direction of Lord Sandwich and Lord Anson, but vehemently opposed by half the fleet, headed by Sir Peter Warren, the conqueror of Cape Breton, richer than Anson, and absurd as Vernon. The bill has even been petitioned against, and the mutinous were likely to go great lengths, if the Admiralty had not bought off some by money, and others by relaxing in the material points. We began upon it yesterday, and are still likely to have a long affair of it—so much for politics; and as for anything else, I scarce know anything else. My Lady Huntingdon[9], the Queen of the Methodists, has got her daughter named for Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses; but it is all off again, as she will not let her play at cards on Sundays. It is equally absurd on both sides, to refuse it, or to insist upon it.

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[3] James Smith-Stanley (1717–1771), styled (erroneously) Lord Strange; eldest son of eleventh Earl of Derby, whom he predeceased; M.P. for Lancashire; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1762–71. Lord Strange should have been styled Lord Stanley; the barony of Strange having devolved upon the second Duke of Athol, as heir-general of the seventh Earl of Derby.

[4] Richard, third son of Sir Thomas, and brother of Sir George Lyttelton; he married the Duchess Dowager of Bridgewater, and was afterwards made a Knight of the Bath. *Walpole.*

[5] For details concerning this bill, see Lecky, *Hist. Eighteenth Cent.*, ed. 1892, vol. ii. pp. 140–4.

[6] The Duke of Cumberland.

Pray tell Dr. Cocchi that I shall be extremely ready to do him any service in his intended edition of the old physicians, but that I fear it is a kind of work that will lie very little within my sphere to promote. Learning is confined to very narrow bounds at present, and those seldom within the circle in which I necessarily live; but my regard for him and for you would make me take any pains. You see, I believe, that I do take pains for you—I have not writ such a letter to anybody these three years. Adieu!

P.S. I am very sorry for your sake that the Prince and Princess[10] are leaving Florence: if ever I return thither, as

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[7] Hon. George, afterwards first Marquis Townshend.

[8] It consisted of a code of Articles of War which remained in force till 1865.

[9] Selina, daughter of the Earl Ferrers, and widow of Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon. *Walpole.*

[10] Craon. *Walpole.*

I always flatter myself I shall, I should miss them extremely. Lord Albemarle goes ambassador to Paris.

290. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1749.

Our debates on the two military bills, the naval one of which is not yet finished, have been so tedious, that they have rather whittled down the opposition than increased it. In the Lords, the Mutiny Bill passed pretty easily, there happening a quarrel between Lord Bathurst and Lord Bath on the method of their measures; so there never divided above sixteen in the minority, and those scarce any of the Prince's Lords. Duke William was there and voted, which was too indecent in a rigorous bill calculated for his own power. There is great disunion among the ministers on the naval bill: Mr. Pelham and Pitt (the latter out of hatred and jealousy of Lord Sandwich) gave up the Admiralty in a material point, but the paramount little Duke of Bedford has sworn that they shall recant on the report—what a figure they will make! This bill was chiefly of Anson's projecting, who grows every day into new unpopularity. He has lately had a sea-piece drawn of the victory for which he was lorded, in which his own ship in a cloud of cannon was boarding the French Admiral. This circumstance, which was as true as if Mademoiselle Scudéry had written his life (for he was scarce in sight when the Frenchman struck to Boscawen), has been so ridiculed by the whole tarhood, that the romantic part has been forced to be cancelled, and one only gun remains firing at Anson's ship. The two Secretaries of State[1] grow every day nearer to a breach: the King's going abroad is to decide the contest. Newcastle, who Hanoverises more and more every day, pushes on the

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Letter 290.—[1] The Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford.

journey, as he is to be the attendant minister: his lamentable brother is the constant sacrifice of all these embroils.

At Leicester House the jars are as great: Dodington, who has just resigned the Treasuryship of the Navy, in hopes of once more governing that court (and there is no court where he has not once or twice tried the same scheme!) does not succeed: Sir Francis Dashwood and Lord Talbot are strongly for him—could one conceive that he could still find a dupe? Mr. Fox had a mind to succeed him, but both King and Duke have so earnestly pressed him to remain Secretary at War, that he could not refuse. The King would not hear of any of the newer court; and Legge, who of the old was next oars, has managed the Prussian business so clumsily, that the King would not bear him in his closet: but he has got the Navy Office, which Lyttelton would have had, but could not be rechosen at his borough[2], which he had stolen by surprise from his old friend and brother Tom Pitt[3]. The Treasury is to be filled up with that toad-eater and spy to all parties, Harry Vane[4]: there is no enumerating all the circumstances that make his nomination scandalous and ridiculous!—but such is our world! General Charles Howard[5] and a Mr. Saville[6] are named to the red riband.

My friend the Duke of Modena is again coming hither, which astonishes me, considering how little reason he had to be satisfied with his first visit; and sure he will have less now! I believe I told you that King Theodore[7] is here: I am to drink coffee with him to-morrow at Lady Schaub's. I have curiosity to see him, though I am not commonly fond of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up. There are two black Princes of Anamaboe[8] here, who are in fashion at all the assemblies, of whom I scarce know any particulars, though their story is very like Oroonoko's: all the women know it—and ten times more than belongs to it. Apropos to Indian histories, half our thoughts are taken up—that is, my Lord Halifax's are—with colonizing in Nova Scotia[9]: my friend Colonel Cornwallis[10] is going thither Commander-in-Chief. The Methodists will scarce follow him as they did Oglethorpe; since the period of his expedition[11] their lot is fallen in a better land. Methodism is more fashionable than anything but brag; the women play devilish deep at both—as deep, it is much suspected, as the matrons of Rome did at the mysteries of the Bona Dea. If gracious Anne was alive, she would make an admirable defendress of the new faith, and build fifty more churches for female proselytes. . . .[12]

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[2] Oakhampton.

[3] Thomas Pitt (d. 1760) of Boconnoc, Cornwall. He married Lyttelton's sister.

[4] Eldest son of Lord Barnard, and afterwards Earl of Darlington. *Walpole.*

[5] Lieutenant-General (afterwards General) Hon. Charles Howard, second son of third Earl of Carlisle; d. 1765.

[6] John Savile (1719–1778), of Methley, Yorkshire, cr. Viscount Pollington, co. Longford, in 1753, and Earl of Mexborough in 1769.

[7] The 'King' of Corsica.

The burlettas don't much succeed, though there never were two better comedians than Pertici and Laschi.

If I had more paper or time, I could tell you an excellent long history of my brother Ned's envy, which was always up at high-water mark, but since the publication of my book of Houghton (one should have thought a very harmless performance), has overflowed on a thousand ridiculous occasions. Another great object of his jealousy is my friendship with Mr. Fox: my brother made him a formal visit at nine o'clock the other morning, and in a set speech of three quarters of an hour, begged his pardon for not attending the last day of the Mutiny Bill, which, he said, was so particularly brought in by him, though Mr. Fox assured him that he had no farther hand in it than from his office. Another instance: when my brother went to live at Frogmore, Mr. Fox desired him to employ his tradesmen at Windsor, by way of supporting his interest in that borough. My brother immediately went to the Duke of St. Albans[13], to whom he had never spoke (nor indeed was his acquaintance with Mr. Fox much greater), and notified to him, that if seven years hence his Grace should have any contest with Mr. Fox about that borough, he should certainly espouse the latter. Guess how the Duke stared at so strange and unnecessary a declaration!

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[8] The son of the Prince of Anamaboe (on the Gold Coast), and another African youth, who had been entrusted to an English sea-captain to bring to England to be educated, and who had been treacherously sold as slaves by him. The captain died shortly afterwards, and on the return of the ship to England, the officers revealed the transaction. The boys were ransomed by the government, brought to England, and put under the care of Lord Halifax (as First Lord of Trade and Plantations), who caused them to be properly clothed and educated. An account of them and of their emotion on witnessing the tragedy of *Oroonoko* is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1749 (p. 90).

[9] In order to benefit the officers and men discharged at the Peace, and to develop the resources of Nova Scotia, an extensive system of emigration was organized by the government. It proved highly successful, and the town founded by the colonists received the name of Halifax, to commemorate that Lord's interest in the scheme.

[10] Hon. Edward Cornwallis, sixth son of fourth Baron Cornwallis.

[11] General Oglethorpe was the great promoter of the colony of Georgia. *Walpole.*

[12] Passage omitted.

Pigwiggin's Princess has mis-pigged, to the great—joy, I believe, of that family, for you know a child must have eaten. Adieu!

291. To HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 3, 1749.

I AM come hither for a few days, to repose myself after a torrent of diversions, and am writing to you in my charming bow-window with a tranquillity and satisfaction which, I fear, I am grown old enough to prefer to the hurry of amusements, in which the whole world has lived for this last week. We have at last celebrated the Peace, and that as much in extremes as we generally do everything, whether we have reason to be glad or sorry, pleased or angry. Last Tuesday it was proclaimed: the King did not go to St. Paul's, but at night the whole town was illuminated. The next day was what was called 'a jubilee-masquerade in the Venetian manner' at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, &c., and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange-trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. It is to be once more, and probably finer as to dresses, as there has since been a subscription-masquerade, and people will go in their rich habits. The next day were the fireworks, which by no means answered the expense, the length of preparation, and the expectation that had been raised: indeed, for a week before, the town was like a country fair, the streets filled from morning to night, scaffolds building wherever you could or could not see, and coaches arriving from every corner of the kingdom. This hurry and lively scene, with the sight of the immense crowds in the Park and on every house, the guards, and the machine itself, which was very beautiful, was all that was worth seeing. The rockets, and whatever was thrown up into the air, succeeded mighty well; but the wheels, and all that was to compose the principal part, were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fires and shapes: the illumination was mean, and lighted so slowly that scarce anybody had patience to wait the finishing; and then, what contributed to the awkwardness of the whole, was the right pavilion catching fire, and being burnt down in the middle of the show. The King, the Duke, and Princess Emily saw it from the Library[1], with their courts: the Prince and Princess, with their children, from Lady Middlesex's; no place being provided for them, nor any invitation given to the Library. The Lords and Commons had galleries built for them and the chief citizens along the rails of the Mall: the Lords had four tickets apiece, and each Commoner, at first, but two, till the Speaker bounced and obtained a third. Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed: at Paris, there were forty killed and near three hundred wounded, by a dispute between the French and Italians in the management, who, quarrelling for precedence in lighting the fires, both lighted at once and blew up the whole. Our

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[13] Charles Beauclerc (1696–1751), second Duke of St. Albans; Constable and Governor of Windsor Castle and Warden of Windsor Forest, 1730–51; K.G., 1741.

Letter 291.—[1] The Library built by Queen Caroline on ground now occupied by Stafford House.

mob was extremely tranquil, and very unlike those I remember in my father's time, when it was a measure in the opposition to work up everything to mischief, the Excise and the French players, the Convention and the Gin Act. We are as much now in the opposite extreme, and in general so pleased with the Peace, that I could not help being struck with a passage I read lately in Pasquier[2], an old French author, who says, 'that in the time of Francis I the French used to call their creditors "Des Anglois," from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many.' On Saturday we had a serenata at the Opera-house, called *Peace in Europe*, but it was a wretched performance. On Monday there was a subscription-masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife.* The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady Mayoress in the time of James I; and Lord Delawar, Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington: they were admirable masks. Lady Rochford, Miss Evelyn[3], Miss Bishop, Lady Strafford, and Mrs. Pitt[4], were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the Duke in *Don Quixote*, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon[5] in Grammont.

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[2] Étienne Pasquier (1529–1615).

[3] Probably Miss Elizabeth Evelyn, afterwards married to Peter Bathurst, nephew of first Earl Bathurst. Her charms are celebrated in Horace Walpole's poem *The Beauties.*

[4] Penelope, only daughter of Sir William Atkins, first Baronet, of Clapham, Surrey; m. (1746) George Pitt, of Strathfieldsaye, Hampshire (afterwards Lord Rivers); d. 1795. She retained her beauty until old age.

You will conclude that, after all these diversions, people begin to think of going out of town—no such matter: the Parliament continues sitting, and will till the middle of June; Lord Egmont told us we should sit till Michaelmas. There are many private bills, no public ones of any fame. We were to have had some chastisement for Oxford, where, besides the late riots, the famous Dr. King[6], the Pretender's great agent, made a most violent speech at the opening of the Ratcliffe Library. The ministry denounced judgement, but, in their old style, have grown frightened, and dropped it. However, this menace gave occasion to a meeting and union between the Prince's party and the Jacobites, which Lord Egmont has been labouring all the winter. They met at the St. Alban's Tavern, near Pall-mall, last Monday morning, an hundred and twelve Lords and Commoners. The Duke of Beaufort[7] opened the assembly with a panegyric on the stand that had been made this winter against so corrupt an administration, and hoped it would continue, and desired harmony. Lord Egmont seconded this strongly, and begged they would come up to Parliament early next winter. Lord Oxford[8] spoke next; and then Potter with great humour, and to the great abashment of the Jacobites, said he was very glad to see this union, and from thence hoped, that if another attack like the last Rebellion should be made on the Royal Family, they would all stand by them. No reply was made to this. Then Sir Watkyn Williams spoke, Sir Francis Dashwood, and Tom Pitt, and the meeting broke up. I don't know what this coalition may produce: it will require time with no better heads than compose it at present, though the great Mr. Dodington had carried to the conference the assistance of his. In France a very favourable event has happened for us, the disgrace of Maurepas[9], one of our bitterest enemies, and the greatest promoter of their marine. Just at the beginning of the war, in a very critical period, he had obtained a very large sum for that service, but which one of the other factions, lest he should gain glory and credit by it, got to be suddenly given away to the King of Prussia.

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[5] Lady Margaret de Burgh (d. 1698), daughter of first Marquis of Clanricarde; m. (1) Viscount Muskerry, (2) Viscount Purbeck, (3) Robert Fielding. She figures in Grammont's *Mémoires* as Viscountess Muskerry.

[6] William King (1685–1763), Principal of St. Mary Hall, and Public Orator.

[7] Lord Noel Somerset, who succeeded his brother in the dukedom. *Walpole.*

[8] Edward Harley (circ. 1699–1755), third Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer.

Sir Charles Williams is appointed Envoy to this last King: here is an epigram which he has just sent over on Lord Egmont's opposition to the Mutiny Bill:

Why has Lord Egmont 'gainst this bill
So much declamatory skill
  So tediously exerted?
The reason's plain: but t'other day
He mutinied himself for pay,
  And he has twice deserted.

I must tell you a *bon-mot* that was made the other night at the serenata of *Peace in Europe* by Wall, who is much in fashion, and a kind of Gondomar[10]. Grossatesta, the Modenese minister, a very low fellow, with all the jack-puddinghood of an Italian, asked, 'Mais qui est-ce qui représente mon maître?' Wall replied, 'Mais, mon Dieu! l'Abbé, ne savez-vous pas que ce n'est pas un opéra bouffon?' and here is another *bon-mot* of my Lady Townshend: we were talking of the Methodists; somebody said, 'Pray, Madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted?*' 'No, Sir, he has only *canted.*'

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[9] Jean Frédéric Phélypeaux (1701–1781), Comte de Maurepas, Minister of Marine. He had imprudently recited at Versailles some verses upon Madame de Pompadour, and was in consequence exiled. He remained in exile till the death of Louis XV.

[10] Count Gondomar was Spanish Ambassador in London in the reign of James I. He was a skilful diplomatist and a wit.

If you ever think of returning to England, as I hope it will be long first, you must prepare yourself with Methodism. I really believe that by that time it will be necessary: this sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. Lady Fanny Shirley[11] has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty upon Jesus Christ; and Mr. Lyttelton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters that he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon—and indeed they have a plentiful harvest—I think what you call flagrancy was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest wine-mark; and gaming joined with it so violent, that at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both, a bank-bill was thrown down, and nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man that was standing by. . . .[12]

I must tell you of Stosch's letter, which he had the impertinence to give you without telling the contents. It was to solicit the arrears of his pension, which I beg you will tell him I have no manner of interest to procure: and to tell me of a Galla Placidia, a gold medal lately found. It is not for myself, but I wish you would ask him the price for a friend of mine who would like to buy it.

Adieu! my dear child; I have been long in arrears to you, but I trust you will take this huge letter as an acquittal. You see my villa makes me a good correspondent;

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[11] Lady Frances Shirley, fourth daughter of first Earl Ferrers by his second wife. She is referred to in verses by Pope and Chesterfield. The latter greatly admired her, and his *penchant* is mentioned in Hanbury Williams' poem *Isabella, or the Morning*. Lady Fanny died unmarried in 1778.

[12] Passage omitted.

how happy I should be to show it you, if I could, with no mixture of disagreeable circumstances to you. I have made a vast plantation! Lord Leicester told me the other day that he heard I would not buy some old china, because I was laying out all my money in trees: 'Yes,' said I, 'my Lord, I used to love blue trees, but now I like green ones.'

292. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 17, 1749.

We have not yet done diverting ourselves: the night before last the Duke of Richmond gave a firework; a codicil to the Peace. He bought the rockets and wheels that remained in the pavilion which miscarried, and took the pretence of the Duke of Modena being here to give a charming entertainment. The garden[1] lies with a slope down to the Thames, on which were lighters, from whence were thrown up, after a concert of water-music, a great number of rockets. Then from boats on every side were discharged water-rockets and fires of that kind; and then the wheels which were ranged along the rails of the terrace were played off; and the whole concluded with the illumination of a pavilion on the top of the slope, of two pyramids on each side, and of the whole length of the balustrade to the water. You can't conceive a prettier sight; the garden filled with everybody of fashion, the Duke, the Duke of Modena, and the two black Princes. The King and Princess Emily were in their barge under the terrace; the river was covered with boats, and the shores and adjacent houses with crowds. The Duke of Modena played afterwards at brag, and there was a fine supper for him and the foreigners, of whom there are numbers here; it is grown as much the fashion to travel hither as to France or Italy. Last week

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Letter 292.—[1] At Whitehall. *Walpole.*

there was a vast assembly and music at Bedford House[2] for this Modenese; and to-day he is set out to receive his doctor's degree at the two Universities. His appearance is rather better than it used to be, for, instead of wearing his wig down to his nose to hide the humour in his face, he has taken to paint his forehead white, which, however, with the large quantity of red that he always wears on the rest of his face, makes him ridiculous enough. I cannot say his manner is more polished: Princess Emily asked him if he did not find the Duke much fatter than when he was here before? He replied, 'En vérité il n'est pas si effroyable qu'on m'avoit dit.' She commended his diamonds; he said, 'Les vôtres sont bien petits.' As I had been so graciously received at his court, I went into his box the first night at the Opera: the first thing he did was to fall asleep; but as I did not choose to sit waiting his *réveil* in the face of the whole theatre, I waked him, and would discourse him: but here I was very unlucky, for of the only two persons I could recollect at his court to inquire after, one has been dead these four years, and the other, he could not remember any such man. However, Sabbatini, his Secretary of State, flattered me extremely; told me he found me *beaucoup mieux*, and that I was grown very fat—I fear, I fear it was flattery! Eight years don't improve one,—and for my corpulence, if I am grown fat, what must I have been in my Modenese days!

I told you we were to have another jubilee-masquerade: there was one by the King's command for Miss Chudleigh, the Maid of Honour, with whom our gracious monarch has a mind to believe himself in love,—so much in love, that at one of the booths he gave her a fairing for her watch, which cost him five-and-thirty guineas,—actually disbursed out of his privy purse, and not charged on the civil list. Whatever you may think of it, this is a more magnificent present than the cabinet which the late King of Poland sent to the fair Countess Königsmark, replete with all kinds of baubles and ornaments, and ten thousand ducats in one of the drawers. I hope some future Holinshed or Stow will acquaint posterity 'that five-and-thirty guineas were an immense sum in those days!'

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[2] Bedford House occupied the whole of the north side of what is now Bloomsbury Square. The house was pulled down in 1800.

You are going to see one of our court-beauties in Italy, my Lady Rochford[3]: they are setting out on their embassy to Turin. She is large, but very handsome, with great delicacy and address. All the Royals have been in love with her; but the Duke was so in all the forms, till she was a little too much pleased with her conquest of his brother-in-law the Prince of Hesse. You will not find much in the correspondence of her husband: his person is good, and he will figure well enough as an ambassador; better as a husband where *cicisbés* don't expect to be molested. The Duke is not likely to be so happy with his new passion, Mrs. Pitt, who, besides being in love with her husband, whom you remember (Lady Mary Wortley's George Pitt), is going to Italy with him. I think you will find her one of the most glorious beauties you ever saw. You are to have another pair of our beauties, the Princess Borghese's Mr. Greville[4] and his wife, who was the pretty Fanny M'Cartney[5].

Now I am talking scandal to you, and court-scandal, I must tell you that Lord Conway's sister, Miss Jenny, is dead suddenly with eating lemonade at the last subscription-masquerade[6]. It is not quite unlucky for her: she had outlived the Prince's love and her own face, and nothing remained but her love and her person, which was exceedingly bad.

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[3] Daughter of Edward Young, Esq., and wife of William, Earl of Rochford, had been Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales. *Walpole.*

[4] Fulke Greville, son of Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of fifth Baron Brooke. He wrote a book called *Maxims and Characters.* His only daughter was the celebrated Mrs. Crewe; one of his grandsons was Charles Greville, the diarist.

[5] Frances, daughter of James Macartney. At her marriage she was given away by Charles (afterwards Dr.) Burney, who was an inmate of her husband's house. She was the authoress of an *Ode to Indifference.*

The graver part of the world, who have not been quite so much given up to rockets and masking, are amused with a book of Lord Bolingbroke, just published, but written long ago. It is composed of three letters, the first to Lord Cornbury on the *Spirit of Patriotism*; and two others to Mr. Lyttelton (but with neither of their names), on *The Idea of a Patriot King*, and the *State of Parties* on the late King's accession. Mr. Lyttelton had sent him word that he begged nothing might be inscribed to him that was to reflect on Lord Orford, for that he was now leagued with all Lord Orford's friends: a message as abandoned as the book itself: but indeed there is no describing the impudence with which that set of people unsay what they have been saying all their lives,—I beg their pardons, I mean the honesty with which they recant! Pitt told me coolly, that he had read this book formerly, when he admired Lord Bolingbroke more than he does now. The book by no means answered my expectation: the style, which is his *forte*, is very fine: the deduction and impossibility of drawing a consequence from what he is saying, as bad and obscure as in his famous *Dissertation on Parties*: you must know the man, to guess his meaning. Not to mention the absurdity and impracticability of this kind of systems, there is a long speculative dissertation on the origin of government, and even that greatly stolen from other writers, and that all on a sudden dropped, while he hurries into his own times, and then preaches (he, of all men!) on the duty of preserving decency! The last treatise would not impose upon an historian of five years old: he tells Mr. Lyttelton, that he may take it from him, that there was no settled scheme at the end of the Queen's reign to introduce the Pretender; and he gives this excellent reason; because, if there had been, he must have known it; and another reason as ridiculous, that no traces of such a scheme have since come to light. What, no traces in all the cases of himself, Atterbury, the Duke of Ormond, Sir William Windham, and others! and is it not known that the moment the Queen was expired, Atterbury proposed to go in his lawn sleeves and proclaim the Pretender at Charing Cross, but Bolingbroke's heart failing him, Atterbury swore, 'There was the best cause in Europe lost for want of spirit!' He imputes Jacobitism singly to Lord Oxford, whom he exceedingly abuses; and who, so far from being suspected, was thought to have fallen into disgrace with that faction for refusing to concur with them. On my father he is much less severe than I expected; and in general, so obliquely, that hereafter he will not be perceived to aim at him, though at this time one knows so much what was at his heart, that it directs one to his meaning.

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[6] This event was commemorated in the following doggrel lines:—

'Poor Jenny Conway,
She drank lemonade
At a masquerade;
So now she's dead and gone away.' *Dover*.

But there is a preface[7] to this famous book, which makes much more noise than the work itself. It seems, Lord Bolingbroke had originally trusted Pope with the copy, to have half a dozen printed for particular friends. Pope, who loved money infinitely beyond any friend, got fifteen hundred copies printed privately, intending to outlive Bolingbroke, and make great advantage of them: and not only did this, but altered the copy at his pleasure, and even made different alterations in different copies. Where Lord Bolingbroke had strongly flattered their common friend

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[7] Attributed to Mallet, who edited the book.

Lyttelton, Pope suppressed the panegyric: where, in compliment to Pope, he had softened the satire on Pope's great friend, Lord Oxford, Pope reinstated the abuse. The first part of this transaction is recorded in the preface; the two latter facts are reported by Lord Chesterfield and Lyttelton, the latter of whom went to Bolingbroke to ask how he had forfeited his good opinion. In short, it is comfortable to us people of moderate virtue to hear these demigods, and Patriots, and philosophers, inform the world of each other's villanies[8]. What seems to make Lord Bolingbroke most angry, and I suppose does, is Pope's having presumed to correct his work. As to his printing so many copies, it certainly was a compliment, and the more profit (which however could not be immense) he expected to make, the greater opinion he must have conceived of the merit of the work: if one had a mind to defend Pope, should not one ask if anybody ever blamed Virgil's executors for not burning the *Æneid*, as he ordered them[9]? Warburton[10], I hear, does design to defend Pope; and my uncle Horace to answer the book: his style, which is the worst in the world, must be curious, in opposition to the other. But here comes full as bad a part of the story as any: Lord Bolingbroke, to buy himself out of the abuse in the Duke of Marlborough's Life, or to buy himself into the supervisal of it, gave these letters to Mallet, who is writing this Life for a legacy in the old Duchess's will (and which, with much humour, she gave, desiring it might not be written in verse), and Mallet sold them to a bookseller for a hundred and fifty pounds. Mallet had many obligations to Pope, no disobligations to him, and was one of his grossest flatterers; witness the sonnet on his supposed death, printed in the notes to the *Dunciad.* I was this morning told an anecdote from the Dorset family that is no bad collateral evidence of the Jacobitism of the Queen's four last years. They wanted to get Dover Castle into their hands, and sent down Prior to the present Duke of Dorset, who loved him, and probably was his brother[11], to persuade him to give it up. He sent Prior back with great anger, and in three weeks was turned out of the government himself—but it is idle to produce proofs; as idle as to deny the scheme.

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[8] Pope's breach of faith was referred to in the preface.

[9] This thought was borrowed by Mr. Spence, in a pamphlet published on this occasion in defence of Pope. *Walpole.*

[10] William Warburton (1698–1779); Dean of Bristol, 1757; Bishop of Gloucester, 1759. He was Pope's literary executor.

I have just been with your brother Gal, who has been laid up these two days with the gout in his ankle; an absolute professed gout in all the forms, and with much pain. Mr. Chute is out of town; when he returns, I shall set him upon your brother to reduce him to abstinence and health. Adieu!

293. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, May 18, 1749.

Whatever you hear of the Richmond fireworks, that is short of the prettiest entertainment in the world, don't believe it; I really never passed a more agreeable evening. Everything succeeded, all the wheels played in time, Frederick was fortunate, and all the world in good humour. Then for royalty, Mr. Anstis[1] himself would have been glutted; there were all the Fitzes upon earth, the whole court of St. Germain's, the Duke, the Duke of Modena, and two Anamaboes. The King and Princess Emily bestowed themselves upon the mob on the river, and as soon as they were gone, the *Duke* hoisted the music into the garden, and himself, with my Lady Lincoln, Mrs. Pitt, Peggy Banks, and Lord Holderness, entertained the good subjects with singing *God Save the King* to them over the rails of the terrace. The Duke of Modena supped there, and the Duke was asked, but he answered, it was impossible! In short, he could not adjust his dignity to a mortal banquet. There was another admirable scene: Lady Burlington brought the Violette, and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood ogling and sighing the whole time, while my Lady kept a most fierce look out [2]. Sabbatini, one of the Duke of Modena's court, was asking me who all the people were? and who is that? 'C'est Miladi Hartington, la belle fille du Duc de Devonshire.' 'Et qui est cette autre dame avec?' It was a distressing question; after a little hesitation, I replied, 'Mais c'est Mademoiselle Violette —'Et comment Mademoiselle Violette! j'ai connu une Mademoiselle Violette par exemple.'—I begged him to look at Miss Bishop.

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[11] There is no foundation for this statement.

LETTER 293.—[1] Garter King at Arms.

In the middle of all these principalities and powers was the Duchess of Queensberry, in her old forlorn trim, a white apron and white hood, and would make the Duke swallow all her undress. T'other day she drove to Lady Sophia Thomas post, at Parsons Green, and told her that she was come to tell her something of importance—'What is it?' 'Why, take a couple of beef-steaks, clap them together as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt; it is the best thing you ever tasted; I could not help coming to tell you this'—and away she drove back to town. Don't a course of folly for forty years make one very sick?

The weather is so hot, and the roads so dusty, that I can't get to Strawberry; but I shall begin negotiating with you now about your coming. You must not expect to find it in beauty; the turf is as brown as Lady Bell Finch, and there is no more shade than on Peggy Banks's forehead. I hope to get my bill [3] finished in ten days; I have scrambled it through the Lords; but altogether, with the many difficulties and plagues, I am a good deal out of humour; my purchases hitch, and new proprietors start out of the ground, like the crop of soldiers in the *Metamorphosis.* I expect but an unpleasant summer; my indolence and inattention are not made to wade through leases and deeds. Mrs. Chenevix brought me one yesterday to sign, and her sister Bertrand, the toy-woman of Bath, for a witness. I showed them my cabinet of enamels instead of treating them with white wine. The Bertrand said, 'Sir, I hope you don't trust all sorts of *ladies* with this cabinet!'—What an entertaining assumption of dignity! I must tell you an anecdote that I found t'other day in an old French author, which is as great a drawback on *beaux sentiments* and romantic ideas. Pasquier, in his *Recherches de la France,* is giving an account of the Queen of Scots' execution; he says, the night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them which was sore. I believe I have told you, that in a very old trial of her, which I bought from Lord Oxford's collection, it is said that she was a large lame woman. Take sentiments out of their pantoufles, and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off there is! I could not help laughing in myself t'other day, as I went through Holborn in a very hot day, at the dignity of human nature; all those foul old-clothes women panting without handkerchiefs, and mopping themselves all the way down within their loose jumps. Rigby gave me as

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[2] Garrick was married to Mlle. Violette on June 22, 1749.

[3] Apparently a bill to enable him to purchase Strawberry Hill, for which purpose an Act of Parliament was necessary, as it was the pro-

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perty of minors. In his *Short Notes of my Life* Horace Walpole writes:—'In May 1747 I took a small house near Twickenham, for seven years. I afterwards bought it by Act of Parliament, it belonging to minors.' A statement in the *Description of Strawberry Hill* points to the purchase having been made in 1748, but possibly this is owing to a lapse of memory:—'Mr. Walpole took the remainder of Mrs. Chenevix's lease in May 1747, and the next year bought it by Act of Parliament.'

strong a picture of nature: he and Peter Bathurst[4] t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding[5]; who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttelton[6], added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper, that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man[7], three Irishmen, and a whore, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the cursedest dirtiest cloth! He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams[8], and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized. Millar[9] the bookseller has done very generously by him; finding *Tom Jones*, for which he had given him six hundred pounds, sell so greatly, he has since given him another hundred. Now I talk to you of authors, Lord Cobham's West[10] has published his translation of Pindar: the poetry is very stiff, but prefixed to it there is a very entertaining account of the Olympic games, and that preceded by an affected inscription to Pitt and Lyttelton. The latter has declared his future match with Miss Rich[11]. George Grenville has been married these two days to Miss Windham. Your friend Lord North is, I suppose you know, on the brink with the Countess of Rockingham[12]; and I think your cousin Rice[13] (but don't say that from my observation) is much inclined to double the family alliance with her sister Furnese[14]. It went on very currently for two or three days, but last night at Vauxhall his minionette face seemed to be sent to languish with Lord Robert Bertie's.

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[4] Peter (d. 1768), second son of Sir Benjamin Bathurst and brother of first Earl Bathurst.

[5] Henry Fielding the novelist (1707–1754).

[6] Fielding's appointment was due to Lyttelton, who introduced him to the Duke of Bedford.

[7] John Fielding (d. 1780), half-brother of the novelist. He succeeded his brother as magistrate, and was knighted in 1761.

[8] A former schoolfellow of Fielding at Eton.

[9] Andrew Millar (1707–1768). His liberal treatment of authors was praised by Johnson.

[10] Gilbert West (1715–1756), nephew of Lord Cobham.

[11] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Rich.

[12] Catherine (d. 1776), sister and co-heir of Sir Henry Furnese, third Baronet, and daughter of Sir Robert

Was not you sorry for poor Cucumber[15]? I do assure you I was; it was shocking to be hurried away so suddenly, and in so much torment!

You have heard I suppose of Lord Harry Beauclerc's resignation, on his not being able to obtain a respite till November, though the lowest officer in his regiment has got much longer leave, in order to take the benefit of the act of insolvency and avoid paying his creditors. It is incredible how Nolkejumskoi has persecuted this poor man for these four years, since he could not be persuaded to alter his vote at a court-martial for the acquittal of a man whom the Duke would have had condemned. Lord Ossulston[16], too, has resigned his commission.

I must tell you a good story of Charles Townshend[17]; you know his political propensity and importance; his brother George was at supper at the King's Arms with some more young men; the conversation somehow or other rambled

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Furnese, second Baronet; m. (1736) Lewis Watson, second Earl of Rockingham (who d. 1745). Her marriage to Lord North did not take place until 1751.

[13] George Rice, of Newton, Carmarthenshire, son of George Montagu's first cousin, Mrs. Rice, *née* Lucy Trevor. (See Table II.) He was Lord of Trade, 1761–70; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1770–79; d. 1779. He married the only daughter of Earl Talbot, who succeeded her father as Baroness Dynevor.

[14] Selina, third daughter and coheir of Sir Robert Furnese; m. Sir Edward Dering, sixth Baronet, of Surrenden Dering.

[15] Hon. Jane Conway, whose sudden death is mentioned in a previous letter.

[16] Charles Bennet (1716–1767), Lord Ossulston, eldest son of second Earl Tankerville, whom he succeeded in 1753.

[17] Hon. Charles Townshend (1725–1767), second son of third Viscount Townshend; M.P. for Yarmouth; Lord of Trade, 1748; Lord of the Admiralty, 1754; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1756; Secretary-at-War, 1761–62; President of the Board of Trade, 1763; Paymaster-General, 1765; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1766–67.

into politics, and it was started that the national debt was a benefit. 'I am sure it is not,' said Mr. Townshend; 'I can't tell why, but my brother Charles can, and I will send to him for arguments.' Charles was at supper at another tavern, but so much the dupe of this message, that he literally called for ink and paper, wrote four long sides of arguments, and sent word that, when his company broke up, he would come and give them more, which he did at one o'clock in the morning. I don't think you will laugh much less at what happened to me: I wanted a print out of a book, which I did not care to buy at Osborn's[18] shop: the next day he sent me the print, and begged that when I had anything to publish, I would employ him.

I will now tell you, and finish this long letter, how I shocked Mr. Mackenzie[19] inadvertently at Vauxhall; we had supped there a great party, and coming out, Mrs. More, who waits at the gate, said, 'Gentlemen and ladies, will you walk in and hear the *surprising alteration of voice?*' I, forgetting Mackenzie's connections, and that he was formerly of the band, replied, 'No, I have seen Patriots enough.'

Good night—I intend this letter shall last you till you come to Strawberry Hill; one might have rolled it out into half a dozen. My best compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever,
H. W.

294. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 4, 1749.

As summerly as June and Strawberry Hill may sound, I assure you I am writing to you by the fireside: English weather will give vent to its temper, and whenever it is out of humour it will blow east and north and all kinds of cold.

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[18] Thomas Osborne, bookseller; d. 1767.
[19] Hon. James Stuart-Mackenzie.

Your brothers Ned and Gal dined with me to-day, and I carried the latter back to Richmond: as I passed over the green, I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half a dozen more of the White's Club sauntering at the door of a house which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and Sunday to play at whisk. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whisk in London on these two days as well as on the other five; indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town. It made me smile to see Lord Bath sitting there, like a citizen that has left off trade!

Your brother Ned has not seen Strawberry Hill since my great improvements; he was astonished: it is pretty: you never saw so tranquil a scene, without the least air of melancholy: I should hate it, if it was dashed with that. I forgot to ask Gal what is become of the books of Houghton which I gave him six months ago for you and Dr. Cocchi. You perceive I have got your letter of May 23rd, and with it Prince Craon's simple epistle to his daughter[1]: I have no mind to deliver it: it would be a proper recommendation of a staring boy on his travels, and is consequently very suitable to my colleague, Master St. Leger; but one hates to be coupled with a romping greyhound puppy, 'qui est moins prudent que Monsieur Valpol!' I did not want to be introduced to Madame de Mirepoix's assemblies, but to be acquainted with her, as I like her family: I concluded, simple as he is, that an old Frenchman knew how to make these distinctions. By thrusting St. Leger into the letter with me, and talking of my prudence, I shall not wonder if she takes me for his bear-leader, his travelling governor!

Mr. Chute, who went from hence this morning, and is

LETTER 294.—[1] The Marquise de Mirepoix.

always thinking of blazoning your pedigree[2] in the noblest colours, has turned over all my library, till he has tapped a new and very great family for you: in short, by your mother it is very clear that you are descended from Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary to Richard the Second: indeed I think he was hanged[3]; but that is a misfortune that will attend very illustrious genealogies; it is as common to them as to the pedigrees about Paddington and Blackheath. I have had at least a dozen great-great-grandfathers that came to untimely ends. All your virtuosos in heraldry are content to know that they had ancestors who lived five hundred years ago, no matter how they died. A match with a low woman corrupts a stream of blood as long as the Danube,—tyranny, villany, and executions are mere flea-bites, and leave no stain. The good Lord of Bath, whom I saw on Richmond Green this evening, did intend, I believe, to ennoble my genealogy with another execution: how low is he sunk now from those views! and how entertaining to have lived to see all those virtuous Patriots proclaiming their mutual iniquities! Your friend Mr. Dodington, it seems, is so reduced as to be relapsing into virtue. In my last I told you some curious anecdotes of another part of the band, of Pope and Bolingbroke. The friends of the former have published twenty pamphlets against the latter; I say against the latter, for, as there is no defending Pope, they are reduced to satirize Bolingbroke. One of them tells him how little he would be known himself from his own writings, if he were not immortalized in Pope's; and still more justly, that if he destroys Pope's moral character, what will become of his own, which has been retrieved and sanctified by the embalming art of his friend? However, there are still new discoveries made every day of Pope's dirty selfishness. Not content with the great profits which he proposed to make of the work in question, he could not bear that the interest of his money should be lost till Bolingbroke's death ; and therefore told him that it would cost very near as much to have the press set for half a dozen copies as it would for a complete edition, and by this means made Lord Bolingbroke pay very near the whole expense of the fifteen hundred. Another story I have been told on this occasion, was of a gentleman who, making a visit to Bishop Atterbury in France, thought to make his court by commending Pope. The Bishop replied not : the gentleman doubled the dose : at last the Bishop shook his head, and said, 'Mens curva in corpore curvo!' The world will now think justly of these men : that Pope was the greatest poet, but not the most disinterested man in the world ; and that Bolingbroke had not all those virtues and not all those talents which the other so proclaimed ; and that he did not even deserve the friendship which lent him so much merit ; and for the mere loan of which he dissembled attachment to Pope, to whom in his heart he was as perfidious and as false as he has been to the rest of the world.

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[2] Count Richcourt and some Florentines, his creatures, had been very impertinent about Mr. Mann's family, which was very good, and which made it necessary to have his pedigree drawn out, and sent over to Florence. *Walpole.*

[3] He died a natural death.

The Duke of Devonshire[4] has at last resigned, for the unaccountable and unenvied pleasure of shutting himself up at Chatsworth with his ugly mad Duchess[5]; the more extraordinary sacrifice, as he turned her head, rather than give up a favourite match for his son. She has consented to live with him there, and has even been with him in town for a few days, but did not see either her son or Lady Hartington. On his resignation he asked and obtained an

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[4] William, third Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*—He was Lord Steward of the Household. His resignation was due to the dissensions in the Pelham ministry.

[5] Catharine Hoskins. *Walpole.*

English barony for Lord Besborough[6], whose son Lord Duncannon, you know, married the Duke's eldest daughter[7]. I believe this is a great disappointment to my uncle, who hoped he would ask the peerage for him or Pigwiggin. The Duke of Marlborough succeeds as Lord Steward. Adieu.

295. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 25, 1749.

Don't flatter yourself with your approaching year of jubilee; its pomps and vanities will be nothing to the shows and triumphs we have had, and are having. I talk like an Englishman: here you know we imagine that a jubilee is a season of pageants, not of devotion; but our Sabbath has really been all tilt and tournament. There have been, I think, no less than eight masquerades, the fireworks, and a public act at Oxford: to-morrow is an installation of six Knights of the Bath, and in August of as many Garters: Saturday, Sunday, and Monday next, are the banquets at Cambridge, for the instalment of the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor[1]. The whole world goes to it: he has invited, summoned, pressed the entire body of nobility and gentry from all parts of England. His cooks have been there these ten days, distilling essences of every living creature, and massacring and confounding all the species that Noah and Moses took such pains to preserve and distinguish. It would be pleasant to see pedants and professors searching for etymologies of strange dishes, and tracing more wonderful transformations than any in the *Metamorphoses*. How miserably

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[6] Brabazon Ponsonby (1679-1758), first Earl of Bessborough. He was created an English peer as Baron Ponsonby of Sysonby.

[7] Lady Caroline Cavendish married (1739) William Ponsonby, Viscount Duncannon, who succeeded his father in 1758. She died in 1760.

Letter 295.—[1] See Gray's letter to Wharton of August 8, 1749.

Horace's *unde et quo Catius* will be hacked about in clumsy quotations! I have seen some that will be very unwilling performers at the creation of this ridiculous *Mamamouchi*[2]. I have set my heart on their giving a doctor's degree to the Duchess of Newcastle's favourite—this favourite is at present neither a lover nor an apothecary, but a common pig, that she brought from Hanover: I am serious; and Harry Vane, the new Lord of the Treasury, is entirely employed, when he is not at the Board, in opening and shutting the door for it. Tell me, don't you very often throw away my letters in a passion, and believe that I invent the absurdities I relate!—Were not we as mad when you was in England?

The King, who has never dined out of his own palaces, has just determined to dine at Claremont to-morrow—all the cooks are at Cambridge—imagine the distress!

Last Thursday, the Monarch of my last paragraph gave away the six vacant ribands: one to a Margrave of Anspach, a near relation of the late Queen; others to the Dukes of Leeds[3] and Bedford, Lords Albemarle and Granville: the last, you may imagine, gives some uneasiness[4]. The Duke of Bedford has always been unwilling to take one, having tied himself up in the days of his patriotism to forfeit great sums if ever he did. The King told him one day this winter, that he would give none away but to him and to Anspach. This distinction struck him: he could not refuse the honour; but he has endeavoured to waive it, as one imagines, by a scruple he raised against the oath, which obliges the knights, whenever they are within two miles of Windsor, to go and offer. The King would not abolish the oath, but has given a general dispensation for all breaches of it, past, present, and to come. Lord Lincoln and Lord Harrington are very unhappy at not being in the list. The sixth riband is at last given to Prince George: the ministry could not prevail for it till within half an hour of the ceremony; then the Bishop of Salisbury[5] was sent to notify the gracious intention. The Prince was at Kew, so the message was delivered to Prince George himself. The child, with great good sense, desired the Bishop to give his duty and thanks, and to assure the King that he should always obey him; but that, as his father was out of town, he could send no other answer. Was not it clever? The design of not giving one riband to the Prince's children had made great noise: there was a *Remembrancer*[6] on that subject ready for the press. This is the *Craftsman* of the present age, and is generally levelled at the Duke, and filled with very circumstantial cases of his arbitrary behaviour. It has absolutely written down Hawley, his favourite general and executioner, who was to have been upon the staff.

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[2] See Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme.*

[3] Thomas Osborne (1713–1789), fourth Duke of Leeds; Chief Justice in Eyre, south of Trent, 1748–56; K.G., 1749; Cofferer of the Household, 1756–61; Chief Justice in Eyre, north of Trent, 1761–74.

[4] The Pelhams were jealous of Lord Granville's favour with the King.

Garrick is married to the famous Violette, first at a Protestant, and then at a Roman Catholic chapel. The chapter of this history is a little obscure and uncertain as to the consent of the protecting Countess[7], and whether she gives her a fortune or not.

Adieu! I believe I tell you strange rhapsodies; but you must consider that our follies are not only very extraordinary, but are our business and employment: they enter into our politics[8], nay, I think they are our politics—and I don't know which are the simplest. They are Tully's description of poetry, 'haec studia juventutem alunt, senectutem oblectant; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur': so, if you will that I write to you, you must be content with a detail of absurdities. I could tell you of Lord Mountford's[9] making cricket-matches, and fetching up parsons by express from different parts of England to play matches on Richmond Green; of his keeping aide-de-camps to ride to all parts to lay bets *for him* at horse-races, and of twenty other peculiarities; but I fancy you are tired: in short, you, who know me, will comprehend all best when I tell you that I live in such a scene of folly as makes me even think myself a creature of common sense.

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[5] John Gilbert, afterwards Archbishop of York.

[6] A paper written by Ralph. *Walpole.*

[7] Dorothy, Countess of Burlington. The Violette was a German dancer, first at the Opera, and then at the playhouse, and in such favour at Burlington House, that the tickets for her benefits were designed by Kent, and engraved by Vertue. *Walpole.*

[8] This was frequently the case while the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham were ministers: it was so true, that in the case of the Violette, just mentioned, one night that she had advertised three dances and danced but two, Lord Bury and some young men of fashion began

296. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Mistley, Wednesday, July 5, 1749.

I have this minute received your letter, and it makes me very unhappy. You will think me a brute for not having immediately told you how glad I should be to see you and your sisters; but I trust that you will have seen Mrs. Boscawen, by whom I sent you a message to invite you to Strawberry Hill, when we should be returned from Roel and Mistley. I own my message had rather a cross air; but as you have retrieved all your crimes with me by your letter, I have nothing to do but to make myself as well with you as you are with me. Indeed I am extremely unlucky, but I flatter myself that Mrs. Montagu's will not drop their

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a riot, and would have had her sent for from Burlington House. It being feared that she would be hissed on her next appearance, and Lord Hartington, the cherished of Mr. Pelham, being son-in-law of Lady Burlington, the ministry were in great agitation to secure a good reception for the Violette from the audience, and the Duke was even desired to order Lord Bury (one of his Lords) not to hiss. *Walpole.*

[9] Henry Bromley (1705–1755), first Baron Montfort.

kind intention, as it is not in my power to receive it now: they will give me infinite pleasure by a visit. I stay here till Monday se'nnight; will that be too late to see you before your journey to Roel? You must all promise at least to be engaged to me at my return. If the least impediment happens afterwards, I shall conclude my brother has got you from me: you know jealousy is the mark of our family.

Mr. Rigby makes you a thousand compliments, and wishes you would ever think his Roel worth your seeing: you can't imagine how he has improved it! You have always heard me extravagant in the praises of the situation. He has demolished all his paternal intrenchments of walls and square gardens, opened lawns, swelled out a bow-window, erected a portico, planted groves, stifled ponds, and flounced himself with flowering shrubs and Kent-fences. You may imagine that I have a little hand in all this. Since I came hither, I have projected a colonnade to join his mansion to the offices, have been the death of a tree that intercepted the view of a bridge, for which, too, I have drawn a new white rail, and shall be an absolute travelling Jupiter at Baucis and Philemon's, for I have persuaded him to transform a cottage into a church, by exalting a spire upon the end of it, as Talbot[1] has done. By the way, I have dined at the Vineyard—I dare not trust you with what I think—but I was a little disappointed! To-morrow we go to the ruins of the Abbey of St. Osyth; it is the seat of the Rochfords, but I never chose to go there while they were there.

You will probably hear from Mr. L.[2] (if in any pause of love he rests) that I am going to be first minister to the Prince.

LETTER 296.—[1] Possibly Henry Talbot, a common friend of Montagu and Walpole, elsewhere referred to as 'the Tiger.'

[2] Mr. Lyttelton; an allusion to his impending marriage.

In short, I have occasioned great speculation, and diverted myself with the important mysteries that have been alembicked out of a trifle. In short, he had seen my *Ædes Walpolianæ* at Sir Luke Schaub's, and sent by him to desire one. I sent him one, bound quite in coronation robes, and went last Sunday to thank him for the honour. There were all the new Knights of the Garter. After the Prince had whispered through every curl of Lord Granville's periwig, I dare say about as errant trifles as to me, he turned to me, and said such a crowd of civil things that I did not know what to answer; commended the style and the quotations; said I had sent him back to his Livy; in short, that there were but two things he disliked, one, that I had not given it to him of my own accord, and the other, that I had abused his friend Andrea del Sarto; and that he insisted, when I came to town again, I should come and see two very fine ones that he has lately bought of that master. This drew on a very long conversation on painting, every word of which I suppose will be reported at the other court as a plan of opposition for the winter. Prince George was not there: when he went to receive the riband, the Prince carried him to the closet door, where the Duke of Dorset received and carried him. Ayscough[3], or Nugent, or some of the genius's, had taught him a speech; the child began it, the Monarch bounced and cried 'No, no.' When the poor boy had a little recovered a fright, which to be sure flattered Majesty, as nobody has felt a grain of it so long, he began again; but the same tremendous sounds were repeated, and the oration still-born. How could one exert such a silly surly triumph over a poor pretty child?

I believe that soon I shall have a pleasanter tale to tell you; it is said my Lady Anson, not content with the profusion of absurdities she utters (by the way, one of her last sayings, and extremely in the style of Mr. Lyttelton's making love, was, as she sat down to play at brag at the corner of a square table: Lady Fitzwalter said she was sorry she had not better room; 'Oh! Madam,' said my Lady Anson, 'I can sit like a nightingale, with my breast against a thorn'): in short, that, not content with so much wit, she proposes to entertain the town to the tune of Doctors' Commons. She does not mince her disappointments: here is an epigram that has been made on the subject.

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[3] Rev. Francis Ayscough (1700–1766), tutor to Prince George, and Clerk of the Closet to the Prince of Wales. He was made Dean of Bristol in 1761. He was brother-in-law of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, whose tutor he had been at Oxford.

As Anson his voyage to my lady was reading,
And recounting his dangers,—thank God! she's not
breeding:
He came to the passage, where, like the old Roman,
He stoutly withstood the temptation of woman:
The Baroness smil'd—when continuing, he said,
'Think what terror must then fill the poor lover's head'—
'Alack,' quoth my lady, 'he had nothing to fear,
Were that Scipio as harmless as you are, my dear.'. . .[4]

297. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1749.

I am returned to my Strawberry, and find it in such beauty, that I shall be impatient till I see you and your sisters here. They must excuse me if I don't marry for their reception; for it is said the Draxes have impeached fifteen more damsels, and till all the juries of matrons have finished their inquest, one shall not care to make one's choice—I was going to say—*throw one's handkerchief*, but at present that term would be a little equivocal.

As I came to town I was extremely entertained with some excursions I made out of the road in search of antiquities. At Layer Marney[1] is a noble old remnant of the palace of the Lords Marney, with three very good tombs in the church well preserved. At Messing I saw an extreme fine window of painted glass in the church: it is the duties prescribed in the Gospel, of visiting the sick and prisoners, &c. I mistook, and called it the seven deadly sins. There is a very old tomb of Sir Robert Messing, that built the church[2]. The *Hall Place*[3] is a fragment of an old house belonging to Lord Grimston[4]; Lady Luckyn[5] his mother, of fourscore and six, lives in it with an old son and daughter. The servant who shewed it, told us much history of another brother, that had been parson there: this history was entirely composed of the anecdotes of the doctor's drinking, who, as the man told us, had been *a blood!* There are some Scotch arms taken from the rebels in the '15, and many old coats of arms on glass, bought from Newhall, which now belongs to Olmius[6]. Mr. Conyers bought a window[7] there for only a hundred pound, on which was painted Harry the Eighth and one of his queens at full length: he has put it up at Copt Hall, a seat which he has bought that belonged to Lord North and Grey. You see I persevere in my heraldry. T'other day the parson of Rigby's parish dined with us—he has conceived as high an opinion of my skill in genealogies, as if I could say the first chapter of Matthew by heart. R. drank my health to him,

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[4] Passage omitted.

LETTER 297.—[1] Layer Marney and Messing are near the high-road between Colchester and Chelmsford.

[2] The founder's tomb has been removed.

[3] It has now entirely disappeared.

[4] William Grimston (circ. 1683–1756), first Viscount Grimston. He was the second son of Sir William Luckyn, third Baronet, and took the name of Grimston on succeeding to the estates of his great-uncle Sir Samuel Grimston, third Baronet.

[5] Mary, daughter of William Sherington, Alderman of London, and widow of Sir William Luckyn, third Baronet, of Little Waltham, Essex.

[6] John Olmius (1711–1762), cr. (1762) Baron Waltham of Philipstown, King's County.

[7] Now in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. It was sold by Mr. Conyers to that parish (for £400) in 1758.

and that I might come to be Garter King at Arms: the poor man replied with great zeal, *I wish he may with all my heart!* Certainly, I am born to preferment; I gave an old beggar woman a penny once, who prayed that I might live to be Lord Mayor of London! What pleased me most in my travels was Dr. Sayer's parsonage at Witham [8], which, with Southcote's help, whose old Roman Catholic father lives just by him, he has made one of the most charming villas in England. There are sweet meadows falling down a hill, and rising again on t'other side of the prettiest little winding stream you ever saw.

You did not at all surprise me with the relation of the keeper's brutality to your family, or of his master's to the dowager's handmaid. His savage temper increases every day. George Boscawen [9] is in a scrape with him by a court-martial, of which he is one; it was appointed on a young poor soldier, who to see his friends had counterfeited a furlough of leave only for a day. They ordered him two hundred lashes; but Nolkejumskoi, who loves blood like a leech, insisted it was not enough—has made them sit three times, though every one adheres to the first sentence, and swears they shall sit these six months till they increase the punishment. The fair Mrs. Pitt has been mobbed in the Park, and with difficulty rescued by some gentlemen, only because this bashaw is in love with her. You heard, I suppose, of his other amour with the Savoyard girl. He sent her to Windsor and offered her a hundred pound, which she refused because he was a heretic; he sent her back on foot. Inclosed is a new print on this subject, which I think has more humour than I almost ever saw in one of that sort.

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[8] In Essex.

[9] Hon. George Boscawen (1712–1775), fourth son of first Viscount Falmouth; served in the army; was at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy; Lieutenant-General, 1760; M.P. for Penryn. He married (1743) George Montagu's first cousin, Miss Anne Trevor. (See Table II.)

Should I not condole with you upon the death of the head of the Cues[10]? If you have not heard his will, I will tell you. The settled estate of eight thousand a year is to go between the two daughters[11], out of which is a jointure of three thousand a year to the Duchess Dowager, and to that he has added a thousand more out of the unsettled estate, which is nine thousand. He gives, together with his blessing, four thousand per annum rent-charge to the Duchess of Manchester in present, provided she will contest nothing with her sister, who is to have all the rest, and the reversion of the whole after Lady Cardigan and her children: but in case she disputes, Lady Hinchinbrook[12] and hers are in the entail next to the Cardigans, who are to take the Montagu name and livery. I don't know what Mr. Hussy will think of the blessing, but they say his Duchess will be inclined to mind it; she always wanted to be well with her father, but hated her mother. There are two codicils, one in favour of his servants, and the other of his dogs, cats, and creatures; which was a little unnecessary, for Lady Cardigan has exactly his turn for saving everything's life[13]. As he was making the codicil, one of his cats jumped on his knee: *What,* says he, *have you a mind to be a witness too! You can't, for you are a party concerned.* The Duchess was on the point of losing ten thousand pound by a fit of Marlbro' humour[14]. It was in old Fairfax's hands. When he died, she sent for it to his nephew; who owned the trust, but said he could not give it up without a release from the Duke: she said 'No, it was her own money, and she would have it in her own way; the Duke would do it for a word speaking, but she would have it in her own way.' She sent to the South Sea Company, as it is in their bonds, to order Mr. F. to deliver it: they had nothing to do with it. In the interim the Duke died. Had the Manchester been a legatee, she had lost it, but it will not be worth the Cardigan's while to dispute it, for she has at least ninety more, and never would lend the Duke a shilling in all his purchases.

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[10] The Duke of Montagu, who died on July 16, 1749.

[11] Isabella, widow of second Duke of Manchester, and Mary, Countess of Cardigan (whose husband was afterwards created Duke of Montagu).

[12] Elizabeth (d. 1761), daughter of Alexander Popham, of Littlecot, Wiltshire, by Lady Anne Montagu, daughter of first Duke of Montagu; m. 1. (1707) Viscount Hinchinbroke, eldest son of third Earl of Sandwich (whom he predeceased); 2. (1728) Francis Seymour, of Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

[13] 'The Duke of Montagu has an hospital for old cows and horses; none of his tenants near Boughton dare kill a broken-winded horse: they must bring them all to the *reservoir*.' (Spence, *Anecdotes*, ed. 1820, p. 328.)

[14] She was a daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough.

Lord Stafford is going to send his poor wife with one maid and one horse to a farm-house in Shropshire for ever! The Mirepoix are come; but I have not yet seen them. A thousand compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever,
H. W.

298. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 24, 1749.

You and Dr. Cocchi have made me ashamed with the civilities you showed to my book—I hope it blushed!

You have seen the death of the Duke of Montagu[1] in all the papers. His loss will be extremely felt! he paid no less than 2,700*l.* a year in private pensions, which ought to be known, to balance the immense history of his places; of which he was perpetually obtaining new, and making the utmost of all: he had quartered on the Great Wardrobe no less than thirty nominal tailors and arras-workers. This employment is to be dropped; his others are not yet given away. My father had great opinion of his understanding,

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Letter 298.—[1] John, the last Duke of Montagu, was Knight of the Garter, Great Master of the Order of the Bath, Master of the Great Wardrobe, Colonel of the Blues, &c., &c. *Walpole.*

and at the beginning of the war was most desirous of persuading him to be Generalissimo; but the Duke was very diffident of himself, and, having seen little service, would not accept it. In short, with some foibles, he was a most amiable man, and one of the most feeling I ever knew. His estate is 17,000*l.* a year; the Duchess of Manchester must have four of it; all the rest he has given, after four thousand a year to the Duchess Dowager shall fall in, to his other daughter Lady Cardigan. Lord Vere Beauclerc[2] has thrown his into the list of vacant employments: he resigned his Lordship of the Admiralty on Anson's being preferred to him for Vice-Admiral of England; but what heightened the disgust, was Lord Vere's going a party to visit the docks with Sandwich and Anson, after this was done, and yet they never mentioned it to him. It was not possible to converse with them upon good terms every day afterwards. You perceive our powers and places are in a very fluctuating situation: the Prince will have a catalogue of discontented ready to fill the whole civil list. My Lord Chancellor was terrified the other day with a vision of such a revolution: he saw Lord Bath kiss hands, and had like to have dropped the seals with the agony of not knowing what it was for—it was only for his going to Spa. However, as this is an event which the Chancellor has never thought an impossible one, he is daily making Christian preparation against it. He has just married his other daughter[3] to Sir John Heathcote's son; a Prince little inferior to Pigwiggin in person; and procreated in a greater bed of money and avarice than Pigwiggin himself: they say, there is a peerage already promised to him by the title of Lord Normanton. The King has consented to give two earldoms to replace the great families of Somerset and Northumberland in their descendants; Lady Betty Smithson is to have the latter title after the Duke of Somerset's death, and Sir Charles Windham any other appellation he shall choose. You know Lord Granville had got a grant of Northumberland for him, but it was stopped. These two hang a little, by the Duke of Somerset's wanting to have the earldom for his son-in-law [4], instead of his daughter [5].

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[2] Lord Vere Beauclerc, brother of the Duke of St. Albans, afterwards created Lord Vere of Hanworth. *Walpole.*

[3] Hon. Margaret Yorke (d. 1769), second daughter of first Baron (afterwards first Earl of) Hardwicke; m. Gilbert, eldest son of Sir John Heathcote, second Baronet. The wealth of the Heathcote family was acquired by Sir Gilbert, the first Baronet (d. 1733), who was reputed the richest commoner in England. His avarice was proverbial, and was alluded to by Pope. A peerage was conferred on the descendant of the first Baronet in 1856, when Sir Gilbert John Heathcote was created Baron Aveland.

You ask me about the principles of the Methodists: I have tried to learn them, and have read one of their books. The *visible* part seems to be nothing but stricter practice than that of our Church, clothed in the old exploded cant of mystical devotion. For example, you take a metaphor; we will say our passions are *weeds*; you immediately drop every description of the passions, and adopt everything peculiar to weeds: in five minutes a true Methodist will talk with the greatest compunction of *hoeing*—this catches women of fashion and shopkeepers.

I have now a request to make to you: Mrs. Gibberne [6] is extremely desirous of having her son come to England for a short time. There is a small estate left to the family, I think by the uncle; his presence is absolutely necessary: however, the poor woman is so happy in his situation with you, that she talks of giving up everything rather than disoblige you by fetching him to England. She has been so unfortunate as to lose a favourite daughter, that was just married greatly to a Lisbon merchant; the girl was so divided in her affections, that she had a mind not to have followed her husband to Portugal. Mrs. Leneve, to comfort the poor woman, told her what a distress this would have been either way: she was so struck with this position, that she said, 'Dear Madam, it is very lucky she died!'—and since that, she has never cried, but for joy! Though it is impossible not to smile at these awkward sensations of unrefined nature, yet I am sure your good-nature will agree with me in giving the poor creature this satisfaction; and therefore I beg it. Adieu!

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[4] Sir Hugh Smithson. *Walpole.*

[5] The Duke of Somerset was eventually created Earl of Northumberland with remainder to Sir Hugh Smithson, and Earl of Egremont with remainder to Sir Charles Windham. *Dover.*

[6] The mother of Mann's secretary.

P.S. I forgot to tell you a piece of Methodism, which is that they write up religious sentences everywhere, and have extremely purified the style of writing on public walls: they now scribble the name of the Prince of Peace, instead of the Princess!

299. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 17, 1749.

I HEAR of nothing but your obliging civilities to the Barrets[1]: I don't wonder you are attentive to please; my amazement is, when I find it well distributed: you have all your life been making Florence agreeable to everybody that came there, who have almost all forgot it—or worse. But Mr. and Mrs. Barret do you justice, and as they are very sensible and agreeable, I am persuaded you will always find that they know how to esteem such goodness as yours. Mr. Chute has this morning received here a letter from Mr. Barret, and will answer it very soon. Mr. Montagu is here too, and happy to hear he is so well, and recommends

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LETTER 299.—[1] Thomas Lennard Barret, afterwards Lord Dacre of the South, and his wife Anne, daughter of Lord Chief Justice Pratt. *Walpole.*—He was born in 1717, succeeded his mother in the peerage in 1755, and died in 1786. His wife (who was also sister of the first Earl Camden) died in 1806.

several compliments to your conveyance. Your brother mentions your being prevented writing to me, by the toothache; I hate you should have any pain.

You always let us draw upon you for such weight of civilities to anybody we recommend, that if I did not desire to show my attention, and the regard I have for Count Lorenzi[2], yet it would be burning ingratitude not to repay you. I have accordingly been trying to be very civil to the Chevalier; I did see him once at Florence. To-morrow I am to fetch him hither to dinner, from Putney, where the Mirepoix's have got a house. I gave Madame her father's simple letter, of which she took no more notice than it deserved; but Prince Beauvau has written her a very particular one about me, and is to come over himself in the winter to make me a visit: this has warmed their *politesse.* I should have known the Ambassadress anywhere by the likeness to her family. He is cold and stately, and not much tasted here. She is very sensible; but neither of them satisfy me in one point; I wanted to see something that was the quintessence of the newest *bon ton*, that had the last *bel air*, and spoke the freshest jargon. These people have scarce ever lived at Paris, are reasonable, and little amusing with follies. They have brought a cousin of his, a Monsieur de Lévi, who has a *tantino* of what I wanted to see. You know they pique themselves much upon their Jewish name, and call cousins with the Virgin Mary. They have a picture in the family, where she is made to say to the founder of the house, 'Couvrez-vous, mon cousin.' He replies, 'Non pas, ma très sainte cousine, je sais trop bien le respect que je vous dois[3].'

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[2] The French minister at Florence. *Walpole.*

[3] There is said to have been another equally absurd picture in the same family, in which Noah is represented going into the ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was written *Papiers de la maison de Lévis. Dover.*

There is nothing like news: Kensington Palace had like to have made an article the other night; it was on fire: my Lady Yarmouth has an ague, and is forced to keep a constant fire in her room against the damps. When my Lady Suffolk lived in that apartment, the floor produced a constant crop of mushrooms. Though there are so many vacant chambers, the King hoards all he can, and has locked up half the palace since the Queen's death: so he does at St. James's, and I believe would put the rooms out to interest, if he could get a closet a year for them! Somebody told my Lady Yarmouth they wondered she would live in that unwholesome apartment, when there are so many other rooms: she replied, 'Mais pas pour moy.'

The scagliuola tables are arrived, and only one has suffered a little on the edge: the pattern is perfectly pretty. It would oblige me much if you could make the friar make a couple more for me, and with a little more expedition.

Don't be so humble about your pedigree: there is not a pipe of good blood in the kingdom but we will tap for you: Mr. Chute has it now in painting; and you may depend on having it with the most satisfactory proofs, as soon as it can possibly be finished. He has taken great pains, and fathomed half the genealogies in England for you.

You have been extremely misinformed about my father's writing his own history: I often pressed it, but he never once threw a thought that way. He neither loved reading nor writing; and at last, the only time he had leisure, was not well enough. He used to say, 'that but few men should ever be ministers, for it let them see too much of the badness of mankind.' Your story, I imagine, was inoculated on this speech. Adieu!

300. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 26, 1749.

I flatter myself that you are quite recovered of your disorder, and that your sisters will not look with an evil eye on Strawberry Hill.

Mr. Chute and I are returned from our expedition, miraculously well, considering all our distresses. If you love good roads, conveniences, good inns, plenty of postilions and horses, be so kind to yourself as never to go into Sussex. We thought ourselves in the northest part of England; the whole country has a Saxon air, and the inhabitants are as savage, as if King George the Second was the first monarch of the East Angles. Coaches grow there no more than balm and spices; we were forced to drop our post-chaise, in which we were thrice overturned, and hire a machine that resembled nothing so much as Harlequin's calash[1], which was occasionally a chaise or a baker's cart. We journeyed over Alpine mountains, drenched in clouds, and thought of Harlequin again, when he was driving the chariot of the sun through the morning clouds, and so was glad to hear the *aqua vitæ* man crying a dram. At last we got to Arundel Castle, which was visibly built for defence in an impracticable country. It is now only a heap of ruins, with a new indifferent apartment clapt up for the Norfolks, when they reside there for a week or a fortnight. Their priest showed us about. There are the walls of a round tower where a garrison held out against Cromwell; he planted a battery on the top of the church, and reduced them. There is a gloomy gateway and dungeons, in one of which I conclude is kept the old woman who, in the time of the late Rebellion, offered to show Lord R. Sutton[2] where

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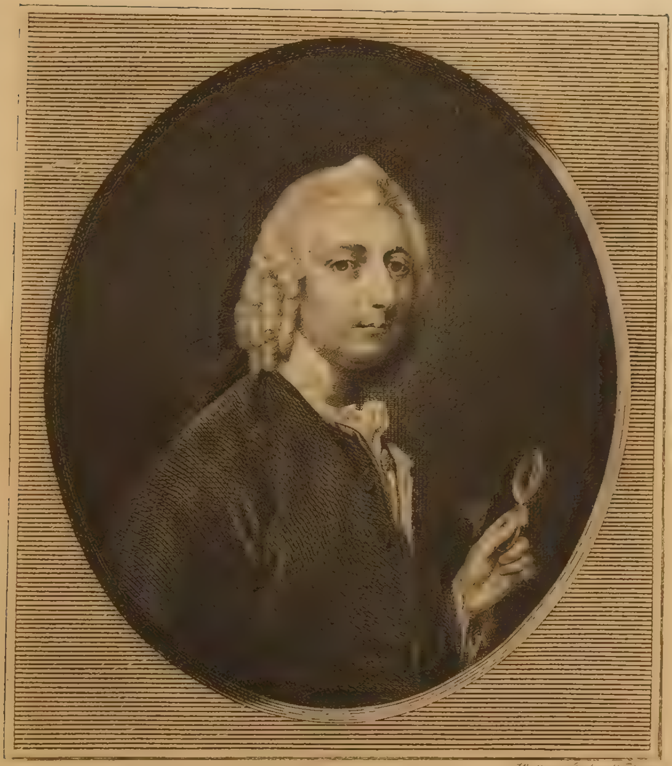
Letter 300.—[1] A kind of light carriage.

[2] Second son of third Duke of Rutland; d. 1762.



Walker & Cockerell Ph. sc.

John Chute.

arms were hid at Worksop. The Duchess complimented him into dining before his search, and in the mean time the woman was spirited away, and adieu the arms! There are fine monuments of the old Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, in the church. Mr. Chute, whom I have created *Strawberry King at Arms*, has had brave sport *à la chasse aux armes.*

We were charmed with the magnificence of the park at Petworth[3], which is Percy to the backbone[4]; but the house and garden did not please our antiquarian spirit. The house is entirely new-fronted in the style of the Tuileries, and furnished exactly like Hampton Court. There is one room gloriously flounced all round [with] whole-length pictures, with much the finest carving of Gibbins that ever my eyes beheld. There are birds absolutely feathered; and two antique vases with bas-relieves, as perfect and beautiful as if they were carved by a Grecian master. There is a noble Claud Lorrain, a very curious picture of the haughty Anne Stanhope[5], the Protector's wife, pretty, but not giving one an idea of her character, and many old portraits; but the housekeeper was at London, and we did not learn half. The chapel is grand and proper. At the inn we entertained ourselves with the landlord, whom my Lord Hervey[6] had cabineted when he went to woo one of the Lady Seymours.

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[3] Then the property of the Duke of Somerset, through his mother, the daughter of the fifth Earl of Northumberland. On the Duke's death Petworth descended to his nephew, Sir Charles Wyndham, who succeeded him as Earl of Egremont. (See Table IV.)

[4] The manor of Petworth was conveyed in 1140 to Joceline of Louvain by his sister, Queen Adeliza of Louvain. Joceline married Agnes, daughter of William de Percy. He took his wife's name, and carried Petworth into the Percy family.

[5] Anne (d. 1587), daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, of Shelford, Nottinghamshire; m. (circ. 1537) Edward Seymour, then Viscount Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset.

[6] George William, Lord Hervey, afterwards second Earl of Bristol. His grandfather Lord Bristol (writing under date of Nov. 10, 1750) proposes to Lord Hervey a match with a Miss Archer, 'hoping you will not let this lady slip through your fingers as you did the sisters Seymour.'

Our greatest pleasure was seeing Cowdry[7], which is repairing; Lord Montacute[8] will at last live in it. We thought of old Margaret of Clarence[9], who lived there; one of her accusations was built on the bulls found there. It was the palace of her great-uncle, the Marquis Montacute[10]. I was charmed with the front, and the court, and the fountain; but the room called Holbein's, except the curiosity of it, is wretchedly painted, and infinitely inferior to those delightful histories of Harry the Eighth in the private apartment at Windsor. I was much more pleased with a whole-length picture of Sir Anthony Brown[11] in the very dress in which he wedded Anne of Cleves by proxy. He is in blue and white, only his right leg is entirely white, which was certainly robed for the act of putting into bed to her; but when the King came to marry her, he only put his leg into bed to kick her out of it.

I have set up my staff, and finished my pilgrimages for this year. Sussex is a great damper of curiosity. Adieu! my compliments to your sister.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

301. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 12, 1749.

I have your two letters to answer of August 15th and 26th, and, as far as I see before me, have a great deal of paper, which I don't know how to fill. The town is notoriously empty; at Kensington they have scarce company enough to pay for lighting the candles. The Duke has been for a week with the Duke of Bedford at Woburn: Princess Emily remains, saying *civil things*; for example, the second time she saw Madame de Mirepoix, she cried out, 'Ah! Madame, vous n'avez pas tant de rouge aujourd'hui: la première fois que vous êtes venue ici, vous aviez une quantité horrible.' This the Mirepoix herself repeated to me; you may imagine her astonishment,—I mean, as far as your duty will give you leave. I like her extremely; she has a great deal of quiet sense. They try much to be English, and whip into frocks without measure, and fancy they are doing the fashion. Then she has heard so much of that villainous custom of giving money to the servants of other people, that there is no convincing her that women of fashion never give; she distributes with both hands. The Chevalier Lorenzi has dined with me here: I gave him venison, and, as he was determined to like it, he protested it was 'as good as beef.' You will be delighted with what happened to him: he was impatient to make his brother's compliments to Mr. Chute, and hearing somebody at Kensington call *Mr. Schutz*, he easily mistook the sound, and went up to him, and asked him if he had not been at Florence! Schutz with the utmost Hanoverian gravity replied, 'Oui, oui, j'ai été à Florence, oui, oui:—mais où est-il, ce Florence?'

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[7] Near Midhurst, in Sussex.

[8] Antony Browne (1686–1767), sixth Viscount Montagu.

[9] Margaret Plantagenet (1473–1541), daughter of George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, wife of Sir Richard Pole; cr. (1513) Countess of Salisbury. The bulls mentioned by Horace Walpole were found at Warblington, near Havant (where the Countess resided), not at Cowdray, where, however, she remained for some months after her arrest, in the care of Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, the then owner.

[10] John Neville (circ. 1430–1471), Marquis of Montagu, brother of Warwick the King-Maker. He was killed at the battle of Barnet.

[11] Master of the Horse to Henry VIII; d. 1548.

The Richcourts[1] are arrived, and have brought with them a strapping lad of your Count; sure, is it the boy that my Lady O. used to bring up by hand? he is pretty picking for her now. The woman is handsome, but clumsy to a degree, and as much too masculine as her lover Rice is too

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Letter 301.—[1] Count Richcourt, brother of the minister at Florence, and Envoy from the Emperor: his wife was a Piedmontese. *Walpole.*

little so. Sir Charles Williams too is arrived, and tells me how much he has heard in your praise in Germany. Villettes is here, but I have had no dealing with him. I think I talk nothing but foreign ministers to-day, as if I were just landed from the Diet of Ratisbon. But I shall have done on this chapter, and I think on all others, for you say such extravagant things of my letters, which are nothing but gossiping gazettes, that I cannot bear it. Then you have undone yourself with me, for you compare them to Madame Sévigné's; absolute treason! Do you know, there is scarce a book in the world I love so much as her letters?

How infinitely humane you are about Gibberne! Shall I amuse you with the truth of that history, which I have discovered? The poor silly woman, his mother, has pressed his coming for a very private reason—only to make him one of the most considerable men in this country!—and by what wonderful means do you think this mighty business is to be effected? only by the beauties of his person! As I remember, he was as little like an Adonis as could be: you must keep this inviolably; but depend upon the truth of it—I mean, that his mother really has this idea. She showed his picture to—why, to the Duchess of Cleveland, to the Duchess of Portsmouth, to Madame Pompadour; in short, to one of them, I don't know which, I only know it was *not* to my Lady Suffolk, the King's *former* mistress. 'Mon Dieu! Madame, est-il frai que fotre fils est si sholi que ce bortrait? il faut que je le garte; je feux apsolument l'afoir.' The woman protested nothing ever was so handsome as her lad, and that the nasty picture did not do him half justice. In short, she flatters herself that the Countess[2] will do him whole justice: I don't think it impossible but, out of charity, she may make him groom of the chambers. I don't know, indeed, how the article of beauty may answer; but if you should lose your Gibberne, it is good to have a friend at court.

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[2] **Lady Yarmouth.** *Walpole.*

Lord Granby is going to be married to the eldest of the Lady Seymours; she has above a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. The Duke of Rutland will take none of it, but gives at present six thousand a year.

That I may keep my promise to myself of having nothing to tell you, I shall bid you good night; but I really do know no more. Don't whisper my anecdote even to Gibberne, if he is not yet set out; nor to the Barrets. I wish you a merry, merry baths of Pisa, as the link-boys say at Vauxhall. Adieu!

302. To JOHN CHUTE.

MY DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1749.

I expect Sir Charles Williams to scold me excessively. He wrote me a letter, in which he desired that I would send you word by last night's post, that he expected to meet you here by Michaelmas, according to your promise. I was unfortunately at London; the letter was directed hither from Lord Ilchester's, where he is; and so I did not receive it till this morning. I hope, however, this will be time enough to put you in mind of your appointment; but while I am so much afraid of Sir Charles's anger, I seem to forget the pleasure I shall have in seeing you myself; I hope you know that: but he is still more pressing, as he will stay so little time in England. Adieu!

303. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1749.

I AM much obliged to you, dear Sir, and agree with your opinion about the painting of Prince Edward, that it can't be original and authentic, and consequently not worth copying. Lord Chomley is, indeed, an original! but who are the wise people that build for him? Sir Philip Hobby[1] seems to be the only person likely to be benefited by this new extravagance. I have just seen a collection of tombs like those you describe; the house of Russell robed in alabaster and painted. There are seven monuments in all; one is immense, flaunting in marble, cherubim'd and seraphim'd, crusted with bas-reliefs and titles, for the first Duke of Bedford[2] and his Duchess. All these are in a chapel of the church at Cheneys[3], the seat of the first Earls. There are but piteous fragments of the house remaining, now a farm, built round three sides of a court. It is dropping down, in several places without a roof, but in half the windows are beautiful arms in painted glass. As these are so totally neglected, I propose making a push, and begging them of the Duke of Bedford. They would be magnificent for Strawberry Castle. Did I tell you that I have found a text in Deuteronomy to authorize my future battlements? *When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence.*

I saw Cheneys at a visit I have been making to Harry Conway at Latimers[4]. This house, which they have hired, is large and bad, old but of a bad age; finely situated on a hill in a beech wood, with a river at the bottom, and a range of hills and woods on the opposite side belonging

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LETTER 303.—[1] Sir Philip Hoby (1505–1558), diplomatist. The meaning of the allusion may be that as Sir Philip was employed by the English government to negotiate loans with foreign merchants, so Lord Cholmondeley (whose extravagance and impecuniosity were notorious) would be obliged to employ some go-between to raise money for him.

[2] William Russell (1613–1700), fifth Earl and first Duke of Bedford; m. (1637) Lady Anne Kerr, daughter of Robert Kerr, Earl of Somerset.

[3] Near Amersham in Buckinghamshire.

[4] Near Chesham in Buckinghamshire. It belonged then, as now, to the Cavendish family.

to the Bedford. They are fond of it; the view is melancholy. In the church at Cheneys Mr. Conway put on an old helmet we found there: you cannot imagine how it suited him, how antique and handsome he looked; you would have taken him for Rinaldo. Now I have dipped you so deep in heraldry and genealogies, I shall beg you to step into the church of Stoke[5]; I know it is not asking you to do a disagreeable thing to call there; I want an account of the tomb of the first Earl of Huntingdon[6], an ancestor of mine, who lies there. I asked Gray, but he could tell me little about it. You know how out of humour Gray has been about our diverting ourselves with pedigrees, which is at least as wise as making a serious point of haranguing against the study. I believe neither Mr. Chute nor I ever contracted a moment's vanity from any of our discoveries, or ever preferred them to anything but brag and whisk. Well, Gray has set himself to compute, and has found out that there must go a million of ancestors in twenty generations to everybody's composition[7].

I dig and plant till it is dark; all my works are revived and proceeding. When will you come and assist? You know I have an absolute promise, and shall now every day expect you. My compliments to your sisters.

I am, dear George,
Yours most faithfully,
H. W.

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[5] Stoke Poges in Buckinghamshire, frequently visited by Gray during the residence there of his mother and aunts. It is commonly supposed that Gray's *Elegy* was inspired by the churchyard of Stoke Poges, where (in the same vault with his mother) Gray is buried. Another poem connected with Stoke Poges is the *Long Story*, in which Gray commemorates a visit paid him by Miss Speed and Lady Schaub, the niece and friend of Lady Cobham, who lived at Stoke Manor House.

[6] George Hastings (d. 1545), first Earl of Huntingdon, was buried in the chancel of Stoke Poges Church, but has no tomb.

[7] A portion of the original letter has here been cut out.

304. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 27, 1749.

YOU never was more conveniently in fault in your life: I have been going to make you excuses these ten days for not writing; and while I was inventing them, your humble letter of Oct. 10th arrives. I am so glad to find it is you that are to blame, not I. Well, well, I am all good-nature, I forgive you; I can overlook such little negligences.

Mr. Chute is indefatigable in your service, but Anstis has been very troublesome; he makes as many difficulties in signing a certificate about folks that are dead as if they were claiming an estate. I am sorry you are so pressed, for poor Mr. Chute is taken off from this pursuit: he was fetched from hence this day se'nnight to his infernal brother's, where a Mrs. Mildmay, whom you must have heard him mention, is dead suddenly: this may turn out a very great misfortune to our friend.

Your friend, Mr. Dodington, has not quite stuck to the letter of the declaration he sent you: he is first minister at Carlton House[1], and is to lead the opposition; but the misfortune is, nobody will be led by him. The whole court is in disorder by this event: everybody else laughs.

I am glad the Barrets please you, and that I have pleased Count Lorenzi. I must tell you a speech of the Chevalier, which you will reconnoitre for Florentine; one would think he had seen no more of the world than his brother[2]. He was visiting Lady Yarmouth with Mirepoix: he drew a person into a window, and whispered him; 'Dites-moi un peu en ami, je vous en prie; qu'est ce que c'est que Miledi Yar-

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LETTER 304.—[1] The Prince of Wales, in spite of Dodington's previous desertion, took the latter back into his service, and had promised to give him a peerage and to make him Secretary of State when he should succeed to the crown.

[2] Who had never been out of Tuscany. *Walpole.*

mouth?'—'Eh! bien, vous ne savez pas?'—'Non, ma foi: nous savons ce que c'est que Miledi Middlesex.'

Gibberne is arrived. I don't tell you this apropos to the foregoing paragraph: he has wanted to come hither, but I have waived his visit till I am in town.

I announce to you the old absurd Countess—not of Orford, but Pomfret. Bistino will have enough to do: there is Lady Juliana[3], who is very like, but not so handsome as Lady Granville; and Lady Granville's little child[4]. They are actually in France; I don't doubt but you will have them. I shall pity you under a second edition of her follies. Adieu! Pray ask my pardon for my writing you so short a letter.

305. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1749.

At last I have seen *le beau* Gibberne: I was extremely glad to see him, after I had done contemplating his person, which surely was never designed to figure in a romance. I never saw a creature so grateful! It is impossible not to be touched with the attachment he has for you. He talks of returning; and, indeed, I would advise it for his sake: he is quite spoiled for living in England, and had entirely forgot what Visigoths his countrymen are. But I must drop him to thank you for the charming intaglio which you have stolen upon me by his means: it is admired as much as it deserves; but with me it has all the additional merit of coming from you. Gibberne says you will be frightened at a lamentable history[1] that you will read of me in the

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[3] Afterwards married to Mr. Penn. *Walpole.*

[4] Lady Sophia Carteret, daughter of second Earl Granville; m. (1765) William Petty, second Earl of Shelburne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne); d. 1771.

Letter 305.—[1] Mr. W. had been robbed the week before in Hyde Park, and narrowly escaped being newspapers; but pray don't be frightened: the danger, great as it was, was over before I had any notion of it; and the hurt did not deserve mentioning. The relation is so near the truth, that I need not repeat it; and, indeed, the frequent repetition has been much worse than the robbery. I have at last been relieved by the riots[2] at the new French theatre, and by Lord Coke's lawsuit[3]. The first has been opened twice; the latter to-day. The young men of fashion, who espouse the French players, have hitherto triumphed: the old ladies, who countenance Lady Mary Coke, are likely to have their grey beards brought with sorrow to the grave. It will be a new æra (or, as my Lord Baltimore calls it, a new *area*) in English history, to have the mob and the Scotch beat out of two points that they have endeavoured to make national. I dare say the Chevalier Lorenzi will write ample accounts to Florence of these and all our English phenomena. I think, if possible, we brutalize more and more: the only difference is, that though everything is anarchy, there seems to be less general party than ever. The humours abound, but

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killed by the accidental going off of the highwayman's pistol, which did stun him, and took off the skin of his cheek-bone. *Walpole.*—'The Hon. Horatio Walpole, brother to the Earl of Orford, who was robbed by two men on the 7th [of Nov.] in Hyde Park, when a pistol going off shot through the coach, and scorched his face, received a letter from the robbers, intimating their concern for the accident, and their apprehension of the consequences at that time; and that, if he would send, to a place named, a person would be there to deliver his watch, sword, and coachman's watch, if he would, on his honour, send 40 guineas in less than an hour to the same place, with threats of destruction if he did not. But he did not comply, though he afterwards offered 20, the sum they fell to in a second letter.' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1749, p. 522.)

[2] The mob was determined not to suffer French players; and Lord Trentham's engaging in their defence, was made great use of against him at the ensuing election for Westminster, where he was to be re-chosen, on being appointed a Lord of the Admiralty. *Walpole.*

[3] Lady Mary Coke swore the peace against her husband. *Walpole.*—After having practically imprisoned her for six months at Holkham, Lord Coke was called upon to produce her before the King's Bench, where she at once took the step mentioned by Horace Walpole. Lady Mary also instituted a suit for divorce, but it fell through. She lived apart from her husband till his death.

there wants some notable physician to bring them to a head.

The Parliament met yesterday: we had opposition, but no division on the Address.

Now the Barrets have left you, Mr. Chute and I will venture to open our minds to you a little; that is, to comfort you for the loss of your friends we will abuse them—that is enough in the way of the world. Mr. Chute had no kind of acquaintance with Mr. Barret till just before he set out: I, who have known him all my life, must tell you that all those nerves are imaginary, and that as long as there are distempers in the world, he will have one or two constantly upon his list. I don't know her; I never heard much of her understanding, but I had rather take your opinion; or at least, if I am not absolutely so complaisant, I will believe that you was determined to like them on Mr. Chute's account. I would not speak so plainly to you (and have not I been very severe?) if I were not sure that your good-nature would not relax any offices of friendship to them. You will scold me black and blue; but you know I always tell you when the goodness of your heart makes you borrow a little from that of other people to lend to their heads. Good night!

306. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1750.

I DON'T at all know what to say to you, for not having writ to you since the middle of November: I only know that nothing has happened, and so I have omitted telling you nothing. I have had two from you in the interim, one of Nov. 28th, and one without a date, in which you are extremely kind about my robbery, of which in my last I assured you there were no consequences: thank you a thousand times for having felt so much on my account. Gibberne has been with me again to-day, as his mother was a fortnight ago: she talked me to death, and three times after telling me her whole history, she said, 'Well, then, Sir, upon the whole,' and began it all again. *Upon the whole*, I think she has a mind to keep her son in England; and he has a mind to be kept, though in my opinion he is very unfit for living in England—he is too polished! For trade, she says, he is in a cold sweat if she mentions it; and so they propose, by the acquaintance, he says, his mother has among the quality, to get him that nothing called something. I assured them, you had too much friendship for him to desire his return, if it would be a prejudice to his interest—did not I say right? He seems a good creature; too good to make his way here.

I beg you will not omit sending me every tittle that happens to compose my Lady Pomfret's second volume. We see perpetual articles of the sale of the furniture in the Great Duke's villas: is there any truth in it? You would know me again, if you saw me playing at pharaoh on one side of Madame de Mirepoix, as I used to do by her mother: I like her extremely, though she likes nothing but gaming. His pleasure is dancing: don't you envy anybody that can have spirits to be so simple as to like themselves in a minuet after fifty? Don't tell his brother, but the Chevalier Lorenzi is the object of the family's entertainment. With all the Italian thirst for English knowledge, he vents as many absurdities as if he had a passion for Ireland too. He saw some of the Florentine *gesses* at Lord Lincoln's; he showed them to the Ambassadress with great transport, and assured her that the Great Duke had the originals, and that there never had been made any copies of them. He told her the other day that he had seen a sapphire of the size of her diamond ring, and worth more: she said that could not be.

'Oh!' said he, 'I mean, supposing your diamond were a sapphire.'

I want to know Dr. Cocchi's and your opinion of two new French books, if you have seen them. One is Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois;* which I think the best book that ever was written—at least I never learned half so much from all I ever read. There is as much wit as useful knowledge. He is said to have hurt his reputation by it in France, which I can conceive, for it is almost the interest of everybody there that can understand it to decry it. The other, far inferior, but entertaining, is Hainault's[1] *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France.* It is very amusing, though very full of Frenchisms; and though an abridgement, often so minute as to tell you when the Quinzevingts[2] first wore flower-de-luces on their shoulders: but there are several little circumstances that give one an idea of the manners of old time, like Dr. Cocchi's treatise on the old rate of expenses.

There has been nothing particular in Parliament: all our conversation has turned on the Westminster election, on which, after a vast struggle, Lord Trentham[3] had the majority. Then came on the scrutiny: after a week's squabbling on the right of election, the High Bailiff declared what he would take to be the right. They are now proceeding to disqualify votes on that foot; but as his decision

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LETTER 306.—[1] Charles Jean Hénault (1685–1770), successively 'Président au Parlement,' and superintendant of the household of Queen Marie Leczinska. He was on very friendly terms with Voltaire and with Madame du Deffand, at whose house Horace Walpole became acquainted with him. His tragedy, *Cornélie*, was printed at Strawberry Hill.

[2] Inmates of the *Hospice des Quinze Vingts*, founded about 1254 by Louis IX for three hundred blind men.

[3] Granville Leveson-Gower (1721–1803), Viscount Trentham, eldest son of first Earl Gower, whom he succeeded in 1754; cr. Marquis of Stafford, 1786; M.P. for Westminster; Lord of the Admiralty, 1749–51; Lord Privy Seal, 1755–57, 1784–94; Master of the Horse, 1757–60; Master of the Great Wardrobe, 1760–63; Lord Chamberlain, 1763–65; Lord President of the Council, 1767–79, 1783–84. He was a prominent member of the Bedford party, sometimes known as the 'Bloomsbury gang.'

could not possibly please both sides, I fear it will come to us at last.

Lord Pembroke[4] died last night: he had been at the Bridge Committee[5] in the morning, where, according to custom, he fell into an outrageous passion; as my Lord Chesterfield told him, that ever since the pier sunk he has constantly been *damming and sinking.* The watermen say to-day, that now the great *pier* (*peer*) is quite gone. Charles Stanhope[6] carried him home in his chariot; he desired the coachman to drive gently, for he could not avoid those passions; and afterwards, between shame and his asthma, he always felt daggers, and should certainly one day or other die in one of those fits. Arundel[7], his great friend and relation, came to him soon after: he repeated the conversation, and said, he did not know but he might die by night. 'God bless you! If I see you no more, take this as my last farewell!' He died in his chair at seven o'clock. He certainly is a public loss; for he was public-spirited and inflexibly honest, though prejudice and passion were so predominant in him that honesty had not fair play whenever he had been set upon any point that had been given him for right. In his lawsuit with my Lady Portland[8] he was scurrilously indecent, though to a woman; and so blasphemous at tennis, that the present primate of Ireland[9] was forced to leave off playing with him. Last year he went near to destroy post-chaises, on a quarrel with the postmaster at Hounslow, who, as he told the Bishop of Chichester[10], had an hundred devils and Jesuits in his belly. In short, he was one of the lucky English madmen who get people to say, that whatever extravagance they commit, 'Oh, it is his way.' He began his life with boxing, and ended it with living upon vegetables, into which system avarice a little entered. At the beginning of the present war, he very honourably would resign his regiment, though the King pressed him to keep it, because his rupture hindered his serving abroad. My father, with whom he was always well, would at any time have given him the blue riband; but he piqued himself on its being offered to him without asking it: the truth was, he did not care for the expense of the instalment. His great excellence was architecture: the bridge at Wilton is more beautiful than anything of Lord Burlington or Kent. He has left an only son, a fine boy about sixteen[11]. Last week, Lord Crawford[12] died too, as is supposed, by taking a large quantity of laudanum, under impatience at the badness of his circumstances, and at the seventeenth opening of the wound which he got in Hungary, in a battle with the Turks. I must tell you a story apropos of two noble instances of fidelity and generosity. His servant, a French papist, saw him fall; watched, and carried him off into a ditch. Lord Crawford told him the Turks would certainly find them, and that, as he could not live himself, it was in vain for him to risk his life too, and insisted on the man making his escape. After a long contest, the servant retired, found a priest, confessed himself, came back, and told his lord that he now was prepared to die, and would never leave him. The enemy did not return, and both were saved. After Lord Crawford's death, this story was related to old Charles Stanhope, Lord Harrington's brother, whom I mentioned just now: he sent for the fellow, told him he could not take him himself, but, as from his lord's affairs he concluded he had not been able to provide for him, he would give him fifty pound, and did.

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[4] Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Groom of the Stole. *Walpole.*

[5] The Committee appointed to superintend the construction of Westminster Bridge.

[6] Charles Stanhope (d. 1760), of Elvaston, son of John Stanhope and brother of first Earl of Harrington; sometime Secretary to the Treasury and Treasurer of the Chamber. He figures in Sir C. H. Williams' poem *Isabella, or the Morning.*

[7] Richard Arundel, Treasurer of the Chamber: his mother, the Dowager Lady Arundel, was second wife of Thomas, Earl of Pembroke, father of Earl Henry. *Walpole.*

[8] Probably Jane Martha Temple (d. 1751), Dowager Baroness Berkeley of Stratton, and second wife of William Bentinck, first Earl of Portland.

[9] Dr. George Stone. *Walpole.*—He became Archbishop of Armagh in 1747. He exercised great political influence in Ireland, and died in 1764.

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[10] Matthias Mawson, afterwards Bishop of Ely.

[11] Henry Herbert (1734–1794), tenth Earl of Pembroke; served in the army; Lieutenant-Colonel, First Foot Guards, 1756; Lord of the Bedchamber to George III, as Prince of Wales and as King, 1756, 1760–63, 1769; General, 1782; Governor of Portsmouth, 1782. His elopement (in 1762) with Miss Hunter deprived him of his place at court for some time, but he was ultimately restored to favour. He wrote a book on *Military Equitation*, which went through three editions.

[12] John Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, premier Earl of Scotland. His life, which indeed had little remarkable in it, was published afterwards in a large quarto. *Walpole.*

To make up for my long silence, and to make up a long letter, I will string another old story, which I have just heard, to this. General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuff-box, which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken it: he insisted on searching the company. He did: there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him: there the man told him, that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. 'At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed; here it is! Now, Sir, you may search me.' Wade was so struck, that he gave the man a hundred pounds; and immediately the genius of generosity, whose province is almost a sinecure, was very glad of the opportunity of making him find his own snuff-box, or another very like it, in his own pocket again.

Lord Marchmont is to succeed Lord Crawford as one of the sixteen[13]: the House of Lords is so inactive that at last the ministry have ventured to let him in there. His brother

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[13] The sixteen representative peers of Scotland.

Hume Campbell, who has been in a state of neutrality, begins to frequent the House again.

It is plain I am no monied man; as I have forgot, till I came to my last paragraph, what a ferment the money-changers are in! Mr. Pelham, who has flung himself entirely into Sir John Barnard's hands, has just miscarried in a scheme for the reduction of interest, by the intrigues of the three great companies and other usurers. They all detest Barnard, who, to honesty and abilities, joins the most intolerable pride. By my next, I suppose, you will find that Mr. Pelham is grown afraid of somebody else, of some director, and is governed by him. Adieu!—Sure I am out of debt now!

P.S. My dear Sir, I must trouble you with a commission, which I don't know whether you can execute. I am going to build a little Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill. If you can pick me up any fragments of old painted glass, arms, or anything, I shall be excessively obliged to you. I can't say I remember any such things in Italy; but out of old châteaus, I imagine, one might get it cheap, if there is any.

307. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1750.

You will hear little news from England, but of robberies[1]; the numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors have all taken to the road, or rather to the street: people are almost afraid of stirring after it is dark. My Lady Albemarle[2] was robbed

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Letter 307.—[1] 'Tuesday, Jan. 30. Several persons of distinction having been, within a few days, robbed in the streets, it was thought necessary to republish in the *Gazette* of this day, his Majesty's proclamation of £100 for taking any robber, &c., in the cities of London or Westminster, or within 5 miles of the same, with a promise of pardon to impeachers.' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1750, p. 41.)

[2] Lady Anne Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, wife of William Anne Keppel, Earl of Albemarle,

the other night in Great Russell Street, by nine men: the King gave her a gold watch and chain the next day. She says, 'the manner was all'—and indeed so it was, for I never saw a more frippery present; especially considering how great a favourite she is, and my Lady Yarmouth's friend. The Monarch is never less generous than when he has a mind to be so: the only present he ever made my father was a large diamond, cracked quite through. Once or twice, in his younger and gallant days, he has brought out a handful of maimed topazes and amethysts, and given them to be raffled for by the Maids of Honour. I told my Lady Yarmouth it had been a great loss to me that there was no Queen, for then I suppose I should have had a watch too when I was robbed.

We have had nothing remarkable in Parliament, but a sort of secession the other day on the Mutiny Bill, when Lord Egmont and the opposition walked out of the House, because the ministry would go on upon the Report, when they did not like it. It is a measure of the Prince's court to lie by, and let the ministry demolish one another, which they are hurrying to do. The two Secretaries[3] are on the brink of declaring war: the occasion is likely to be given by a Turnpike Bill, contested between the counties of Bedford and Northampton; and it grows almost as vehement a contest as the famous one between Aylesbury and Buckingham[4]. The Westminster election is still hanging in scrutiny; the Duke of Bedford paid the election[5], which he owns to have cost seven thousand pounds; and Lord Gower pays the scrutiny, which will be at least as much. This bustling little Duke has just had another miscarriage

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Ambassador at Paris, and Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Caroline. *Walpole.*

[3] The Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford. *Walpole.*

[4] For the removal of the assizes from the former to the latter.

[5] The Duke of Bedford's second wife was sister of Lord Trentham, the candidate. *Walpole.*

in Cornwall, where he attacked a family borough of the Morrices[6]. The Duke[7] espouses the Bedford; and Lord Sandwich is espoused by both. He goes once or twice a week to hunt with the Duke; and as the latter has taken a turn of gaming, Sandwich, to make his court—and fortune—carries a box and dice in his pocket; and so they throw a main, whenever the hounds are at fault, 'upon every green hill, and under every green tree.'

But we have one shocking piece of news, the dreadful account of the hurricane in the East Indies[8]: you will see the particulars in the papers; but we reckon that we don't yet know the worst. Poor Admiral Boscawen[9] has been most unfortunate[10] during his whole expedition; and what increases the horror is, that I have been assured by a very intelligent person, that Lord Anson projected this business on purpose to ruin Boscawen, who, when they came together from the victory off Cape Finisterre, complained loudly of Anson's behaviour. To silence and to hurt him, Anson dispatched him to Pondicherry, upon slight intelligence and upon improbable views.

Lord Coke's suit is still in suspense; he has been dying: she was to have died, but has recovered wonderfully on his taking the lead. Mr. Chute diverted me excessively with a confidence that Chevalier Lorenzi made him the other night—I have told you the style of his *bon-mots!* He said he should certainly return to England again, and that whenever he did, he would land at Bristol, because baths are the best places to make acquaintance,—just as if Mr. Chute, after living seven years in Italy, and keeping the best company, should return thither, and land at Leghorn, in order to make Italian acquaintance at Pisa!

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[6] Launceston; the seat was vacant by the death of Sir William Morice, third Baronet, of Werrington, Devonshire.

[7] Of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[8] On April 12 or 13, 1749, in consequence of a violent hurricane, three ships of Admiral Boscawen's fleet (including his flagship, the *Namur*) were wrecked at Fort St. David on the Coromandel coast. The Admiral's escape was due to his being on shore.

[9] Edward, next brother of Lord Falmouth. *Walpole.*

[10] Lack of reticence on the part of the government as to Boscawen's object—the reduction of Pondicherry—made it possible for the French to put Dupleix on his guard, and the ignorance of the engineer officers, under whose orders Boscawen was to act, protracted the operations until the sickly season, when the Admiral was forced to raise the siege.

Among the robberies, I might have told you of the eldest Miss Pelham[11] leaving a pair of diamond earrings, which she had borrowed for the birth-day, in a hackney chair; she had put them under the seat for fear of being attacked, and forgot them. The chairmen have sunk them. The next morning, when they were missed, the damsel began to cry; Lady Catherine[12] grew frightened, lest her infanta should vex herself sick, and summoned a jury of matrons to consult whether she should give her hartshorn or lavender drops? Mrs. Selwyn[13], who was on the panel, grew very peevish, and said, 'Pho! give her brilliant drops.' Such are the present anecdotes of the court of England! Adieu!

308. To HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 25, 1750.

I AM come hither for a little repose and air. The fatigue of a London winter, between Parliaments and rakery, is a little too much without interruption for an elderly personage, that verges towards—I won't say what. This accounts easily for my wanting quiet—but air in February will make you smile—yet it is strictly true, that the weather is unnaturally hot: we have had eight months of warmth beyond what was ever known *in any other country*; Italy is quite north with respect to us!—You know we have had an earthquake. Mr. Chute's Francesco says, that a few evenings before it there was a bright cloud, which the mob called *the bloody cloud;* that he had been told there never were earthquakes in England, or else he should have known by that symptom that there would be one within a week. I am told that Sir Isaac Newton foretold a great alteration in our climate in the year '50, and that he wished he could live to see it. Jupiter, I think, has jogged us three degrees nearer to the sun; but I don't tell you this for gospel, though I talk as bad astronomy as if I were inspired.

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[11] Frances, eldest unmarried daughter of Henry Pelham. She became a confirmed gambler, and eventually ruined herself at play. She died unmarried in 1805.

[12] Lady Catherine Manners, sister of John, Duke of Rutland, and wife of Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[13] Mary Farendon, wife of John Selwyn, Treasurer to Queen Caroline, and Woman of the Bedchamber. *Walpole.*

The Bedford Turnpike, which I announced to you in my last, is thrown out by a majority of fifty-two against the Duke of Bedford. The Pelhams, who lent their own persons to him, had set up the Duke of Grafton, to list their own dependents under against their rival. When the Chamberlain would head a party, you may be sure the opposite power is in the wane. The Newcastle is at open war, and has left off waiting on the Duke, who espouses the Bedfords. Mr. Pelham tries to patch it up, and is getting the Ordnance for the Duke[1]; but there are scarce any terms kept. Lord Sandwich, who governs the little Duke[2] through the Duchess, is the chief object of the Newcastle's hatred. Indeed there never was such a composition! he is as capable of all little knavery, as if he was not practising all great knavery. During the turnpike contest, in which he laboured night and day against his friend Halifax, he tried the grossest tricks to break agreements, when the opposite side were gone away on the security of a suspension of action: and in the very middle of that I came to the knowledge of a cruel piece of flattery which he paid to his protector. He had made interest for these two years for one Parry, a poor

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LETTER 308.—[1] Of Cumberland. [2] Of Bedford.

clergyman, schoolfellow and friend of his, to be Fellow of Eton, and had secured a majority for him. A Fellow died: another wrote to Sandwich to know if he was not to vote for Parry according to his engagement,—'No, he must vote for one who had been tutor to the Duke of Bedford,' who by that means has carried it. My Lady Lincoln[3] was not suffered to go to a ball which Sandwich made the other night for the Duke, who tumbled down in the middle of a country dance; they imagined he had beat his nose flat, but he lay like a tortoise on the top shell, his face could not reach the ground by some feet. My Lady Anson[4] was there, who insisted on dancing minuets, though against the rule of the night, with as much eagerness as you remember in my Lady Granville. Then she proposed herself for a louvre[5]; all the men vowed they had never heard of such a dance, upon which she dragged out Lady Betty Leveson[6], and made her dance one with her.

At the last ball at the same house, a great dispute of precedence, which the Duchess of Norfolk had set on foot but has dropped, came to a trial. Lord Sandwich *contrived* to be on the outside of the door to hand down to supper whatever lady came out first. Madame de Mirepoix and the Duchess of Bedford were the rival queens; the latter made a faint offer to the ambassadress to go first; she returned it, and the other briskly accepted it; upon which the ambassadress, with great cleverness, made all the other women go before her, and then asked the Duke of Bedford if he would not go too. However, though they continue to visit, the wound is incurable: you don't imagine that a widow[7] of the House of Lorrain, and a daughter of Princess Craon, can digest such an affront. It certainly was very absurd, as she is not only an ambassadress but a stranger; and consequently all English women, as being at home, should give her place. King George the Second and I don't agree in our explication of this text of ceremony; he approves the Duchess—so he does Miss Chudleigh, in a point where ceremony is out of the question. He opened the trenches before her a fortnight ago, at the masquerade—but at the last she had the gout, and could not come; he went away *fort* cross. His son is not so fickle. My Lady Middlesex has been miscarrying; he attends as incessantly as Mrs. Cannon[8]. The other morning the Princess came to call him to go to Kew; he made her wait in her coach above half an hour at the door. You will be delighted with a *bon-mot* of a chair-maker[9], whom he has discarded for voting for Lord Trentham; one of his black-caps was sent to tell this Vaughan that the Prince would employ him no more; 'I am going to bid another person make his Royal Highness a chair.'—'With all my heart,' said the chair-maker; 'I don't care what they make him, so they don't make him a throne.'

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[3] Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Pelham, and wife of Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln. *Walpole.*

[4] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor, and wife of George, Lord Anson. *Walpole.*

[5] A *louvre* or *loure*, 'danse grave de paysans à deux temps, et d'un mouvement marqué.' (Littré.)

[6] Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower (d. 1784), fifth daughter of first Earl Gower; m. (1751) Hon. John (afterwards third Earl) Waldegrave. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses Amelia and Caroline.

The Westminster election, which is still scrutinizing, produced us a parliamentary event this week, and was very near producing something much bigger. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt moved to send for the High Bailiff to inquire into the delay. The opposition took it up very high, and on its being carried against them, the Court of Requests was filled next day with mob, and the House crowded, and big with expectation. Nugent had flamed and abused Lord Sandwich violently, as author of this outrageous measure. When the Bailiff appeared, the pacific spirit of the other part of the administration had operated so much, that he was dismissed with honour; and only instructed to abridge all delays by authority of the House—in short, 'we spit in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday.' This is a new fashionable proverb which I must construe to you. About ten days ago, at the new Lady Cobham's[10] assembly, Lord Hervey[11] was leaning over a chair talking to some women, and holding his hat in his hand. Lord Cobham came up and spit in it—yes, spit in it!—and then, with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent, and said, 'Pay me my wager.' In short, he had laid a guinea that he committed this absurd brutality, and that it was not resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sensibility, asked if he had any farther occasion for his hat?—'Oh! I see you are angry!'—'Not very well pleased.' Lord Cobham took the fatal hat, and wiped it, made a thousand foolish apologies, and wanted to pass it for a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun, and went to visit Lord Hervey; so did Nugent: he would not see them, but wrote to the Spitter (or, as he is now called, Lord Gob'em), to say, that he had affronted him very grossly before company, but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham wrote him a most submissive answer, and begged pardon both in his own and Nugent's name. Here it rested for a few days; till getting wind,

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[7] Madame de Mirepoix, eldest daughter of Prince Craon, and widow of the Prince de Lixin. *Walpole.*

[8] The midwife. *Walpole.* — Mrs. Sidney Kennon (so called by Arthur Young, who gives some account of her in his *Autobiography*) was a well-known personage, and formed a large collection of medals, bronzes, shells, books, &c. On her death in 1754 her curiosities were sold, and some items found a place at Strawberry Hill.

[9] George Vaughan, sedan-chair maker to the royal family.

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[10] Anna Chamber, wife of Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, afterwards Earl Temple. *Walpole.*—She was an occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole, chiefly in reference to her *Select Poems*, printed in 1764 at Strawberry Hill. She died suddenly in April, 1777.

[11] George, eldest son of John, late Lord Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol, whom this George succeeded in the title. *Walpole.*

Lord Hervey wrote again to insist on an explicit apology under Lord Cobham's own hand, with a rehearsal of the excuses that had been made to him. This too was complied with, and the *fair conqueror*[12] shows all the letters. Nugent's disgraces have not ended here: the night of his having declaimed so furiously against Lord Sandwich, he was standing by Lady Catherine Pelham, at the masquerade, without his mask: she was telling him a history of a mad dog (which I believe she had bit herself), young Leveson[13], the Duchess of Bedford's brother, came up, without his mask too, and looking at Nugent, said, 'I have seen a mad dog to-day, and a silly dog too.'—'I suppose, Mr. Leveson, you have been looking in the glass.'—'No, I see him now.' Upon which they walked off together, but were prevented from fighting (if Nugent would have fought), and were reconciled at the side-board. You perceive by this that our factions are ripening. The Argyll carried all the Scotch against the turnpike: they were willing to be carried, for the Duke of Bedford, in case it should have come into the Lords, had writ to the sixteen peers to solicit their votes; but with so little deference, that he enclosed all the letters under one cover, directed to the British Coffee-house!

The new Duke of Somerset[14] is dead: that title is at last restored to Sir Edward Seymour, after his branch had been most unjustly deprived of it for about one hundred and fifty years. Sir Hugh Smithson and Sir Charles Windham are Earls of Northumberland and Egremont, with vast estates; the former title, revived for the blood of Percy, has the misfortune of being coupled with the blood of a man that either let or drove coaches—such was Sir Hugh's grandfather! This peerage vacates his seat for Middlesex, and has opened a contest for the county, before even that for Westminster is decided. The Duchess of Richmond[15] takes care that house shall not be extinguished: she again lies in, after having been with child seven-and-twenty times: but even this is not so extraordinary as the Duke's fondness for her, or as the vigour of her beauty: her complexion is as fair and blooming as when she was a bride.

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[12] George, Lord Hervey, was a very effeminate-looking man, which probably encouraged Lord Temple to risk this disgusting act of incivility. *Dover.*

[13] Hon. Richard Leveson-Gower, second son of first Earl Gower; M.P. for Lichfield; d. 1753.

[14] Algernon, seventh Duke of Somerset, who had succeeded his father in 1748.

We expect some chagrin on the new Regency, at the head of which is to be the Duke; 'An Augustum fessâ aetate totiens in Germaniam commeare potuisse,' say the mutineers in Tacitus—*Augustus* goes in April. He has notified to my Lord Orford his having given the reversion[16] of New Park to his daughter Emily; and has given him leave to keep it in the best repair. One of the German women, Madame Munchausen, his minister's wife, contributes very kindly to the entertainment of the town. She is ugly, devout, and with that sort of coquetry which proceeds from a virtue that knows its own weakness so much as to be alarmed, even when nothing is meant to its prejudice. At a great dinner which they gave last week, somebody observed that all the sugar-figures in the dessert were girls: the Baron replied, 'Sa est frai; ordinairement les petits cupitons sont des garsons; mais ma femme s'est amusée toute la matinée à en ôter tout ça par motestie.' This improvement of hers is a curious refinement, though all the geniuses of the age are employed in designing new plans for desserts. The Duke of Newcastle's last was a baby Vauxhall, illuminated with a million of little lamps of various colours.

We have been sitting this fortnight on the African Company: *we*, the British Senate, that temple of liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone!—it chills one's blood. I would not have to say that I voted in it for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering these poor creatures for the good of their souls!

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[15] Sarah, daughter of Earl Cadogan, and wife of Charles, Duke of Richmond. *Walpole.*

[16] Of the Rangership of New Park, Richmond.

I have just received your long letter of Feb. 13th, and am pleased that I had writ this volume to return it. I don't know how almost to avoid wishing poor Prince Craon dead, to see the Princess end upon a throne[17]. I am sure she would invert Mr. Vaughan's wish, and compound to have nothing else made for her, provided a throne were.

I despise your *literati* enormously for their opinion of Montesquieu's book. Bid them read that glorious chapter on the subject I have been mentioning, the selling of African slaves. Where did he borrow that? In what book in the world is there half so much wit, sentiment, delicacy, humanity?

I shall speak much more gently to you, my dear child, though you don't like Gothic architecture. The Grecian is only proper for magnificent and public buildings. Columns and all their beautiful ornaments look ridiculous when crowded into a closet or a cheesecake-house. The variety is little, and admits no charming irregularities. I am almost as fond of the *Sharawaggi*, or Chinese want of symmetry, in buildings, as in grounds or gardens. I am sure, whenever you come to England, you will be pleased with the liberty of taste into which we are struck, and of which you can have no idea! Adieu!

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[17] There was a notion that King Stanislaus, who lived in Lorrain, was in love with her. *Walpole.*

309. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 11, 1750.

Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name[1].

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last (exactly a month since the first shock), the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. . . .[2] I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again . . .[2] on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles[3], who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Fran-

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Letter 309.—[1] Dryden's *All for Love*. *Walpole.*

[2] Passage omitted.

[3] Rear-Admiral Charles Knowles (d. 1777); afterwards Rear-Admiral of Great Britain and a Baronet. He had been Commander-in-Chief at Jamaica.

cesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn[4]. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say, they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord! one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had, was on the ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, 'I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgement.' If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of *cedrati* and orange-flower water: I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

The Middlesex election is carried against the Court[5]: the Prince, in a green frock (and I won't swear, but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat), sat under the Park wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford[6]. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wise! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a Parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster; the High Bailiff went to vote for the opposition.

I now jump to another topic; I find all this letter will be detached scraps; I can't at all contrive to hide the seams:

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[4] In 1742.

[5] The successful candidate was George Cooke; the defeated one Frazer Honywood.

[6] The polling place for Middlesex.

but I don't care. I began my letter merely to tell you of the earthquake, and I don't pique myself upon doing any more than telling you what you would be glad to have told you. . . .[7] I told you too how pleased I was with the triumphs of another old beauty, our friend the Princess[8]. Do you know, I have found a history that has great resemblance to hers; that is, that will be very like hers, if hers is but like it. I will tell it you in as few words as I can. Madame la Maréchale de l'Hôpital was the daughter of a sempstress[9]; a young gentleman fell in love with her, and was going to be married to her, . . .[7] but the match was broken off. An old *fermier-général*, who had retired into the province where this happened, hearing the story, had a curiosity to see the victim; he liked her, married her, died, and left her enough not to care for her inconstant . . .[7] She came to Paris, where the Maréchal de l'Hôpital married her for her riches. After the Maréchal's death, Casimir, the abdicated King of Poland, who was retired into France, fell in love with the Maréchale, and privately married her. If the event ever happens, I shall certainly travel to Nancy, to hear her talk of *ma belle fille la Reine de France.* What pains my Lady Pomfret would take to prove that an abdicated King's wife did not take place of an English countess[10]; and how the Princess herself would grow still fonder of the Pretender[11] for the similitude of his fortune with that of *le Roi mon mari!* Her daughter, Mirepoix, was frightened the other night, with Mrs. Nugent's calling out, *Un voleur! un voleur!* The ambassadress had heard so much of robbing, that she did not doubt but, *dans ce pays-ci*, they robbed in the middle of an assembly. It turned out to be a *thief in the candle!* Good night!

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[7] Passage omitted.

[8] The Princess Craon.

[9] Marie Mignot, according to another account the daughter of a washerwoman. Her first suitor was Pontus de la Gardie (afterwards a distinguished general in the Swedish service). Her first husband was the Sieur Desportes, Receiver-General of Dauphiné.

[10] Lady Pomfret and Princess Craon did not visit at Florence, upon a dispute of precedence. *Walpole.*

[11] The Pretender, when in Lorrain, lived in Prince Craon's house. *Walpole.*

310. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 2, 1750.

You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in town have taken them up upon the foot of *Judgements*[1]; and the clergy, who have had no windfalls of a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations: Secker, the jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock[2], who has much better sense, and much less of the Popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for, since the two first editions. You never read so impudent, so absurd a piece! This earthquake, which has done no hurt, in a country where no earthquake ever did any, is sent, according to the Bishop, to punish bawdy prints, bawdy books (in one of which Mrs. Pilkington[3] drew his Lordship's picture), gaming, drinking—(no, I think, drinking and avarice, those orthodox vices, are omitted), and all other sins, natural or

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Letter 310.—[1] By judgements here is not meant anything that is the effect of judiciousness, but a kind of punishment, invented by divines, by which, on any great calamity, God is supposed to chastise a general people or posterity for the crimes of particulars, or for the sins of their ancestors. *Walpole.*

[2] Thomas Sherlock, Master of the Temple, first Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards of London. *Walpole.*

[3] Letitia Pilkington (1712–1750), adventuress and author. Her *Memoirs* were published in 1748.

not, which he makes a principal ingredient in the composition of an earthquake, because not having been able to answer a late piece, which Middleton has writ against him, he has turned the Doctor over to God for punishment, even in this world. Here is an epigram, which this subject put into my head:

When Whitfield preaches, and when Whiston writes,
All cry, that madness dictates either's flights.
When Sherlock writes, or canting Secker preaches,
All think good sense inspires what either teaches.
Why, when all four for the same gospel fight,
Should two be crazy, two be in the right?
Plain is the reason—every son of Eve
Thinks the two madmen, what they teach, believe.

I told you the women talked of going out of town: several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity, is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing at you: but it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night, that he should put off the last ridotto, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, 'Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!' But I have done with this ridiculous panic: two pages were too much to talk of it.

We have had nothing in Parliament but trade bills, on one of which the Speaker humbled the arrogance of Sir John Barnard, who had reflected upon the proceedings of the House. It is to break up on Thursday se'nnight, and the King goes this day fortnight. He has made Lord Vere Beauclerc a baron[4], at the solicitation of the Pelhams, as this Lord had resigned upon a pique with Lord Sandwich. Lord Anson, who is treading in the same path, and leaving the Bedfords to follow his father-in-law, the Chancellor, is made a privy councillor, with Sir Thomas Robinson and Lord Hyndford. Lord Conway is to be an earl[5], and Sir John Rawdon[6] (whose follies you remember, and whose boasted loyalty of having been kicked downstairs for not drinking the Pretender's health, though even that was false, is at last rewarded) and Sir John Vesey[7] are to be Irish lords; and a Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, and a Mr. Loyd[8], Knights of the Bath.

I was entertained the other night at the house of much such a creature as Sir John Rawdon, and one whom you remember too, Naylor. He has a wife who keeps the most indecent house of all those that are called decent: every *Sunday* she has a counterband assembly: I had had a card for *Monday* a fortnight before. As the day was new, I expected a great assembly, but found scarce six persons. I asked where the company was—I was answered, 'Oh! they are not come yet: they will be here presently; they all supped here last night, stayed till morning, and I suppose are not up yet.' In the bedchamber I found two beds, which is too cruel to poor Naylor, to tell the whole town that he is the only man in it who does not lie with his wife!

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[4] He took the title of Baron Vere of Hanworth.

[5] Lord Conway became Earl of Hertford.

[6] Sir John Rawdon (1720–1793), fourth Baronet, cr. Baron Rawdon of Moira, co. Down, and (1761) Earl of Moira.

[7] Sir John Denny Vesey (d. 1761), second Baronet; cr. Baron Knapton.

[8] The two last promotions did not take place.

My Lord Bolingbroke has lost his wife[9]. When she was dying, he acted grief; flung himself upon her bed, and asked her if she could forgive him. I never saw her, but have heard her wit and parts excessively commended. Dr. Middleton told me a compliment she made him two years ago, which I thought pretty. She said she was persuaded that he was a very great writer, for she understood his works better than any other English book, and that she had observed that the best writers were always the most intelligible.

Wednesday.

I had not time to finish my letter on Monday. I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day:

'On Monday next will be published (price 6*d.*) A true and exact List of all the Nobility and Gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another Earthquake.'

Several women have made earthquake gowns; that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose: she says, all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel[10], and Lord and Lady Galway[11], who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish. The prophet of all this (next to the Bishop of London, whom Mr. Chute and I have agreed not to believe till he has been three days in a whale's belly) is a trooper of Lord Delawar's, who was yesterday sent to Bedlam. His *colonel* sent to the man's wife, and asked her if her husband had ever been disordered before. She cried, 'Oh dear! my Lord, he is not mad now; if your *Lordship* would but get any *sensible* man to examine him, you would find he is quite in his right mind.'

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[9] She was a Frenchwoman, the widow of a Monsieur de Villettes. *Walpole.*—Marie Clara Deschamps de Marcilly, Marquise de Villette, married to Lord Bolingbroke in 1720. Her first husband was related to Madame de Maintenon.

[10] Lady Frances Manners, third daughter of second Duke of Rutland; m. (1732) Hon. Richard Arundel, second son of Lord Arundel of Trerice; d. 1769.

[11] John Monckton (1695–1751), first Viscount Galway, and his second wife Jane (d. 1788), daughter of Henry Westenra, of Dublin. His first wife was a daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

I shall now tell you something more serious: Lord Dalkeith [12] is dead of the small-pox in three days. It is so dreadfully fatal in his family, that besides several uncles and aunts, his eldest boy [13] died of it last year; and his only brother [14], who was ill but two days, putrefied so fast that his limbs fell off as they lifted the body into the coffin. Lady Dalkeith [15] is five months gone with child; she was hurrying to him, but was stopped on the road by the physician, who told her that it was a miliary fever. They were remarkably happy.

The King goes on Monday se'nnight [16]; it is looked upon as a great event that the Duke of Newcastle has prevailed on him to speak to Mr. Pitt, who has detached himself from the Bedfords. The Monarch, who had kept up his Hanoverian resentments, though he had made him Paymaster, is now beat out of the dignity of his silence: he was to pretend not to know Pitt, and was to be directed to him by the Lord in Waiting. Pitt's jealousy is of Lord Sandwich, who knows his own interest and unpopularity so well, that he will prevent any breach, and thereby what you fear, which yet I think you would have no reason to fear. I could not say enough of my anger to your father, but I shall take care to say nothing, as I have not forgot how my zeal for you made me provoke him once before.

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[12] Francis Scot, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch. *Walpole.*

[13] John Scott, Lord Whitchester.

[14] Lord Charles Scott, who died at Oxford in 1747.

[15] Caroline, eldest daughter and heiress of John, Duke of Argyle. She was married again in 1755 to Charles, second son of Lord Townshend, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty. *Walpole.*

[16] To Hanover. *Walpole.*

Your genealogical affair is in great train, and will be quite finished in a week or two. Mr. Chute has laboured at it indefatigably: General Guise has been attesting the authenticity of it to-day before a Justice of the Peace. You will find yourself mixed with every drop of blood in England that is worth bottling up: the Duchess of Norfolk and you grow on the same bough of the tree. I must tell you a very curious anecdote that Strawberry King-at-Arms [17] has discovered by the way, as he was tumbling over the mighty dead in the Heralds' Office. You have heard me speak of the great injustice that the Protector Somerset did to the children of his first wife, in favour of those by his second; so much, that he not only had the dukedom settled on the younger brood, but, to deprive the eldest of the title of Lord Beauchamp, which he wore by inheritance, he caused himself to be anew created *Viscount* Beauchamp. Well, in Vincent's Baronage, a book of great authority, speaking of the Protector's wives, are these remarkable words: *Katherina, filia et una Coh. Gul: Fillol de Fillol's Hall in Essex, uxor prima; repudiata, quia pater ejus post nuptias eam cognovit.* The Speaker has since referred me to our Journals, where are some notes of a trial in the reign of James the First, between Edward, the second son of Katherine the *dutiful*, and the Earl of Hertford, son of Anne Stanhope, which in some measure confirms our MS.; for it says, the Earl of Hertford objected, that John, the eldest son of all, was begotten while the Duke was in

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[17] Mr. Chute. *Walpole.*

France. This title, which now comes back at last to Sir Edward Seymour, is disputed: my Lord Chancellor has refused him the writ, but referred his case to the Attorney-General[18], the present great opinion of England, who, they say, is clear for Sir Edward's succession[19].

I shall now go and show you Mr. Chute in a different light from heraldry, and in one in which I believe you never saw him. He will shine as usual; but, as a little more severely than his good-nature is accustomed to, I must tell you that he was provoked by the most impertinent usage. It is a parcel of epigrams on Lady Caroline Petersham, whose present fame, by the way, is coupled with young Harry Vane. . . .[20]

What makes Clodio, who always was fond of new faces,
So notoriously constant to Fulvia's embraces?
Ask Fulvia the cause—she can tell you the true one,
Who makes her old face every morning a new one.

The next is on her and her friend Miss A.[21]

Fulvia the tall wears Nana on her arm,
Both vain, both varnish'd, wanton both and warm;
Twin sisters both in everything but this:
Nana leaps up and Fulvia stoops to kiss.

WHO IS THIS?

Her face has beauty, we must all confess,
But beauty on the brink of ugliness:
Her mouth 's a rabbit feeding on a rose;
With eyes—ten times too good for such a nose!
Her blooming cheeks—what paint could ever draw 'em?
That paint, for which no mortal ever saw 'em.
Air without shape—of royal race divine—
'Tis Emily—oh! fie!—'tis Caroline.

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[18] Sir Dudley Ryder. *Walpole.*

[19] The title of Beauchamp did not pass to Sir Edward Seymour with the Dukedom of Somerset, but became the second title of Horace Walpole's cousin, the Earl of Hertford.

[20] Passage omitted.

[21] Miss Ashe. See note on p. 452.

Do but think of my beginning a third sheet! but as the Parliament is rising, and I shall probably not write you a tolerably long letter again these eight months, I will lay in a stock of merit with you to last me so long. Mr. Chute has set me too upon making epigrams; but as I have not his art, mine is almost a copy of verses: the story he told me, and is literally true, of an old Lady Bingley[22]:

Celia now had completed some thirty campaigns,
And for new generations was hammering chains;
When whetting those terrible weapons, her eyes,
To Jenny, her handmaid, in anger she cries,
'Careless creature! did mortal e'er see such a glass!
Who that saw me in this, could e'er guess what I was!
Much you mind what I say! pray how oft have I bid you
Provide me a new one? how oft have I chid you?'
'Lord, Madam!' cried Jane, 'you're so hard to be pleas'd!
I am sure every glassman in town I have teas'd:
I have hunted each shop from Pall Mall to Cheapside:
Both Miss Carpenter's man[23], and Miss Banks's[24] I've tried.'
'Don't tell me of those girls!—all I know, to my cost,
Is, the looking-glass art must be certainly lost!
One us'd to have mirrors so smooth and so bright,
They did one's eyes justice, they heighten'd one's white,
And fresh roses diffus'd o'er one's bloom—but, alas!
In the glasses made now, one detests one's own face;
They pucker one's cheeks up and furrow one's brow,
And one's skin looks as yellow as that of Miss Howe[25]!'

After an epigram that seems to have found out the longitude, I shall tell you but one more, and that wondrous short. It is said to be made by a cow. You must not wonder; we tell as many strange stories as Baker[26] and Livy:

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[22] Lady Elizabeth Finch, eldest daughter of Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, and widow of Robert Benson, Lord Bingley. *Walpole.*

[23] Countess of Egremont. *Walpole.*—Hon. Alicia Maria Carpenter (d. 1794), daughter of second Baron Carpenter and sister of first Earl of Tyrconnel; m. 1. Charles Wyndham, second Earl of Egremont; 2. Count Brühl. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Charlotte.

[24] Miss Margaret Banks, a celebrated beauty. *Walpole.*

[25] Charlotte, sister of Lord Howe, and wife of Mr. Fettiplace. *Walpole.*

A warm winter, a dry spring,
A hot summer, a new King.

Though the sting is very epigrammatic, the whole of the distich has more of the truth than becomes prophecy; that is, it is false, for the spring is wet and cold.

There is come from France a Madame Bocage[27], who has translated Milton: my Lord Chesterfield prefers the copy to the original; but that is not uncommon for him to do, who is the patron of bad authors and bad actors. She has written a play too, which was damned, and worthy my Lord's approbation. You would be more diverted with a Mrs. Holman, whose passion is keeping an assembly, and inviting literally everybody to it. She goes to the Drawing-room to watch for sneezes; whips out a curtsey, and then sends next morning to know how your cold does, and to desire your company next Thursday.

Mr. Whithed has taken my Lord Pembroke's house at Whitehall; a glorious situation, but as madly built as my Lord himself was. He has bought some delightful pictures too, of Claude, Gaspar, and good masters, to the amount of four hundred pounds.

Good night! I have nothing more to tell you, but that I have lately seen a Sir William Boothby, who saw you about a year ago, and adores you, as all the English you receive ought to do. He is much in my favour.

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[26] Sir Richard Baker, Knight (1568–1645), whose *Chronicle of the Kings of England from the time of the Romans' Government unto the death of King James* was long a popular book, especially with country gentlemen. Addison mentions it as forming part of Sir Roger de Coverley's library.

[27] Marie Anne le Page (1710–1802), wife of Pierre Joseph Fiquet du Boccage. Her tragedy *Les Amazones* was produced in 1749.

311. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 15, 1750.

The High Bailiff, after commending himself and his own impartiality for an hour this morning, not unlike your cousin Pelham, has declared Lord Trentham. The mob declare they will pull his house down to show their impartiality. The Princess has luckily produced another boy[1], so Sir George Vandeput[2] may be recompensed with being godfather. I stand to-morrow—not for a member, but for godfather to my sister's girl, with Mrs. Selwyn and old Dunch[3]: were ever three such dowagers? when shall three such meet again? If the babe has not a most sentimentally yellow complexion after such sureties, I will burn my books, and never answer for another skin.

You have heard, I suppose, that Nugent must answer a little more seriously for my Lady Lymington's[4] child. Why, she was as ugly as Mrs. Nugent, had had more children, and was not young. . . .[5]

Adieu! I have told you all I know, and as much is scandal, very possibly more than is true. I go to Strawberry on Saturday, and so shall not know even scandal.

Yours ever,

H. W.

312. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1750.

I did not doubt but you would be diverted with the detail of absurdities that were committed after the earth-

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Letter 311.—[1] Prince Frederick William, d. 1765.

[2] Sir George Vandeput, second Baronet; d. 1784.

[3] Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Charles Godfrey by his wife Arabella, daughter of Sir Winston Churchill (and former mistress of James II); m. Edmund Dunch, Comptroller of the Household to George I; d. 1761.

[4] Catherine (d. July 7, 1750), daughter of John Conduitt, of Cranbery, Hampshire; m. (1740) John Wallop, Viscount Lymington, eldest son of first Earl of Portsmouth, whom he predeceased in 1749.

[5] Passage omitted.

quake : I could have filled more paper with such relations, if I had not feared tiring you. We have swarmed with sermons, essays, relations, poems, and exhortations on that subject. One Stukely[1], a parson, has accounted for it, and I think prettily, by electricity—but that is the fashionable cause, and everything is resolved into electrical appearances, as formerly everything was accounted for by Descartes's vortices, and Sir Isaac's gravitation. But they all take care, after accounting for the earthquake systematically, to assure you that still it was nothing less than a judgement. Dr. Barton, the Rector of St. Andrews, was the only sensible, or at least honest divine, upon the occasion. When some women would have had him pray to them in his parish church against the intended shock, he excused himself on having a great cold. 'And besides,' said he, 'you may go to St. James's Church ; the Bishop of Oxford is to preach there all night about earthquakes.' Turner, a great china-man, at the corner of next street, had a jar cracked by the shock : he originally asked ten guineas for the pair : he now asks twenty, 'because it is the only jar in Europe that has been cracked by an earthquake.' But I have quite done with this topic. The Princess of Wales is lowering the price of princes, as the earthquake has raised old china ; she has produced a fifth boy. In a few years we shall have Dukes of York and Lancaster popping out of bagnios and taverns as frequently as Duke Hamilton[2]. George Selwyn said a good thing the other day on another cheap dignity : he was asked who was playing at tennis ? He replied, 'Nobody but three markers and a *Regent*,' your friend Lord Sandwich. While we are undervaluing all principali-

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Letter 312.—[1] William Stukeley (1687–1765), writer on antiquarian and scientific subjects. He was at this time Vicar of St. George the Martyr, in Queen Square, London. His publication on this occasion was entitled *The Philosophy of Earthquakes, Natural and Religious.*

[2] James Hamilton (1724–1758), sixth Duke of Hamilton.

ties and powers, you are making a rout with them, for which I shall scold you. We had been diverted with the pompous accounts of the reception of the Margrave of Baden Dourlach at Rome; and now you tell me he has been put upon the same foot at Florence! I never heard his name when he was here, but on his being mobbed as he was going to Wanstead[3], and the people's calling him the Prince of Bad-door-lock. He was still less noticed than he of Modena.

Lord Bath is as well received at Paris as a German Margrave in Italy. Everybody goes to Paris: Lord Mountford[4] was introduced to the King, who only said brutally enough, '*Ma foi! il est bien nourri!*' Lord Albemarle[5] keeps an immense table there, with sixteen people in his kitchen; his aide-de-camps invite everybody, but he seldom graces the banquet himself, living retired out of the town with his old Columbine[6]. What an extraordinary man! with no fortune at all, and with slight parts, he has seventeen thousand pounds a year from the government, which he squanders away, though he has great debts, and four or five numerous broods of children of one sort or other!

The famous Westminster election is at last determined, and Lord Trentham returned: the mob were outrageous, and pelted Colonel Waldegrave[7] (whom they took for Mr. Leveson) from Covent Garden to the Park, and knocked down Mr. Offley, who was with him. Lord Harrington[8] was scarce better treated when he went on board a ship from Dublin. There are great commotions there about one Lucas[9], an apothecary, and favourite of the mob. The Lord Lieutenant bought off a Sir Richard Cox, a Patriot, by a place in the revenue, though with great opposition from that silly mock-virtuoso, Billy Bristow[10], and that sillier Fred. Frankland, two oafs, whom you have seen in Italy, and who are commissioners there. Here are great disputes in the Regency, where Lord Harrington finds there is not spirit enough to discard these puppet-show heroes!

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[3] In Essex, the seat of Earl Tylney.

[4] Henry Bromley, Lord Mountford. *Walpole.*

[5] William Anne Van Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle, Ambassador at Paris, Knight of the Garter, Groom of the Stole, Governor of Virginia, Colonel of a regiment of Guards, &c. *Walpole.*

[6] Mademoiselle Gauchet. *Walpole.*

[7] Hon. John Waldegrave (1718–1784), third son of first Earl Waldegrave; succeeded his brother as third Earl Waldegrave, 1763; served in the army; Master of the Horse to Queen Charlotte, 1770; General, 1772.

[8] William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, Lord Lieutenant. *Walpole.*

We have got a second volume of Bower's[11] *History of the Popes*, but it is tiresome and pert, and running into a warmth and partiality that he had much avoided in his first volume. He has taken such pains to disprove the Pope's supremacy being acknowledged pretty early, that he has convinced me it was acknowledged. Not that you and I care whether it were or not. He is much admired here; but I am not good Christian enough to rejoice over him, because he turned Protestant; nor honour his confessorship, when he ran away with the materials that were trusted to him to write for the papacy, and makes use of them to write against it. You know how impartial I am; I can love him for being shocked at a system of cruelty supporting nonsense; I can be pleased with the truths he tells; I can and do admire his style, and his genius in recovering a language that he forgot by six years old, so well as to excel in writing it, and yet I wish that all this had happened without any breach of trust!

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[9] Charles Lucas (1713–1771), whose denunciations of the proceedings of Dublin aldermen and of Irish parliamentary corruption attracted the attention of the government. In order to prevent him from becoming a parliamentary candidate, he was called before the bar of the Irish House of Commons and declared an enemy to his country. A resolution was also passed, ordering his imprisonment in Newgate. Lucas escaped to the Isle of Man, and thence to London. He did not return to Ireland until 1761.

[10] 'Mr. Bristow, brother of the Countess of Buckingham, friend of Lord Bath, and a great pretender to taste.' (Note by Horace Walpole in *Description of Strawberry Hill.*)

[11] Archibald Bower (1686–1766), a Scotchman, who became a Jesuit in 1706. He afterwards left the Roman Church, was readmitted to it, and again left it. His Protestant orthodoxy fell under suspicion in 1754, and in 1756 he engaged in a war of pamphlets to refute charges brought against him by Sir Henry Bedingfield and John Douglas (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury). Some account of this controversy is given by Horace Walpole (who was strongly prejudiced in Bower's favour) in his letter to Mann of Feb. 23, 1756. Bower was indebted to Lyttelton's steady friendship for two posts enjoyed by him—those of Keeper of Queen Caroline's library and Clerk of the Buck Warrants. His *History of the Popes* was published between 1748 and 1766.

Stosch has grievously offended me; but that he will little regard, as I can be of no use to him: he has sold or given his charming *intaglia* of the Gladiator to Lord Duncannon[12]. I must reprove you a little who sent it; you know how much I pressed you to buy it for me, and how much I offered. I still think it one of the finest rings[13] I ever saw, and am mortified at not having it.

Apropos to Bower; Miss Pelham had heard that he had foretold the return of the earthquake-fit: her father sent for him, to convince her that Bower was too sensible; but had the precaution to talk to him first: he replied gravely, that a fire was kindled under the earth, and he could not tell when it would blaze out. You may be sure he was not carried to the girl! Adieu!

313. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, June 23, 1750.

As I am not Vanneck'd[1], I have been in no hurry to thank you for your congratulation, and to assure you that I never knew what solid happiness was till I was married. Your Trevors and Rices dined with me last week at Strawberry Hill, and would have had me answer you upon the matrimonial tone, but I thought I should imitate cheerfulness in that style as ill as if I really were married. I have had another of your friends with me there some time, whom I adore, Mr. Bentley[2]; he has more sense, judgement, and wit, more taste, and more misfortunes, than sure ever met in any man. I have heard that Dr. Bentley, regretting his wanting taste for all such learning as his, which is the very want of taste, used to sigh and say, 'Tully had his Marcus.' If the sons resembled as much as the fathers did, at least in vanity,

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[12] William Ponsonby, son of the Earl of Besborough, and a Lord of the Admiralty. *Walpole.*

[13] It is engraved in Stosch's book: it is a Gladiator standing, with a vase by him on a table, on an exceedingly fine garnet. *Walpole.*

Letter 313.—[1] 'May 26. Horatio Walpole, Esq., brother to Lord Orford, to the eldest daughter of Joshua Van Neck, Esq., merchant.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1750, p. 284.) The announcement refers to the marriage of Thomas, second son of Horatio Walpole (afterwards Lord Walpole of Wolterton), and first cousin of Horace Walpole. In later years Horace Walpole was on very friendly terms with Thomas Walpole, who was a banker. A series of letters addressed to him is included in the present edition.

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[2] Richard Bentley (1708–1782), son of the famous scholar of the same name. Bentley's wit and artistic talents were peculiarly acceptable to Horace Walpole. He lived for some time at Teddington, and became a frequent guest at Strawberry Hill. Besides numerous Gothic designs, utilized by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, Bentley made architectural drawings in that style for Lords Holdernesse and Strafford, Lady Mary Churchill, and others. He also illustrated the edition of Gray's *Poems* published by Horace Walpole in 1753. During Bentley's absence in Jersey (to avoid his creditors), Horace Walpole corresponded with him, and showed keen interest in his pecuniary affairs and artistic pursuits. In 1761 their friendly relations came to an end. Various reasons have been assigned for the quarrel — Bentley's impatience of patronage (according to his nephew Cumberland)—an attempt on Bentley's part to borrow money from Horace Walpole—or (according to the latter's own account to Cole) Bentley's being 'forward to introduce his wife at his [Walpole's] house when people of the first fashion were there.' Before their parting Walpole had procured for Bentley a small place, probably in the Custom House, which he afterwards resigned. Bentley's subsequent patrons were Lord Melcombe (to whom he addressed a poem) and Lord Bute, through whom he obtained two sinecures—a Commissionership of the Lottery, and a place in the Post Office. He died in Abingdon Street, Westminster, in 1782, leaving several children, for whose benefit Horace Walpole invested a sum of money in the funds. From a letter of George Hardinge to Walpole, dated July 17, 1780, it appears that Walpole assisted Bentley long after their acquaintance ceased:—'at Sir John Griffin's the other day I met *your* Bentley, whom I was glad to see, as a very singular genius. I discovered by an accident that you are still generous to him.' (Nichols, *Illust. Lit. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 207.) Besides translating Hentzner's *Travels* (printed at Strawberry Hill in 1757), Bentley wrote at least one paper in *The World*, as well as several unsuccessful plays. Cole records Bentley's opinion of Walpole as a letter writer:—'Walpole was the best letter writer that ever took pen in hand; . . . he wrote with the greatest ease imaginable, with company in the room, and even talking to other people at the time.' (*Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, quoted by Nichols, *Lit. Anec.*, vol. viii. p. 573.)

I would be the modest agreeable Marcus. Mr. Bentley tells me that you press him much to visit you at Hawkhurst[3]. I advise him, and assure him he will make his fortune under you there; that you are an agent from the Board of Trade to the smugglers, and wallow in contraband wine, tea, and silk handkerchiefs. I found an old newspaper t'other day, with a list of outlawed smugglers; there were John Price, *alias* Miss Marjoram, Bob Plunder, Bricklayer Tom, and Robin Cursemother, all of Hawkhurst in Kent. When Miss Harriet[4] is thoroughly hardened at Buxton, as I hear she is by lying in a public room with the whole Wells, from drinking waters, I conclude she will come to sip nothing but run brandy.

As jolly and abominable a life as she may have been leading, I defy all her enormities to equal a party of pleasure that I had t'other night. I shall relate it to you to show you the manners of the age, which are always as entertaining to a person fifty miles off as to one born an hundred and fifty years after the time. I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house at half an hour after seven, and found her and the little Ashe[5], or the pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. On the cabinet stood a pair of Dresden candlesticks, a present from the virgin hands of Sir John Bland[6]; the branches of each formed a little bower over a cock and hen treading, yes, literally! We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just so many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by *chance.* We mustered the Duke of Kingston, whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years, but alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf, Lord March[7], Mr. Whithed, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparre[8]. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly conduct of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the Mall with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham[9], with his nose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on the outside, and repassed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called to him; he would not answer: she gave a familiar spring, and, between laugh and confusion, ran up to him, 'My Lord, my Lord! why, you don't see us!' We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward in expectation how all this would end, for my Lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of anybody: she said, 'Do you go with us, or are you going anywhere else?'—'I don't go with you, I am going somewhere else'; and away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall. There, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel, for a

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[3] In Kent. Montagu's presence there might be due to his cousin, Lord Halifax, possessing property there in right of his wife, heiress of Sir Thomas Dunk, of Tong's Wood in that parish.

[4] Miss Harriet Montagu.

[5] Miss Elizabeth Ashe, stated, indirectly by Wraxall and directly by Mrs. Piozzi (who describes her as 'a pretty creature, but particularly small in her person'), to have been of very high parentage. After many adventures, including a Fleet wedding and an elopement with the younger Wortley-Montagu, she married Captain Falconer or Falkner, a naval officer.

[6] Sir John Bland, seventh Baronet, of Kippax Park, Yorkshire. He ruined himself at play, and committed suicide in 1755.

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[7] William Douglas (1724–1810), third Earl of March and Ruglen; succeeded his cousin as fourth Duke of Queensberry in 1778; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1760–89; Vice-Admiral of Scotland, 1767–76; First Lord of Police, 1776–82. He was a well-known man about town, and patron of the turf and the opera, and was latterly known as 'Old Q.'

[8] Miss Amelia Melesina Sparre, daughter of Baron Sparre (who served under Charles XII of Sweden in all his campaigns) by Countess Gyllenborg, daughter of a former Swedish prime minister.

[9] His gait procured him the nickname 'Peter Shamble.'

Mrs. Loyd[10], who is supposed to be married to Lord Haddington, seeing the two girls following Lady C. and Miss Ashe, said aloud, 'Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company.' Miss Sparre, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel, a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky to see,—took due pains to make Lord March resent this; but he, who is very lively and agreeable, laughed her out of this charming frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny's Whim[11]; where, instead of going to old Strafford's catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fitzroy[12], and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at brag. He would fain have made over his honourable love upon any terms to poor Miss Beauclerc, who is very modest, and did not know at all what to do with his whispers or his hands. He then addressed himself to the Sparre, who was very well disposed to receive both; but the tide of champagne turned, he hiccupped at the reflection of his marriage, of which he is wondrous sick, and only proposed to the girl to shut themselves up and rail at the world for three weeks. If all the adventures don't conclude as you expect in the beginning of a paragraph, you must not wonder, for I am not making a history, but relating one strictly as it happened, and I think with full entertainment enough to content you. At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his Norsa and *petite partie*, to help us mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady C. stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty[13], the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction.—There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland, who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Car., 'Madam, Miss Ashe desires you will eat this O'Brien strawberry'; she replied immediately, 'I won't, you hussey!'—You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned. —After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, 'Now, how anybody would spoil this story that was to repeat it, and say, I won't, you jade!' In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth: at last, they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home.—I think I have told you the chief passages. Lord Granby's temper had been a little ruffled the night before: the Prince had invited him and Dick Lyttelton to Kew, where he won eleven hundred pound of the latter, and eight of the former, then cut, and told them he would play with them no longer, for he saw they played so idly, that they were capable of *losing more than they would like.*

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[10] Mary (d. 1785), widow of Gresham Lloyd, and daughter of Rowland Holt, of Redgrave, Suffolk; m. (Oct. 1750) Thomas Hamilton, seventh Earl of Haddington.

[11] A tavern at Chelsea.

[12] Elizabeth (d. 1788), daughter of Colonel William Cosby, Governor of New York; m. (1) Lord Augustus Fitzroy, third son of second Duke of Grafton (by whom she was the mother of the third Duke of Grafton, and of Charles Fitzroy, created Lord Southampton); (2) James Jeffreys, Commissioner of Customs.

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[13] 'Aug. 30. Aged 67, at her house, facing St. James's Street, at the top of Park Place, Mrs. Elizabeth Neale, better known by the name of *Betty*. She had kept, for very many years, a house in St. James's Street, as a fruit-shop, from which she had retired about 14 years. She had the first pre-eminence in her occupation, and might be justly called the Queen of Apple-women. Her knowledge of families and characters, of the last and present age, was wonderful. She was a woman of pleasing manners and conversation, and abounding with anecdote and entertainment. Her company was even sought for by the highest of our men of rank and fortune. She was born in the same street in which she ever lived, and used to say she never slept out of it but twice, on a visit to a friend in the country, and at a Windsor installation.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1797, Pt. ii. p. 891.)

Adieu! I expect in return for this long tale that you will tell me some of your frolics with Robin Cursemother, and some of Miss Marjoram's *bon-mots.*

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Dr. Middleton called on me yesterday: he is come to town to consult his physician for a jaundice and swelled legs, symptoms which, the doctor tells him, and which he believes, can be easily cured; I think him visibly broke, and near his end. He lately advised me to marry, on the sense of his own happiness; but if anybody had advised him to the contrary, at his time of life, I believe he would not have broke so fast.

ERRATUM.

Page 39, Letter 156, note 1. *For* 'Trojano Boccalini wrote a satirical poem,' &c., *read* 'Trajano Boccalini (1556–1613) wrote a satirical work, *Ragguagli di Parnaso*, which was translated into English, under the title of *Advertisements from Parnassus,* by Henry Carey, second Earl of Monmouth, in 1656.'

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